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JOB AND THE BUG.

THE old man looked like a beetle. He wore a black morning-gown tied tightly round the waist with a belt, a yard or more of black bombazine wound about his throat, a black cap set closely on his round head, and great goggles on his eyes. The round cap met the goggles from above, a grizzly beard met them from below; and it was difficult to tell what kind of face he carried beneath the cap and beard and goggles, or whether he had any real face at all. The belt and bombazine made him very small in the middle and the neck, his shoulders were full and round, and the loose gown made him large below the waist. Yes, he looked like a beetle, or some other great black bug, as he prowled among the dusty crannies under his shelves, and thrust his slender arms, like antennæ, into all the doubtful corners of his desk.

His shop, or store, or office—bazaar, dépôt, emporium, repository, as an accomplished tradesman would call such a place of business—was an antiquarian bookstore, a pawnbroker's office and a junkshop generally. The establishment stood between Pennsylvania Avenue and that triumph of engineering and statesmanship, the great Washington Canal. Probably the old Bug's predecessor was in the "ring," and lobbied for the dig-

ging of this public work, on account of the junk business it would foster. This is certainly a more plausible reason for digging it than was ever made to appear to those who paid for it. For not all the judges in the departments round about—a clerk who has no other title is a judge in Washington—could compute the number of lame negroes and unfortunate women and scrub-headed boys who have earned their daily tobacco by gleaning tin, bones, iron, glass, rags, paper, old boots and Congressional speeches from the bottom of this ditch. Neither could all the government judges have taken an inventory of the Beetle's stock. He had all the second-hand school-books in use during the last sixty years; and if there was ever a book in the Greek or Hebrew line, in the Annual line, in the flash-novel line, in the theological line,—if there was ever a book printed in these, or any lines at all, which could be found nowhere else, the Beetle had a dusty, mouse-caten copy of it. If one wanted a flint for an ancient musket, a pod-auger, a coffin-plate, a dirty Masonic apron, a rusty Mexican spur, a leaky glue-pot, the long black antennæ would go diving among the dark holes until they found it.

Among the oddities of this collection was the white surplice of a clergyman;

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and over it, on the same nail, hung a sword-belt and crimson sash. These had been wetted through the imperfect roof, until the coloring matter of the warlike trappings had run down and left a black mark, and a red stain like a blood-spot, on the bosom of the holy robe.

The accumulation of this stock must have been the work of a lifetime, and the "shebang," as Job called the establishment, was no doubt older than the canal. But the old black Bug did not appear until late in the winter of the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty. The original proprietor was a German Jew, who obtained, in consideration of the stock and good-will, a sum only twice as great as he would have asked had he not soon discovered that the Beetle, in spite of his mouldy and forbidding appearance, was not familiar with the sale of such trumpery. "Mine plessed fadders, sir! so sheap, so sheap, sir!" and the original proprietor gave a sigh to his successor and a chuckle to himself as he clinked the gold in his hand and surrendered the place to the old black Bug. And taking this transaction as evidence of his successor's commercial ability, the original proprietor muttered, "In von year I vill puy pack der place mit von 'alf der monish vot I now gits for him. Mine plessed fadders! Dat vill pe goot!"

Job was a hungry-looking boy, whose business it was to sweep the shebang, bring fuel, keep the Beetle's water-pitcher filled, brush the old man's desk and chair, wait on customers and make himself generally useful. He might have been anywhere from eight to fourteen years of age, for hunger will make small boys old and old boys small. His chief garment was a pair of green trowsers, upheld by one twisted suspender of cotton cloth, the trowsers being very liberal in the seat and very conservative elsewhere; so that Job's legs, in color as well as shape, were like two corkscrews covered with verdigris. His legs were evidently made to accommodate those trowsers, and in doing it they resembled two little poles which had been

overgrown by hop vines, and which had followed all the twistings and turnings of their spiral covers. His eyes were round, with yellow centres and pink borders, reminding one of china-asters; his face had the rich tint of a turkey's egg; and his hair was not unlike the husk of a cocoanut. He had great ability in making remarks entirely unsuited to his muscle. For instance, when he differed in opinion from the Beetle, that old gentleman—whose elegant diction and flowing periods assorted strangely with his dress and calling—would frequently call Job's statement a hollow falsehood, whereupon Job would unhesitatingly pronounce the statement of the Bug a solid lie. Strange to say, this ability was developed where muscle was the standard by which the propriety of all remarks was judged.

He was a Virginian by birth. And, to prevent any possible misapprehension, it may be well to add that his family was not one of the first in that State. His mother, at the close of her honeymoon of four days—if any moon can be so brief—became cook and washer on the new boat Josephine, which transported coal over the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal. The bridegroom, and subsequent father of our hero, was helmsman on the same vessel, which discharged her cargo at the port of Alexandria. Whisky being a slower poison then than it is now, Job's father continued for years to steer the Josephine successfully, until his family so increased that the small quarters of the boat could no longer accommodate the children.

The captain delicately stated the case to the helmsman thus: "Th' young uns ken go an' I'll keep you, er you mus' all go."

Genuine tears Job's mother shed when she bade the Josephine good-bye, for she knew the restraining influence of the domestic circle, and predicted the consequences of her husband being cut off from the elevating society of his family. "I know my ole man 'll go bad," said she, "when me an' the young uns ain't with 'im."

But he could be induced to lead no

other life, steer no other boat, and, unlike Napoleon, preferred his Josephine to a dozen children.

"I ken wash," said the appealing wife, "an' I's a-goin' to take in washin'; but what ken I do wi' 'em all?" pointing to her ragged multitude, of whom Job was the eldest and raggedest.

"Use 'em fer clo'es-pins, I reckon," was the father's answer as he hitched his trowsers, straddled the rudder and bore away for Alexandria.

And the theory that she did set little Job astride the line to hold unruly shirts in the wind is the only one that can explain the wonderful character of his legs.

So his mother occupied a whitewashed cabin under the steep bluffs above Georgetown and close to the bank of the canal. During the icy season her husband was with her at such odd hours as he was not hunting rabbits and opossums or lounging in the Georgetown grogshops. She was industrious, laboring hard to clothe her little ones and to fill her lord and protector twice a day with buckwheat cakes and bacon.

Every spring the Josephine and her helmsman came out of winter-quarters as good as new; and every summer day, before the whitewashed cabin, a line of sunburnt children gave the butterflies upon the roadside thistles and the chipmunks in the hollow rails a moment's peace, and ranged themselves along the bank of the canal to ask the mule-driver of some passing boat when and where he had met the Josephine. Every pleasant summer evening, after a day of hard work, the mother sat on her inverted washing-tub before her door, to smoke a pipe and watch the joy of her poor children as they played in the road and filled each other's hair with crowns of dust. Whenever a mule appeared around the curve she would tell the nearest child what boat was coming next, for she knew all the boats, and the men who manned them, and the mules that drew them.

Job, who desired to follow the occupation of his father, studied navigation about the Georgetown flumes and bridges

and locks until he drifted into business with the Beetle. Having endeavored to deceive him as to weight in a certain transaction in the old-iron line, and the old black Bug having apparently endeavored to deceive Job in the same way during the same transaction, and each having failed in his endeavor, great confidence sprang up between them.

After ridding himself of the original proprietor, the Bug made some changes in the building which he occupied, and which was but a tumbledown shanty, wedged so closely between other shanties that it could not tumble down. It would have puzzled a looker-on to understand in what way the changes improved the Beetle's business facilities. Instead of enlarging his show-windows for a better display of the pawned trinkets, or his shelves for a better arrangement of the books, and instead of admitting more light into the gloomy hole, he had a dark and useless doorway made at the rear, leading out into the lumberyards, negro-quarters and dumping-grounds, and toward a blind alley near the canal. It seemed to be a whim of the old man's—who apparently did business for the sole benefit of his customers—that some lame chiffonier, gathering his load along the canal, might be accommodated by this short cut to market. But a practical and less benevolent person would have smiled at the thought of a customer—especially a lame one—risking his legs and neck by attempting such an entrance.

Job was not reduced to the necessity of living in a Washington boarding-house, and continued to pass his nights comfortably in his mother's cabin by the canal in Georgetown. For the first three months he had but little to do. The Bug seldom asked a customer to buy, was not particular about prices, and made few sales. He busied himself very much, however, among the accounts and papers at his desk, and spent more time in writing than his dull trade seemed to require.

Job could not satisfy himself as to the reason why he was paid liberally for

doing so little, and by an employer to whom he frequently gave the solid lie; for the youngster showed about the same respect toward his aged benefactor as he would have shown a mule-driver on the towing-path—or less, perhaps, if the mule-driver were larger than he. Yet the old Bug took little notice of the boy's impudence. The latter even fancied that he saw a twinkle of satisfaction through the old man's goggles, and a smile trying to get a foothold in the corner of his mouth, whenever the shebang became the scene of any new and very original exhibition of boyish deviltry. But the Beetle's face never really lost its gravity, nor betrayed that its possessor was other than the kind-hearted, simple-minded old creature he appeared to be, who might be easily imposed upon, and was altogether too slow to make a living in the junk business. When Job compared the treatment and pay he received with the treatment and pay he deserved, he was at times inclined to believe the old man a trifle insane. In fact, he regarded all disinterestedness as a mild form of insanity.

There was an old bedstead—of course—in the Beetle's stock, and some blankets that had been pawned; and on these it was supposed he slept after a late dinner at a neighboring restaurant. The shebang was opened late in the morning and closed early in the evening, and the proprietor never went to dinner nor to bed until after Job had left it for the night. Before he returned in the morning the Bug had breakfasted and was at his post.

One corner, less dusty and dismal than the others, contained a small table and several goblets. Sometimes Job was required, before going home, to fetch a bottle of wine and a little fruit, and leave them on this table. Occasionally he brought more substantial food than fruit, and in a quantity too great for the capacity of one virtuous old Bug. Job wondered how a junk-dealer of such poor business habits could afford to consume so many delicacies. With his usual modesty he pressed the Beetle

for an explanation one morning while clearing away the remnants of quite a feast. He eyed the boy for a moment in a whimsical manner, turned his face partly away, and said with some feeling, "I sit at night, a lone old man, in this dark and still place, among the things that have found their way to me from so many broken homes and wretched people; and then I think that all the eyes which have read the mouldering books above me are looking at me from the dismal shelves. Over hundreds of these pages the tender eyes of women have been filled with tears. Hundreds of these leaves, faded and dusty, have been turned by hands as smooth and white and sweet as water-lilies. Children, with mouths like rosebuds, have bent their soft faces close to the many margins and fly-leaves on which they have scribbled. My poor old books are like myself—no longer welcomed in any prosperous home, nor sweetened by the breath of children, nor touched by lily hands, nor met by tender eyes. Each pawned article is a proof of want, and so of misery and despair and death. They remind me of my duty. So, when I sit down to my glass of wine at night, alone here in the gloom, I remember the blind girl who sells matches on the avenue, the lame negro who has the dog-cart across the street, the palsied old woman in the next block who can earn nothing. They all lodge within a step, and very often I bring them in. It's jolly to see them eat and drink. When Christmas comes, Job, we'll have a feast that will make them glad till they die. But that is doubtful too, for before Christmas comes again these streets will be red with blood, and we may be destroyed."

Ere the Bug ceased speaking, Job's attention was out at the window and on an unseasonable organ-grinder's monkey; yet his quick ear heard the closing sentences and his keen eye saw a strange smile vanishing from the old man's mouth. This discovery supplied another link in the chain of evidence that the Beetle was insane. How could such a benevolent being laugh while

contemplating death and bloody streets? And did he smile at the prospect of more cripples to feed?

In February, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one, when along the Border States some good men were watching the Northern sky and the Southern, like children overtaken by converging tempests, knowing not whither to fly from the whirlwind they knew must follow the meeting of the clouds, Abraham Lincoln ran up a flag at Independence Hall, and asked, without ostentation, if the descendants of Penn would sustain it. Then his sad eyes looked their last on a city of brotherly love, and he went on to his fate.

The day on which the flag was run up at Independence Hall was a wearisome one to the Beetle. He was busy with various small papers at his desk. There was more care than usual on his mind, and Job saw it. The disinterested youth was pained to see him so embarrassed with his accounts, for the sight suggested his failure and the loss of a situation where the disinterested youth was well paid for doing in most things as he pleased while occasionally giving the solid lie to his employer. More wine than ever was ordered for that night; and Job, who was sent home early, went away convinced that the old man's affairs were near a crisis, and that he was now about to go mad entirely and make a grand banquet for the vagabonds in honor of his failure.

The damp night closed over the dismal city. The mists from Murder Bay crept up about the White House, where a timid old man, drifting on the angry current of events like a withered leaf upon a river, thanked God that another day was gone. Legislators sat late beside their fires. To the taxed brains of new cabinet ministers their pillows brought no sleep.

At last the black, chill night turned gray and passed. A strange train swept into the outskirts of the foul city and neared the ghostly, uncertain Capitol, over which the derricks loomed like gibbets in the thick, raw air. A closed carriage rolled rapidly down the avenue,

passed within a stone's throw of the Beetle's humble roof—and Mr. Lincoln's life was saved.

The Southern cloud grew blacker, rose higher, threatened to burst in fire and thunder on the capital. Troops were in motion through the South. Mail communication with it closed on the 31st of May. The North was called to war. The straggling city was a great camp. Couriers galloped through unfathomable mud. The avenues were noisy with braying mules, cracking whips, thundering wheels, drums, cheers and crowding feet. Across Long Bridge the raw troops tramped by thousands.

McDowell had to lead his unknown force against his unknown enemy. The first great battle was fought and lost—we knew not exactly why. No headway could be made, and what the cabinet was whispering in Washington was told aloud in Richmond.

During all this time the black Bug's face, or what little could be seen of it between his queer cap and grizzled beard, showed unwonted earnestness, and even satisfaction. From about the first of June, Job became more busy, the Bug a less indulgent master, and the crooked legs less eccentric in their movements. Job's regard for the Beetle was very much diminished, and relations between the two became less smooth. The boy was sent out to see what regiment had just arrived, whence it came, whither it appeared to be going. He ran to buy the daily papers. He ambled across the street to invite into the shebang a trio of stragglers from some passing company, and perhaps an officer of the line, that they might receive a second-hand revolver at half-price or a gift of moral books for the knapsack, and also gain assurances from the sympathizing remarks and kindly questions of the Beetle that in him, if in no other Washingtonian, the national soldier had a friend.

Mrs. Garrett, whose boarders did call her Mrs. Attic, and whose boarders do call her Mrs. Cockloft, was fortunately born on the right bank of the Potomac. She had qualities that could not have

originated on the left bank of the Potomac. No other woman living could be so sublimely impervious to all the pestiferous facts and ideas which jeopard ancient society. No other woman living could utter "yer" in the place of "here" with equal elegance and unconsciousness; and no woman ever lived who was more determined in spelling public with a "k."

On a moonlight evening in August, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one, a calm gentleman in gray and a dyspeptic lady in black sipped a late tea in Mrs. Cockloft's parlor, in company with that august keeper of boarders and preserver of ancient society.

In his youth the calm gentleman in gray had been known as Jacob F. Brown. He was "connected." Of course this fact had added to his difficulties in selecting a profession, his gentlemanly habits having early depleted the purse of his generous old father. After failing at West Point and proving too lazy for the law, he was sent to New England for an education in theology. He became the rector of a country parish in his native county, in time for a brief interposition of his example, his robes, his voice and similar unsubstantial things between the spirit of vandal iconoclasm and the institutions and traditions of his proud and historic Commonwealth—or something of that sort. He bade his flock an eloquent adieu, and accepted, as was said, a confidential foreign agency for the Confederacy. But instead of going abroad, he continued to tarry in Washington, in the society of Mrs. Cockloft. From the date of his consecration to spiritual things his name had been Rev. J. Fairfax Browne, which was a very different thing from Jacob F. Brown.

As the trio sipped their tea, the dyspeptic lady in black related, over her third cup, the lesson she had taught a Yankee officer that afternoon. It seemed she had been shopping, and in coming out of a storehouse had met a New York captain going in. It also appeared that he had been polite enough to remove his hat and open the door on

her approach, and that she had been polite enough to drop a penny in his hat and sweep by in silent scorn.

A calm smile lighted the face of one listener, and a Cockloft frown darkened that of the other. But both agreed that the hireling had been served right, while they sorrowed gently over the fact that he was not sufficiently a gentleman to fully appreciate the insult.

After a pause the dyspeptic lady in black remarked that the tea was elegant. The calm gentleman in gray added that the crackers were also elegant. The august keeper of boarders and preserver of ancient society still farther stated that nothing could exceed the elegance of the last hominy she had ordered.

Further conversation ensued, which took a physiological turn, and revealed two remarkable phenomena—that the governors of all the Northern States were insane, and that gentlemen were superior to gorillas. The Rev. J. Fairfax Browne also felt that nothing less than the success of the rebellion could relieve him from the painful necessity of doubting the wisdom and justice of Heaven. As he arose to go he received a small package of manuscript from the dyspeptic lady in black.

In the mean time, Job was enjoying himself in Washington. He had not gone home at dark, as usual, for a regiment of Zouaves was arriving, whose gay uniforms and easy manners were so attractive that he had followed them to their bivouac in the Smithsonian grounds. His spirit had been so far roused by association with the passing troops that he had long cheered for the Union, and practiced tattoo on the head of every empty barrel he could find. On this evening he had made final arrangements, without consulting his employer, for joining a regiment as drummer on its march the very next morning.

After dining in a dry-goods box off the contents of a tipsy soldier's haversack, and drinking out of his felt hat at the street pump, he crossed the iron bridge on Seventh street and turned into Murder Bay, with a vague hope of reach-

ing Georgetown in the course of the the night. Passing near the shebang, he thought to astonish the old Beetle by a parting salute in the way of a "bang" against the door. But approaching for this purpose, he saw a glimmer of light shine through a single crack, and paused to first peep stealthily in and see whether the venerable Bug was entertaining the vagabonds or was going to bed. Job was a cool boy, especially when stating his opinions to his employer, but he was more astonished by what he saw now than the Bug could have been by any banging of the door. The Beetle was not there, and in his absence the place had evidently been entered by burglars, two of whom were making themselves at home among the old man's papers.

One of them was forty-five or fifty years of age, and his thin hair was sprinkled with gray. Many of the men marching through the capital that night became well acquainted with his spare face and form during the two succeeding years; and after hearing and buying his patriotic songs in the Potomac camps, were astonished, during the Gettysburg campaign, when they saw him hung up by the neck from the branch of a small tree near Frederick, in Maryland.

There sat also at the Beetle's desk the calm gentleman in gray who an hour before had been sipping tea in Mrs. Cockloft's parlor. A better boy might have called a policeman for the arrest of these interlopers and a search for the missing Beetle. But Job had suspected that something was going on about the place which he was not permitted to know; since the 31st of May his position had not been a sinecure; by daylight he would be marching with a drum on his back; and what better boys would do was generally just what Job would not do. So he silently looked and listened.

The elder of the two insisted that he must start for Port Tobacco, and could not go in the direction of Beauregard's or Johnston's lines: some third person, who should have been in Washington,

had not arrived. While Job heard this, he saw the Rev. J. Fairfax Browne take up an ordinary walking-stick, unscrew the ferule protecting the lower end of it, stuff a tight little roll of French paper into the bottom of the cane and screw the ferule again into its place.

"So you'll try it on yourself?" said the other.

"I must. It's a part of the business that don't belong to me, but you see this news ought to go to-night. The weather is fine—rather too fine—and I'll have no trouble that I'm not prepared for. But I'm not clear about my character."

"Wear your graveyard toggerly here just as usual, and be the same old mummy. Just what you want is to be recognized. You know there's but one dangerous point, and the regiment holding that is the very one that knows you best. Some of its officers have been in here, you remember, and half the men can identify you as a first-class old Abolitionist. Of course you'll have reasons enough for being among them. Bluff's your game."

"Well, I reckon you're right," replied the calm gentleman in gray as he took up a pocket mirror and began to touch his face with certain preparations known to every actor, by which his luxuriant black beard became mixed with gray, his fair skin assumed a faded hue and certain wrinkles crept into his cheeks. He now paused to take a parting drink at the Beetle's little table.

One of the men, as he drained the goblet, dropped his hand heavily upon the board, and down upon their heads fell the sash and sword-belt and the clergyman's white surplice, with the bright red stain, like a blood-spot, on its bosom. The two men sprang to their feet, and Job vanished in a twinkling round the nearest corner.

An hour later he was prowling like a wharf-rat along Water street in Georgetown, inspecting all the mill-flumes and water-wheels between the canal bank and the river. A line of muskets flashed in the moonlight as a regiment filed across the Aqueduct—a common road-

way now—on the way to Chain Bridge from Arlington. And following from the Virginia side—notwithstanding the Department order—was the usual squad of fugitive negroes, whom Job called "counterbands." As he passed the corner of a grist-mill, a few steps aside from the track of the disappearing regiment, he found an old slave on his knees, with clasped hands, trying to express his thanks in prayer. The moon shone on his uplifted face; his wrinkled cheeks were wet; in the dim light a narrow rim of white wool seemed like a halo encircling his bald head. Touching at last the left bank of the river, and thinking perhaps he had reached free soil, he had knelt in Job's path to thank God. Yet this did not deter that young barbarian from stealing up in the shadow of the mill and startling the old slave from his prayer by tickling the bottoms of his bare feet. But when Job went to bed that night he said thoughtfully to his mother, "Mam, this yer fightin' 's fer niggers. I's made game right smart o' niggers, but I isn't gwine to make game of 'em no mo'."

Another figure emerged from another Georgetown street, and took the river-road ahead of Job—that of an old man who walked with a vigorous step. Job stopped in wonder, scratched his head and mechanically followed the apparition of the missing Beetle. The latter paused at the door of Job's mother, and gave her the superfluous information that her son might have a holiday, and need not go to Washington the next morning.

The black Bug failed in his attempt to cross Chain Bridge, the guard there having been re-formed that evening of soldiers who had never seen him; and a part of the same detachment was going forward at daylight to relieve the very outposts at which he expected his only trouble. Balked by them now, he feared a second meeting with some of the same men. They were cavalry, and would move fast enough to make this possible, even if he passed them at the bridge without delay. He must abandon the game of bluff.

He turned back toward Georgetown, made a detour through the underwood, and reached the canal and river again a short distance above the bridge. He waded the canal and disappeared behind a clump of bushes. A bundle of thin drapery, containing a black dressing-gown padded to roundness at the shoulders, tied by the belt, and enclosing a pair of goggles and a stone, was thrown into the canal; and in a moment more the old black Bug, the calm gentleman in gray, the Rev. J. Fairfax Browne, descended to the brink of the Potomac, washed the silver from his beard and the wrinkles from his face, and prepared to ford the river.

The moon was now setting. The Virginia shore had become but a black line, blending rapidly with the darkening sky beyond. Nothing was heard except the distant rumble of an ambulance, the muttering of the gloomy river and the cry of an owl in the near wood. The right bank, steep and wooded, was difficult of ascent, and during the intense darkness between the setting of the moon and the dawning of day, notwithstanding his knowledge of the country, the calm gentleman in gray became bewildered. This accident, and the greater caution now necessary, so delayed him that by noon the regiment in which Job had marched was passing him.

The next evening, Job's mother, hopeful, stolid, ignorant, who had never read a book, sat and smoked as usual before her door on her inverted washing-tub. The Josephine was due at Georgetown, where she now unloaded. "Yer, Izrul," she said, "jes' ye git roun' de curve dur 'n see if de Josephin's comin'."

Job's brother Israel ran on, and looked, in the waning light, far up the towing-path, but the black mules of his father's boat were not in sight. Still the woman sat and smoked. Her prime of life was passed. No garrulous neighbor was at hand: it was the close of day. A good memory was busy with the past. An imagination of some degree was busy with the future; and in it she saw nothing but her old unvary-

ing toil and monotonous battle for life. The only child who could assist her was gone, perhaps for ever. So barbarous of speech as to be scarce intelligible in domestic talk, none but the Father in heaven could know what filled her mind and heart. But when Israel came back to her he saw a tear run down her face, and thought that some tobacco-smoke had got into her eyes.

She remembered how handsome her husband looked on her first trip in the Josephine, with his brown face and red shirt, as he stood up in the stern. She remembered what a happy tumult the blood made in her veins and heart when, a bride, she sat for the first time on the cabin-roof before him. She remembered the birth of little Job, and thought how fast the years had gone. The descending sun fringed with fire a low cloud which still hugged the horizon against a field of blood-red sky. The birds were seeking shelter. A raven rose along the river and flapped away toward the South.

She shook the ashes from her pipe, but lingered a moment longer and watched the Potomac, flushed with crimson and gold, sweep peacefully away below the Aqueduct, and the sun slide down behind the beautiful Virginia heights, soon to be engrafted with forts and trenches and redoubts.

At last the Josephine appeared through the dusk, and her helmsman, throwing ashore a bundle of black clothing that had become entangled with the tiller, exclaimed, "Yer, ole woman, work up this yer plunder fer the young ones."

As she took the bundle from the ground she kept her eyes fixed in the failing light on a portion of the trunk of a gray sycamore, or what she thought such, drifting by in the river. As the current rolled it over there were tossed above the surface the stiff arms of a dead man, as if he too were clutching for the clothes.

About three o'clock on the afternoon of the first day's march, Job's regiment halted for the night, and the first thing he did thereafter was to straggle toward a farm-house, passing through a jungle

of laurel, oak and chinquopin bushes, sufficient to conceal whoever entered among them. His path was intersected at right angles by another, which at that point led down a slight declivity, and a large pine tree stood at the junction. This he had reached when he noticed a movement of the bushes on his left, and, pausing, he caught a glimpse of the same gentleman in gray he had watched through the chink of the shebang. Job crouched behind the tree. He had not forgotten the events of the last evening, and now for the first time the full truth flashed clearly across his mind. He instantly planned an act which a boy of gentler character and education might not have dared to attempt.

The late Beetle strode cautiously on, and as he rounded the tree, Job darted like a cat between his legs, caught his foot and tripped him so vigorously that the calm gentleman sprawled upon his face, while his walking-stick went spinning down the bank. Job sprang astride his victim, who rolled over, exhibiting a broken nose inquiringly between the drummer's bow legs, like a red interrogation-point enclosed in blue parentheses.

A movement of the gentleman's arm, and Job also went spinning down the bank; but quick as thought he had seized the walking-stick, eluded several grasps and bounded toward his camp, whither the other dared not follow.

"Telegrab in the cane! telegrab in the cane!" That was the frantic shout of Job as he rushed into his colonel's presence, in spite of guards and military etiquette. "Telegrab in the cane!" was all he had breath to say, but before he could be ejected from head-quarters he had unscrewed the ferule, and spread out what he believed to be "telegrab" despatches.

A company of cavalry, followed by infantry, was turned back from outpost duty. A part of the former galloped across Chain Bridge to patrol the left bank of the river, toward which a half-moon of pursuers would soon force the gentleman in gray.

The semicircle of sabres and bayonets contracted with fatal rapidity. Should he attempt to either elude or break it, he would be hanged before dark. With just hope enough to make desperation great, he reached the stream, plunged under the surface, and attempted to cross without exposing more than his head, and that only at intervals. But the water was shallow.

A shot from the bridge told that he was discovered. He saw now that he was awaited on the opposite bank. He clung to one of the bare rocks that dot the water: it could not shelter him. To cross, to stop, to return, each was death. He hesitated; and as he looked up in despair to the sky, a single well-aimed carbine sent a bullet through his breast. He fell. The current took him. A red stain was in the water. A bloody bubble, inflated by the gasps of the dying,

sailed bravely for a time and broke above the dead. The blue tide flowing from the North swept all before it.

When the facts, with Job's testimony, were reported that evening to the Department of War, it ordered secrecy, in the hope of securing others implicated in the nightly business of the shebang, and who would certainly not be caught there if Browne's fate were known. The newspapers, for once, were foiled, and many people of the District wondered why he had disappeared so suddenly from Washington society. Yet scores of them pass, every day, in the streets of the capital, a rough, unkempt young man, with rather crooked legs, who in his own patois is capable of telling the whole story, and whose mother lived to welcome him back to her whitewashed cabin on the bank of the canal.

CHAUNCEY HICKOX.

BERNE IN WINTER.

SOME years ago there appeared in one of our magazines an account of a winter visit to Newport. The writer confessed to a previous belief, probably a very general one, that after the hotels closed Newport temporarily vanished, the houses slid out of sight like the side-scenes of a theatre, the beaches and cliffs disappeared beneath the waves, and a curtain of fog rolled over the whole. A journey thither during this fancied eclipse showed him Nature in a mood of mild melancholy, and a quaint old town whose characteristics come to light when the brilliant pageant of the summer is over. Now, if few of our country-people have made acquaintance with Newport out of the season, still fewer can have crossed the Lake of Constance at the winter solstice or found themselves at Christmas in Berne.

Those who know the capital of Switzerland when the hotels are full, the

streets and promenades gay with guests from all parts of Europe and America, and the stream of Alpine travel flowing through it day and night, while the sun beams down from an azure sky upon vivid green meadows through which rushes the cloudy Aar, the nearer hills dense with the shade of their widespread-
ing woodlands, the purple range of the Jura pleasant to the eye, and the phantom peaks of the Alps white at noon and celestial rosy red at sunset,—those who know this panorama only in the short interval between the early and the later haymaking would hardly recognize it three months afterward. The face of the earth is white, the forests are bare except on the higher hills, where the pine woods shiver under the rime, the sky is sullen-gray with unfallen snow, a thick, cold fog hides the mountains, the bright colors have faded in some mysterious way out of the chalets, and

everything is hard and dry except the Aar, which now speeds along, of a dull, translucent green, between its whitened banks, for the milky streams are frozen up in the bosom of the glaciers. The aspect of the town is still more cheerless. The gray houses look too grim to be homes; the stone arcades which line the streets make the sidewalks dark and chilly as cellars; the fountains fall with a frigid plash into basins coated with ice, and the washing which draws such picturesque groups about them in summer is entirely disused, as an occupation unsuitable for the time of year. A carriage is rarely seen in Berne at any season, owing, no doubt, to the extreme steepness of the approaches and its contracted area—for, except the shabby, straggling quarter on the bank of the river, the town with its rectangular streets stands close and compact on its high and narrow peninsula—so that no sharp sound of horses' feet or lively roll of wheels breaks the dreary silence of the streets.

The hotels look deserted: in reality they are converted for six months into boarding-houses, where foreign families live *en pension*, with the object of giving their children an education whose chief recommendation is cheapness, and their pianos jingle all day long as at a young ladies' school. The representatives of the European powers, very Crusoes of diplomacy, dine at the *table d'hôte* of the Bernerhof, indulging in the *nessun maggior dolore* of reminiscences of Paris, London, Florence or Vienna, while only a chance stranger appears now and then for a single meal to infringe upon their melancholy state. The tri-weekly market makes a stir and crowd in the Rue du Marché for a few hours on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings, and on those afternoons the country roads are full of homeward-bound peasants, carrying huge baskets or pushing handcarts, the men all smoking and a little tipsy, the women muffled so as to conceal their national costume. To see these poor creatures, laden like beasts of burden, plodding miles to their cottages or cleaning the streets—a com-

mon occupation of their sex on the Continent—is to understand why the Swiss girls, who are almost all pretty at fifteen, are so hard-favored at twenty.

About a mile from the town, at the foot of a steep ridge, a meadow has been flooded and left to freeze for skating. Thither in the short winter afternoons a few dozen people come to try what can be got out of active exercise. But skating, though an amusement with the Bernese, cannot be classed among their accomplishments: the graces of High Dutch, etc., are quite unknown, and any score of school-boys in America would make a better show. Real skill and high art are seen only when one of the icebound diplomats condescends to strap on his skates, or some young American in his *Wanderjahre* passes that way.

The roads by the river and among the surrounding hills are good, but when the fog does not melt nor the sun shine for two weeks, walking loses all object except the trudge. In the town the opposite sides of the streets are known not as upper and lower, right and left, or by the points of the compass, but as the shady and the sunny side; which means, being interpreted, that on one the sun falls for a few hours daily for a few months—on the other, never. But the impartial gloom of this season drives one indoors. There is a theatre, where operas are given several times a week: during the holidays, *Fidelio*, *Stradella* and *Masaniello* were announced, but our melomania is not to that tune. There is a very good museum of natural history, with excellent botanical and mineralogical collections, but, unfortunately, in the days of our youth Science did not hold her present position in education, and we are too old to learn. There is a picture-gallery, too, in the handsome building where the Diet of the Confederation holds its sessions, but republics are said to be unfavorable to the fine arts: the collection is small and not choice. There are two or three so-called Parmegianos and Domenichinos, naturally the gems of the gallery, but the inflexible integrity

of the national mind compels it to accompany the names of these painters with a point of interrogation in every case.

In this dearth of resources nothing remains but to study Berne itself. Its charms have been celebrated in a work called *Deliciæ Urbis Berne*, published at Zurich a hundred and fifty years ago; and though we could not go the lengths of the learned enthusiast, who was here probably only in summer, we found that like every other Continental town it has its full share of what is old and curious. Dark stone stairways pierce the thickness of the obsolete walls, and lead from the lower town beside the Aar to the higher town, which, with its lofty ramparts, looks like a great fort filled up with houses. Bay-windows rich with quaint carving lean over the older streets here and there: fountains of unspeakable grotesqueness lurk in out-of-the-way corners. The cathedral is a fine, flamboyant mass, grandly placed on a terrace more than a hundred feet above the river: it has beautiful old stained-glass windows and sculptures and wood-carving of great spirit, all abounding with hits at the clergy, though it was begun in the fourteenth century and finished by the middle of the following one. The main portal is adorned with statues of the Wise and Foolish Virgins—a favorite subject in Gothic churches of a certain period—and giving the name of Bride-door (*Braut-Thor*) to this entrance; from which half of the parabolical ten, their sisters who have passed through on the way to matrimony must decide. Some of the foolish virgins wear cardinals' hats, but whether this proves them to be the patronesses of celibacy is doubtful.

The cathedral terrace is protected from the sheer descent by a granite parapet, and planted with old trees, in whose midst stands the statue of Berthold of Zähringen, the founder of the town, with his bear. The legend is, that in hunting he came upon an unusually large and fierce bear, and having killed him after a hard fight, founded a city upon the spot, whence the

name, *Bären*, Bears.* The origin of the town certainly dates from the twelfth century, when the dukes of Zähringen held possession of the Rectorate of Burgundy, which included part of Helvetia; and bears have been its tutelary animals in all times. There have been live ones maintained at public expense for over five hundred years. Three hundred years ago the female caused great alarm by giving birth to a pair of white cubs, which was considered portentous: no calamity followed, however. The same thing occurred again early in the present century, when, men's minds being less prone to superstition, it was looked upon as either a phenomenon or a scandal. In 1792 the French, besides emptying the treasury of Berne and carrying off a quantity of richly-inlaid arms and other articles, trophies of the victories over Charles the Bold, led away captive the sacred bears to finish their days in the Jardin des Plantes. There are two fine specimens now dwelling in great state beyond the bridge at the east end of the town, but one sees them everywhere in effigy. On fountains, gateways, church-fronts, on the lintels and doorposts of the dwellings, fighting, carousing, going to school, absorbed in meditation, the symbolic beasts are to be seen in every attitude, from haughty, heraldic rampancy to the most amiable, domestic couchancy, and in every material—granite, marble, wood, gold, silver, gingerbread and sugar-candy. On the great clock-tower they appear as little men-at-arms, and march in procession round the sleepy figure on the throne, who yawns and turns his hour-glass whenever the clock strikes. The clockwork belongs to the last century, but the gateway and tower were built in Berthold's day. He was a man in advance of his times in some respects, and used his power to restrain the tyranny of the lesser nobles over their miserable serfs. He was hated accordingly, and his enemies dealt him a blow worse than

* Etymology, however, refuses to sanction the popular derivation of the name, which is identical with that of *Verona*, the common root being held to indicate a height overlooking a river or surrounded by its folds.

death by poisoning his wife and two sons, his only children. The unhappy man survived them many years, and after a time took another wife, Clemence, daughter of the count of Auxonne, who bore him no children, and had the great ill-luck to outlive him; for after her husband's death she was seized and imprisoned by his heirs-at-law, to keep her out of any part of his possessions. Two emperors of Germany in succession commanded her release and the restoration of her husband's estates, but she remained a prisoner for seventeen years. One fancies the sorrowful woman looking forth from the window of her prison-tower day after day for the help that was never to come, knowing that powerful kinsmen were urging her cause, and that imperial mandates had gone forth in her behalf—perhaps vowing, after the manner of those days, that if God would give her her freedom she would give it back into his hands and finish her life in a convent, and so waiting and looking and fading year after year, until she vanishes like a shadow and leaves no trace, for nothing is known of her fate. Thus the line of Zähringen expired, but its memory survives to the present day. At the east end of Berne a little church stands on the site of Berthold's castle of Nydeck, whose name it still bears, and the noble modern granite bridge which spans the Aar and stretches its three lofty arches across the ravine is called the bridge of Nydeck.

The iron hand of feudalism lay heavier nowhere than on the Swiss mountains and valleys, but from the earliest times the free spirit of the people broke out in constant resistance, and the result of the struggle has been the practical extirpation of aristocracy. The hills and crags are crowned with ruined strongholds, each with its own tradition, and some of them grim enough. On the Lake of Zurich stood the castle of the lords of Toggenburg, of whose line came the faithful knight of Schiller's ballad, who went on a crusade because his ladylove would not smile upon him, and came back in a year because he

could not bear it; and finding that she had taken the veil, built himself a little cell on a hillside above her convent, whence he could see her open her window every morning, and there dwelt until he died. In the thirteenth century lived Count Henry of Toggenburg, who loved his lady too, but in different wise. The Countess Ida was a famous beauty, and as virtuous as Lucretia. One day, however, the count saw her wedding-ring on the finger of one of his retainers. Without stopping to ask questions, he had the man tied to the tail of a furious horse, who was then turned loose, and the countess thrown from the topmost tower of the castle down the precipice on which it stood. In falling she caught at a bush growing in a cleft of the rock, and clung there until rescued. Her escape was considered miraculous, and led to an investigation. It turned out that she had laid her ring on the ledge of an open window, whence it had been carried off by a tame raven: the bird of ill omen let it drop in the courtyard, where it was picked up by the luckless varlet, who, not knowing it to be his lady's, kept it as treasure-trove. Her innocence was thus established and his memory "rehabilitated;" but the Countess Ida's fall had given her a serious turn: she declined to go back to her lord, and took the veil in a neighboring convent.

In the valley of the Aar there is a wooded hill called the Wülpselsberg, and among the trees of the Wülpselsberg are the ruins of a castle begun about A. D. 1000 by a count of Altenburg. It was originally called *Habichtsburg* or Hawk's Hold, but the name degenerated into Habsburg, and thence, toward the middle of the thirteenth century, Count Rudolf came down into the world to seek his fortune. He found it in various ways and places. First, he became heir to the title and estates of the counts of Kyburg, which stretched along the right bank of the Aar opposite Berne. The townspeople had long wished for a bridge across the river, and had bought a bit of land on the other side for the express purpose, but, despite the pur-

chase, Count Rudolf very obstinately refused to allow them to build. They were in no position to contend with so powerful a noble, and appealed to his rival, the count of Savoy—surnamed the Little Charlemagne, although his name was Peter—who was so great a patron of Berne that he was called its second founder. He proposed an interview to discuss the subject. It led to nothing, as Rudolf, to show his indifference, did not rise to receive the count of Savoy. Another meeting was appointed, when the latter took care to be beforehand, and remained seated in his turn. Their mutual dignity being vindicated, they talked matters over; and the end of it was, that the Bernese had their bridge, which answered all purposes until within a few years, when the great Nydeck bridge was built close beside the old one.

Time wore on, and Rudolf of Habsburg found a seat which he was able to retain in any presence, the imperial throne—a loftier one than that on which his descendants of the House of Austria sit to this day, perhaps not so much at their ease. As emperor he showed peculiar favor to Berne, whose power and privileges increased during his reign. But his son and successor, Albert, was otherwise minded, not toward that district alone, but to the whole of Switzerland, whose growing love of liberty was an unwelcome symptom to the representatives of arbitrary power. In his short rule occurred the league of the forest cantons and the supposed feats of William Tell, which recent writers reject as myths. The struggle which followed, with the successive victories and final triumph of the Swiss at Morgarten, is sufficiently matter of history.

Almost the entire nobility and their adherents sided with the House of Austria from jealousy of the growing power of the towns and spread of the confederacy among the cantons, and when the tide of invasion ebbed back over the borders they continued to wage war against their fellow-countrymen. In sight of Berne stands Reichenbach, the

cradle of a gallant breed, which first appears in history in 1298, when Ulrich of Erlach led the Bernese troops and their allies against a greatly superior force of the lords. He gained a signal victory at *Donnerbühl* (the Hill of Thunder), drove the routed patricians through the *Jammerthal* (Vale of Woe), and carrying many of their strongholds by assault, burned or razed them to the ground. Half a century later a new attempt was made by the seigneurial party to crush the liberty of Berne. They assembled, with recruits from Alsace, Upper Burgundy and Savoy, in formidable numbers. Berne had only a small reinforcement from the forest cantons and Soleure, but the little army marched undaunted under the command of Rudolf von Erlach, the son of Ulrich, against an enemy of more than double their strength. A bloody battle was fought, in which the lords were totally defeated, and the victory of Laupen stands high among the achievements of Swiss patriotism. Rudolf claimed no recompense, but returned to his paternal acres, where, honored and happy, he spent many years in rural occupations. One winter evening his son-in-law, Jobst von Rudenz, came in, and finding him alone, made an angry claim for his wife's dower, out of which he thought her father's prolonged life kept him unduly. What followed no one knows, until Jobst snatched from the wall the sword that had won the victory of Laupen, and killed the aged warrior on his own hearthstone. No one was at hand, and the murderer fled, but Rudolf's bloodhounds, hearing their master's cries, broke loose and dashed away in pursuit. They returned with bloody muzzles, and no more was ever heard of Jobst von Rudenz. The tomb of Rudolf is in the little church of Bremgarten. His memory is still revered: a fine equestrian statue of him, erected in 1848, faces the cathedral. Nor has his ancient line or its martial spirit died out of the land: the name reappears constantly in Swiss military annals, and between 1790 and 1800, Albert and Charles von Erlach led the Bernese

troops in the ineffectual struggle against the overwhelming odds of the French invasion.

The conflict with feudalism, waged during ages, kept the country in perpetual tumult. The lord of Fardun turned his horses loose into the grain-fields of a peasant named John Chaldar, who, furious at the loss of his harvest, killed them. He was seized, tortured and imprisoned until his family could collect money enough to ransom him of their savage liege master. Chaldar returned to his plough, apparently quite satisfied with getting off so well. One day, however, when he was at dinner with his family, the lord of Fardun entered the cottage. All rose respectfully to greet him, but he looked round in scornful silence, and then spat into the soup. Chaldar, as we have seen, was subject to sudden anger, and, though he had taken his injuries so easily, could not support this insult. He seized his lord by the scruff of the neck, and crying, "You have seasoned the soup, now eat it," ducked his head into the scalding broth, and held it there until he died. Then he rushed out, raised the standard of revolt, and the people flocked together and burned the castle of Fardun, as well as several others. Rude days for gentle and simple!

The nobles slowly lost foothold. They were for the most part deep in debt, and their estates were mortgaged beyond their value. As one after another became impoverished and unable to maintain his rank and state, the nearest town or canton purchased his lands and added them to the public territory. So by degrees the counts and barons were fought out and bought out by the base-born, and although the Swiss have still a great respect for their old families, no prerogative of class is any longer recognized.

Berne, like other places of importance, became at an early date a free city under the protection of the Empire, but governed by its own inhabitants. The guilds here, as elsewhere, soon began to play a prominent part: each had its

own head-quarters, which became clubs or lodges, and gradually taverns. They still exist, many of them as second-class hotels, and are called "abbeyes," for no reason that any one can assign. There is the carpenters' abbey, the weavers', the butchers', the bakers'—possibly the candlestick-makers'—and so on to the number of thirteen, several kindred trades uniting to form one corporation. Each bears its insignia and coat-of-arms. Many of the devices are whimsical and grotesque. One of the guilds, with a curious sense of its own merits, has chosen the monkey as its emblem. The aristocratic class is represented by the Abbaye des Gentilhommes, formerly known as the Abbaye des Fous, or, in the blunter vernacular, Zum Narren: its sign is still a fool's head, with cap and bells, and its present appellation in German, Distelzwang, or the Order of the Thistle. No explanation is given why a fool's head or the ass's flower should be the only symbol of the gentlemen: there must be some mystery of iniquity and burgher malice at the bottom of it. The porch over the door carries us back once more to old times, for it had the right of asylum, and men flying for their lives from vengeance or justice could take refuge there as at the altar. The "Feast of Fools" is still occasionally celebrated at Berne, a procession of carriages passing through the streets, with masked faces imitative of bears and other animals projecting from the windows. Not many years ago a festival of this kind was celebrated at Bâle on an extensive scale, deputations from all the cantons participating in the ridiculous exhibition and in the sports and carousals that attended it.

The streets of Berne retain many a memento of barbarous days. Down by the river stands the Bloody Tower (*Bluthurm*), which tradition says was a seat of the terrible secret tribunal called the Vehmgericht. The Jews' quarter is still designated as the *Rue des Juifs*, though there is no Hebrew population. The Jews established themselves in the city in its earliest days, and were tolerated at first, but a hundred years later there

occurred one of those fanatical outbreaks so common in the Middle Ages, in which the rapacity of a few turned to account the superstition of the many. The unfortunate Jews were accused of having murdered a Christian child—a common charge against them—and the people rose, put many to death, hunted out the rest and confiscated their property. After a time they were again allowed to settle there, but new persecutions again drove them forth, and this time entirely out of Switzerland; and to such purpose that in spite of Protestant tolerance there were not a dozen Jewish families in Berne fifty years ago. One of the most curious fountains in the place is called the Ogre, and represents a giant devouring a child: a number more are stuck in his belt and pockets, while a troop of these innocents and little bears, who seem to enjoy equal consideration, are filled with horror and affright. Various explanations are given of the origin of this monument, which is very old, but the favorite one refers it to the Jew panic.

One might suppose that excess of luxury could never have been a cause of anxiety in this country; yet even here, as in Holland, sumptuary laws were thought necessary to restrain the tendency to wasteful display. The "*luxu effréné des femmes*," of which the world has heard so much in late years, became the subject of legislation. In 1470 the rulers of Berne passed an ordinance against the ladies' trains. A great outcry was raised: it was felt that the attack was not on the privileges of sex only, but of caste, the length of the gown being in proportion to the height of the rank. The ladies retired to their castles in the country, and things looked threatening, when the political complications arising out of the rivalry of Charles the Bold and Louis XI. gave the councils other things to think of. The series of brilliant victories won by the Swiss over the former prince, ending in his downfall and death, form the passage in their history on which they most pride themselves, and which is supposed to give

most lustre to their fame. And as military feats they well deserve their reputation. But if we look into the causes of the war, they reflect no credit on anything but the bravery of the victors. The Swiss had no grievance against Charles, nor any just cause of war against him. But the flattery and bribes of their former enemy, Louis XI. of France, who had attacked them when he was dauphin, tempted them to invade Upper Burgundy when the duke's hands were already full, and ravage and pillage his domains. His marching against the Swiss was an act of vengeance, and his defeats at Grandson, Morat and the fatal field of Nancy cannot be considered as justice either natural or poetical. Nevertheless, it is impossible not to feel sympathy with the valiant little folk when one sees the museum of Berne hung with the tapestry strip from the pavilion of this redoubtable warrior, who disdained the hands of kings and princes for his daughter, and kept all Europe at bay. The arras is embroidered with the life of St. Vincent of Saragossa, and St. Vincent being the patron saint of Berne, this windfall was no doubt looked upon as a special providence.

These triumphs had a very unsettling effect upon the national mind. The people acquired an unwholesome taste for fighting and money, and hence dates the restlessness which led them to enlist under alien banners, to carry to foreign campaigns the strength of arm that was needed to clear the forests and till the fields at home, and which in course of time made the name of Swiss a synonym for mercenary. Those who were not fighting abroad were quarreling at home, where a grand occasion of strife soon offered itself in the Reformation.

In the very infancy of Berne the Dominicans had settled themselves there, and soon getting the upper hand among the clergy, continued to hold possession against all comers. Whenever a royal visitor passed this way he was entertained at their convent, where they lived as merrily as their Augustine brothers of the proverbial Ripaille on the Lake

of Geneva. They received a long list of dukes, princes, kings and emperors, and the august guests found the abode so pleasant that they stayed for weeks, and often came back again, sometimes with their wives. The climax of this glory was a visit from Pope Martin V., who, with a large suite of cardinals and bishops, tarried with the brotherhood for a fortnight in May, 1418. The next year their troubles began, for their immorality had become so shameless that women would no longer attend the church. A reform was attempted, but twenty years later, the same scandals being again notorious, many of the monks were disgraced, and a number imported from Augsburg, where it is to be supposed manners were better. At length a controversy arose between the Dominicans and the Franciscans on the subject of the Immaculate Conception—a doctrine upheld by the former and rejected by the latter. The dispute lasted a long time, and awakened all the proverbial *odium theologicum* on both sides. A statue of the Virgin in the Dominican church, which up to that time had been an image of tranquillity, began to wink, weep, and even, under great stress, shed tears of blood. A fanatical, half-idiotic tailor boy, named John Jetzel, a *protégé* of the Dominicans, had a number of ecstatic visions, and finally miraculously received the "stigmata," or wounds of Christ, in his hands, feet and side. When the Franciscans saw their own thunder stolen in such an audacious manner, the stigmata being the peculiar privilege of their patron, St. Francis, they lost patience, and brought the whole business before the government. The tricks and tortures of which the poor tailor lad had been the victim came to light: a couple of openings were discovered behind the emotional statue in the wall of the church which communicated with the convent. There was great excitement throughout the community, and the Dominicans judged it safe to sacrifice a few for the safety of the rest, and picked out four monks on whom they laid the blame of the whole transaction. These

wretches were found guilty of sacrilege, and were burned alive in the summer of 1509, before an immense concourse of spectators.

The Reformation broke out, and no country was more torn and divided by religious strife than this little mountain land. For more than a century it was a field for the intrigues of all the European powers, who made use of religious discussions for political purposes: doge and king and pope and kaiser expended themselves in bribes and threats, while the poor people fought among themselves with the obstinacy and ferocity peculiar to both civil and religious wars. St. Charles Borromeo came in his ardor from Milan into the Engadine, and was the cause of more bloodshed than any other individual: the sufferings of the unfortunate Grisons were fully equal to the more famous persecutions of the Waldenses. Berne was among the very first to embrace the Reformed faith, and showed her zeal in various ways. A fountain surmounted by a statue of St. Christopher, which had long been one of the ornaments of the town, was promptly rechristened Goliath, and a small David set up over against it to settle the question. The inhabitants obstinately refused to adopt the new calendar because it had been revised by the Pope, and as the authorities were in favor of the improved mode of reckoning, the dispute very nearly led to civil war. In 1580 a Papal nuncio presented himself at Berne, but the government immediately dismissed him, and the children pelted him out of the town with snow-balls. In the middle of the seventeenth century the entire independence of the Helvetic Confederation was recognized as an article of the peace of Westphalia; and when the emperor, instead of addressing them, as formerly, "Loyal and beloved allies of our person and empire," began his letters, "Respectable, honored and particularly dear and severe," the Swiss felt that they had gained an immense step. Early in the last century their religious difficulties were finally adjusted. Their history then be-

comes a mere record of wrangling over "states' rights" on a microscopic scale. This had its inevitable effect, and at the end of seventy-five years the French armies swept almost unresisted over the country which for a thousand years had held its own against all the nations of Europe.

Berne enumerates with pride a long list of worthies, of whom, however, the world only remembers the learned Haller, the publicist Charles Victor von Bonstetten (for whom Geneva generally receives credit, that having been his home for many years), and Heinrich Zschokke, who, though not a native, was prefect of the canton, and author not only of the charming pathetic tales by which he is best known, but of some very pleasant and interesting works on Switzerland. Zschokke's history does not go beyond the overthrow of Napoleon, since which the country has by no means been without wars and politics, of which a full account is given by another historian in six volumes; which, taken as a sequel to Müller's work in ten, may be considered a tolerably full record for a country of this size. But meanwhile the romantic physiognomy of the past had disappeared, and we find only the unpicturesque horrors of modern warfare or the prosaic features of modern peace. Castles and chapels vanish before factories and railway-stations, palaces give way to hotels. The stately line of buildings on granite terraces overlooking the valley from the northern side of the town are the Bernerhof, the Hôtel Bellevue and the Parliament-house, erected in 1857.

But of Nature's changes there is no human record. She looked on Kimmerians and Norsemen, Romans and Franks with the same face she wore this New Year's Eve, when all the bells of Berne began their chorus, led by the patriarch from the cathedral-tower, whose sonorous voice, only heard on great occasions, sent pealing tones to the distant hills to proclaim the coming festival. It is the great holiday. There are some pretty Christmas customs of German origin, but the day, though one

of leisure, is not one of merry-making, and falling this time on Sunday, the Calvinistic influence was felt in double force. The morning service is held at nine o'clock, and while the minister in his Geneva gown, capped and ruffed like John Knox himself, holds forth to the shivering congregation, a chain is drawn across the street, that no clatter of passing wheels may disturb their devout exercises. After that the churches are closed until three, and all day long the town seems as deserted and dreary as any New England village on an old-fashioned Sabbath afternoon. New Year coming in on Sunday too, somewhat subdued the general hilarity, which, however, began to get the upper hand toward evening, and was in full swing all the next day. Monday morning dawned blankly on a fog of impenetrable density, but as the day wore on it grew thinner and semi-transparent, and began to waver and part, giving glimpses of a beautiful fairy realm. At noon the last folds rolled away and disappeared, and what a world was revealed! The mist, congealing, had covered everything with a pearly film; the trees were like the silver wood in the princess's dream; along the forest-fronts green pine boughs were softly feathered with white, and the graceful branches of the birch looked like the falling spray of a fountain. Every twig, blade of grass, spike of moss was frost-wrought with the most exquisite delicacy. There was no heavy ice-armor bending and breaking the trees: it was as if a breath had passed over the land, turning every fibre to crystal, and the transformation was so impalpable and ineffable that a single sigh of warm air would have swept it all away. The cloudless sky was pale turquoise-blue—the sunshine faint, like ours on the first spring days, but the still cold was the cold of January; and even when the icicles were a mere fringe like eyelashes along the ledges, no little row of drops beneath told of any genial power in the sun's rays. As the glance ranged across the landscape lying under this spell of enchantment, no harsh outline, no heavy stroke met

the eye: all was aerial lightness and plummy grace, till the view was closed by the chain of the Alps, looking like the outer wall of the world, white from the very base to the crest "as no fuller on earth can white them," and glittering in supernatural brightness. The marvelous spectacle brought many people to the terraces despite the intense cold. Late in the afternoon we climbed the spiral staircase of the cathedral-tower, and stood upon the little stone gallery hundreds of feet above the valley, with several parties of peasants and townspeople who had come up to see the sunset. What a scene! The silvery wreath still lay on every tree and bush, but the

Aar ran like molten gold: long ruby lights streamed across the snow; the lower hills were purple, with haloes round their heads, and the wondrous white brotherhood of the Bernese Alps stood with their brows bathed in glory. We gazed and gazed, and could have gazed for ever, but the hues changed and waned and vanished, until only a fading flush lingered on the sharp peak of the Finster-Aarhorn, and a single star looked over the shoulder of the Jungfrau. Then down into the darkness of the tower stair, the mental vision alight with the shining of an imperishable memory. SARAH B. WISTER.

CURIOSITIES OF THE "PAY STREAK."

OUR "Pay Streak" in California ran over the river's bottom; it was thinly spread on the upland plain; it burrowed in the mountain's heart and under its very foundation; it ascended to the hill-tops; it dived deeply into the earth, far deeper than we could follow it.

In the earliest days of gold-mining we established certain auriferous geological laws. It was legitimate that gold should be found only in certain locations on the river banks, in the bed, in gulches or flats, on riffles and bars. But gold was no respecter of these laws. There is near Columbia, Tuolumne county, a very large flat, over a mile in diameter and perhaps four in circumference. It has been immensely rich. It is surrounded on all sides by hills. One day, some nineteen or twenty years ago, a negro walked over this flat. He had just arrived in the country: he had come to dig for gold. He approached a party of miners at work, and asked them where he had better dig. These were geological miners. They held that gold should be found only in flats and low places. They were also white

miners. White miners some nineteen years ago felt themselves at full liberty to expend their rough humor over a solitary inquiring negro; so they told him that good diggings might be found up on yonder hill, pointing to one of the highest in the neighborhood, as yet untouched by pick or shovel. It was a good joke thus to send Ethiopia up the barren hill that hot summer's day, the mercury standing at one hundred in the shade. Ethiopia confidently went, dug, perspired and opened one of the richest claims in Tuolumne.

Caucasia heard of it. The grin faded from her features. She dropped her picks and shovels, ran from the plain, ran up that hill, and in twenty-four hours it was entirely staked out in claims. Ethiopia had some trouble in preserving the integrity of his own legitimate mining boundaries. Caucasia ever after that was careful how she joked with inquiring negroes as to the locality of "diggings." She also lost confidence in her geology.

That hill and all the surrounding hills, and the flat below, are now covered with

great red gashes and scars, incisions made by the miner in Earth's bosom. He has lowered the entire plain some fifteen feet. He has dug as far as possible between thousands of great water-worn, curved, pinnacled, curiously-shaped marble boulders, stained yellow without, but in color white within. It seems a Titanic graveyard. It seems as though in some past time a mighty surf had for ages beat upon these rocks and worn them to these curved and rounded forms. No bottom has been found. There still remain great stores of gold below, but water and rock together oppose the miner's progress. It requires an outlay of two dollars to dig out one. Fifteen years ago it was covered with men, carts and horses. Columbia was one of the busiest of camps, having a population of six or seven thousand people. From the town there issued daily an army of workmen, and the road at evening was filled with them returning. To-day, you may look over this denuded waste of boulders, and here and there is seen a man digging away, a lone sexton in the Titanic burying-ground. Columbia has dwindled to two or three saloons and as many stores. Two-thirds of the town have disappeared. As to inhabitants, the streets have died out at the ends like withering stalks. Houses of wood rot and the roofs tumble in: houses of brick, long empty, crumbling and gap with widening cracks.

Once they had a spirited volunteer fire department. In our golden days these mining towns had to burn down once or twice before they reached a permanent footing. There were resident old firemen from New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia and other cities. These, of course, soon crystallized into companies. They bought "machines," ran with them, polished them, petted them, and sometimes fought for them. But the engines remain unused and rusted—the engine-house doors stand wide open day and night. There is but little to burn. The "boys" left years ago. There is left in the town proper scarce sufficient population to man the brakes. The streets in many places

have been dug up for gold, so that the area of town territory over which our engines could be run yearly grows more limited. It is now scarcely advisable to extinguish a fire. The lot for mining purposes is more valuable than the house. These are features peculiar to nearly every *placer* mining town in California. Columbia past and present is one of the curiosities of the "Pay Streak."

The flat of which we speak was located on the "Limestone Boulder" range. It ran many miles through the country, bearing always the marks of water-wear, and having an average width of two miles. In this range the bottoms of our prospect-holes, at the depth of forty or fifty feet, used occasionally to tumble out or in, as you please: they tumbled into a subterranean river. There were many evidences that one flowed in this section of country, burrowing thousands of feet under mountain, river, valley and plain. Near Vallecito, distant some twenty miles from Columbia, the miners ran for years millions of tons of earth and stone, the refuse of the gold-washings, into an earth-fissure at whose bottom water could be heard gurgling and rushing. It was never filled up. It was once determined to explore it. A small boat was built for navigating the underground channel. Johnny Ward, half miner, half gambler, the most polite and the grittiest and most reckless man in the southern mines, volunteered, and was lowered down many feet into the dark and unknown depths. But the Styx crept and moaned and fled into fearful and impassable channels. Johnny Ward was drawn up, and no man has ever since gone down.

The gold found in the "Limestone Boulder" range, near which I have lived, was worth one and two dollars more per ounce than that dug from other and near localities. Columbia gold brought near nineteen dollars per ounce: Stanislaus River gold, only two miles distant, might bring but seventeen, owing to its greater alloy with silver or some baser metal. The dust from differ-

ent camps but a few miles apart bore many different valuations. The buyers could tell at a glance where it was dug. They told by certain indications in color and in the shape of the grains. River dust was flat and scaly: it was so worn, being ground between the rolling boulders on the bed of the stream for centuries. Gold from the higher flats and gulches of the dry diggings was coarser: the angularities of the grains were not entirely worn smooth. Dust from some camps would hold white sand, others black. Strange dust was like strange coin. A Tuolumne county retail provision-dealer might be as much puzzled to fix the proper valuation on Stanislaus county dust as on an ancient Hebrew shekel. Each camp dealt mainly with its own dust: miners seldom traded outside of certain boundaries.

The "Limestone Boulder" range produced large nuggets. One day in 1857 an idle miner, while sauntering about the outskirts of Columbia, sat down under the shade of an evergreen oak. He was out of luck, "broke," discouraged and disgusted. He sat there under that tree, and with his stick poked and pried at such stones as were lying within reach embedded in the red earth. A certain earth-stained piece of rock seemed much heavier than the rest: he could scarce pry it over. He rose and attempted to lift it. It was very heavy. His heart began beating very fast. Clearing one side of the earth, he caught sight of the dull yellow color of native gold. It was a ten-thousand-dollar lump. He was on the stage the next morning, bound for the East.

Nuggets and mixed gold and quartz in pieces weighing several hundred dollars were often lost by being "forked" out of sluice or tom and deposited with the pile of "headings" or refuse rock which remained after the earth was washed away. Many such a piece remains to-day in the long-deserted gulches.

"Old Alick," living at Jamestown, made the better part of his living for years by picking over these piles of stone. His intellect in quantity and

quality was exactly fitted for such occupation. There was only mind enough to dribble along in one narrow little channel, so that it could all be easily concentrated at once on a single stone. A richer and more active intellect might have been diverted from the necessary scrutiny of each and every pebble by other thoughts. "Old Alick" had none other: hence he was lucky: seldom a week passed but he found a "chispa," or a ten or twenty dollar gold-and-rock-mixed pebble. This saved him the necessity of further labor for several days. He was not an extravagant man: a dollar's worth of pork, a dollar's worth of flour and ten dollars' worth of whisky would last him a fortnight: then his dulled and rum-demented intellect once more, day after day, pored over the stones.

The gold-bearing rivers had in some past age left channels and gravel deposits up on the mountain sides which formed their banks: they left them often forty or fifty feet above their present level. Such deposits often proved very rich. But they were very exasperating. These pay streaks would cease as suddenly as they commenced. The base of one mountain was a "gravel lead:" the base of the next, half a mile below, was but bare, barren granite. Always on the lookout for some manner of "indications," the miner became a rough sort of geologist. A smoothly-washed pebble or boulder in some unusual locality might excite him almost as much as the dull yellow nugget itself. Gravel was next door to gold.

There was the "Point Claim" at Indian Bar, Tuolumne River. A mountain had here stepped in the track of the stream, which flowed in a great semicircle around it. A spur at this mountain's base was composed of "river-washed gravel." From 1853 to 1858 the Point Mining Company there labored. They washed the spur entirely away. Where were banks covered with evergreen oaks and blooming in the spring-time with the many blossoms of the California forest, there were left only a bare yellow ledge and immense heaps

of cobble-stones. The soil had been washed through the sluices into the river. It was deposited in thin yellowish streaks hundreds of miles below, on the low flat plains of the great San Joaquin Valley; so at last the Point was declared worked out: the company broke up. Some went to Cariboo; some to Arizona; some to their Eastern homes. Indian Bar declined, and finally lost its dignity as an electioneering precinct. A few men remained. They were neither industrious nor sober. They were content to grub on the gleanings left by the Point Company, making perhaps a dollar or two per day. That furnished them with flour, beef, and, what was of more consequence than all, whisky. More gold in California has been dug for an inferior article of corn whisky at two dollars per gallon than for any other article of food or drink. They lived in rude cabins with stone fireplaces and mud-plastered chimneys. They went clad the year round in dun-garee pants, gray shirts and cowskin boots. The foot-hill climate makes no great demand on the clothing-store, although men so dressed live in sight of the eternal snow on the higher Sierras five or six thousand feet above them and a hundred miles away. One day a "Pointer," an old sailor from Boston, Jones by name, who had dug and drunk up three or four small fortunes, concluded to prospect a streak of gravel a few inches in thickness left at the base of the old Point Company's worked-out bank, which was twenty-five or thirty feet in height, and perhaps as far above the river. Jones dug a panful, washed it and found gold—about a "bit" prospect. He dug a little deeper and found more gold. He bored still a little deeper into the mountain's base, and discovered that the hard, blue granite ledge pitched downward, instead of rising up and barring his progress. He found the gravel-streak growing wider and richer as he advanced. In a week, Jones and his comrades knew they were once more rich men. They knew they had struck an old river-channel. From their "coyote hole" was taken out as

much as forty ounces per day. And what did they? Improve the opportunity which Fortune had once more flung them? No. They proceeded at once to celebrate the event. They bought whisky by the barrel, and drank it by the pint. In a year's time one had been drowned; another had perished of delirium tremens; another had killed his wife and fled the country. Eventually, a shrewd, patient individual, who had been there from the first of the "strike," bought of them their claims for sums ranging from two hundred to two thousand dollars. He went to work systematically, bored, tunneled, blasted, and in two years' time he had in his pocket two hundred thousand dollars, and another piece of the Indian Bar Mountain's base, an eighth of a mile in length, two hundred yards in width and from sixty to one hundred feet in height, had disappeared, run off in red mud—gone to fertilize the plains below.

For two or three years, I, while mining a mile or so above this claim, had worked hard and hopelessly for a couple of dollars per day, wondering if it would ever be my lot again to mingle with the world, and get out of this remote corner in which I was shut in by poverty. I had, on my way to and from the Indian Bar store, time and time again, walked over this piece of ground: I had more than once prospected it, thinking from certain wash-gravel indications that gold might be there. But it was not there deposited for me. So, when at last this deposit was found, and by somebody else, and the "boys" used to come to my cabin and talk by the hour of its richness, how in the dark tunnel the golden flakes could be seen glistening by the candle's light (a sight very rarely seen in the richest dirt, for gold is very chary in revealing itself to the eye), I used to become internally provoked and aggravated and disgusted. What was all this richness to me? None of it was mine. I had sought it too in that very spot, and mourned because I found it not. I would never visit the rich claim, to be further aggravated as John San-

born, the lucky owner, exhibited to the hungry crowd his iron pan with forty yellow ounces at the bottom, the result of a single day's work.

But old Jones, the Boston sailor, stayed there contentedly, "rocking" his dollar and dollar and a half per day from the bank after he had lost all title in the claim he had discovered. He excused his business injudiciousness in selling out, even while the gravel promised so richly, by saying it was too much money for him to have anything to do with. It certainly did ruin and destroy his three partners. Jones stayed and saw Indian Bar again worked out. He lives near there now. It costs Jones yearly about twenty dollars for clothing; one hundred will feed him: the balance which he wrests from the red soil helps the distilleries and the Internal Revenue tax on whisky and tobacco. Jones is one of the Curiosities of the Pay Streak.

One pay streak—one of former days and long since worked out—lay in the crevices of the bare, rocky river banks. The miners went forth provided with a sledge, a pick, a pan, a short crowbar, a piece of iron hoop bent at one end, a little broom made of twigs, and "creviced." They explored the ledge along the river banks, and wherever they saw a promising crack or seam in the rock, they pried it with bar, smote it with sledge, laid it open, drew forth the long-lodged dust of ages, spoonful by spoonful, hauled it out in pinches with the iron scraper bent at one end, and swept the surface clean with the little broom. To get at these crevices sometimes twisted a man's anatomy in all manner of shapes. I have lain half a day in the attitude assumed by Nebuchadnezzar when he became herbivorous, head downward on an inclined plane, my right arm reaching as far as possible down the crevice and bringing up little hauls of the dirt. There was always a little left at the bottom, just out of one's reach, a little richer in gold than the rest. An entire day of such bone-and-muscle-aching labor might furnish but two or three pans. It might wash out four or

six dollars. We were gleaning the leavings of '49. Then they pried ounce nuggets out of these same crevices with their jack-knives.

"Crevicing" was hot, hard work. Gold in these seams was often found twenty-five or thirty feet above the level of the river. We worked in steep, rugged, narrow cañons, where it was difficult to obtain a foothold—where there might not even be a bit of rock sufficiently level on which to deposit the pan with its precious contents. Tom Scott was a tough little wiry man, of an impulsive disposition. Thomas, one long, hot California summer day, had so worked, scraped, pried, swept, dusted and accumulated a panful of dirt, which he felt would "pan out" richly. A miner often feels in his bones whether his luck will be good or not: Thomas felt this and a great deal more in his bones, for in order to get at this crevice he had been obliged all day to resolve himself into a deformity, and bone and sinew protested against it. Just as he was withdrawing his last spoonful of yellow mould he heard a metallic clattering over the rocks. He turned, he looked: there was pan, dirt, day's work and all sliding down those steeply inclined banks into the river. The pan dived from the rocky edge into the deep, still waters of the cañon: it disappeared, and then all was still as before. All save Thomas Scott, who, starting, seized his crowbar and hurled it as near as possible into the ripples of the sinking pan, saying, "There! you may as well go and keep the pan company!" The setting sun lingered for a moment at the western mouth of the cañon with a broad grin on his countenance, and a disgusted man, less his accustomed implements for crevicing, clambered over the rocks and along the steep edges home to his lonely supper.

Full thirty miles through Tuolumne county runs an immense wall, its sides in many places perpendicular, in others slightly inclining. It has an average height of three hundred feet. You may walk on the long level top as on an immense rampart, over a floor seemingly

composed of iron and lava, rough and corrugated like metal too suddenly cooled. It sounds hollow and metallic under your tread, as if caverns were beneath—great air-bubbles perhaps, formed in cooling. From the eastern edge may be seen the smoke of a dozen decaying mining-camps nestled in the gulches, and still farther and over beyond the eye falls on the distant Sierras where they encircle the Yo-Semite Valley. Northward, there are seen the pine-clad slopes, looking almost black at this distance, which surround the basin wherein stand the great trees of Calaveras. Westward, glimpses are caught of the yellow, misty, river-flashing expanses of the great San Joaquin Valley. We stand on Table Mountain.

Under us, in the foundation of this mountain, is the channel of a dead river. The miner, piercing the underlying slate ledge for hundreds of feet, has bored into it, and is still busily engaged year after year in scooping out the auriferous gravel heart of the long, narrow mountain. It is rock at the bottom, rock on the sides, rock at the top and gravel within. Every carful of earth drawn out of this great iron-and-stone coffer contains tree-trunks and branches—some petrified, some in their natural state. Human bones and stone implements are also unearthed. It holds a rich pay streak, in places, of a grayish or blue gravel, often so full of clay as to be difficult to wash. Sticky, round pellets, rolling down the sluices, lay hold of the golden grains already lodged in the riffles, and snatch them out. We now throw this tenacious earth into wet

hoppers, where it is torn to pieces by sets of revolving iron teeth.

This wall is pierced with miles of tunneling. From 1849 to 1853, Table Mountain's interior remained all untouched. Many thin pay streaks of gravel, mixed with black soil, were found at its base and on its more gently inclined sides. Stratas of gravel strangely cropping out between the upper and lower ledges were tunneled. Gold was found in them. But the heart of the mountain was wet: the dripping waters drowned the miner out. It was necessary in nearly every Table Mountain claim that the "rim-rock" be bored low enough to drain this "seepage." This cost many a miner years of hard labor, years of debt, years of coarse food and years of ragged garb. When first the existence of gold within the mountain was proved there was a rush for claims. It was taken up from end to end over thirty miles. Every fortunate holder at once set to work and attacked the hard foundation-rock. The months and the years rolled on: some became discouraged and quit; some penetrated the stony rind, reached the coveted gravel, and found it paying but two or three dollars per day where they expected two or three hundred: perhaps one company out of ten found a paying claim, and half of these wasted their profits in litigation. Some of the future generation, content to work for two dollars per day in natural, uncoined gold currency, will find employment in the gravel bowels of Table Mountain, one of the greatest Curiosities of the "Pay Streak" in California.

PRENTICE MULFORD.

THE MURDER STONE:

A ROMANCE OF ENGLISH LIFE IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

BY SIR CHARLES L. YOUNG, BART.

CHAPTER I.

FAR away from London, in the north of England, more than a quarter of a century ago. A hot, still night—not a leaf stirring. There is no sound to mar the perfect silence that reigns over the sombre woods—no footfall along the deserted road—no distant echo of a human voice. Now and again the sad screech-owl moans to an absent mate, or a large bat darts across the path: there are no other signs of life. Few are the marks of horse or cart upon the surface of that desolate road, once the great high-road, but a shorter cut has been made between town and town; and where once the four-horsed coaches used to rattle gayly by, the timber-cart groans drearily twice or thrice a month; and grass and weeds flourish unchecked, and the king's highway is little better than a wide glade in the midst of woods.

"Better so," old peasants whisper when you speak of it to them—"Better so, for a curse is on the place." Let no one whose nerves are not braced up to bear strange sights and weird sounds linger here when Night folds the thick woods in her impenetrable shade. Even in the blazing noon the very birds sing with notes less gay than elsewhere; and the rustic hurries on, nor ever stops to rest and take his mid-day meal. No rabbits burrow beneath the untrimmed hedges that line the grass-grown road—the fox and polecat seek here in vain for prey. Winter's wild storms rage more wildly here, and sweet Spring shudders as she decks reluctantly and with sparing hand the trees and shrubs; hot Summer glares upon the scene; sad Autumn comes and frowns, and sheds her brownest gloom.

A hot, still night. The low, full moon, new risen like a vast red globe of sullen

fire, pierces the dark shades, and pours a dreadful light upon a brown and rough-hewn stone that stands beside the disused road—reared there years ago to bear a solemn testimony to a black history of crime. Look where that snail has left its glittering slime, and just below read these words: "Here Ralph Glascodine was murdered." There is a date, but nothing more.

What more could have been engraved? For beyond the fact that in the stormy twilight of a wild autumnal evening the body of the master of Glascodine Chase was found horribly mutilated upon this very spot, no one, save one, knew anything. He had left the Chase that day full of life and strength, but was never seen alive again. Suspicion never tracked to his doom his mortal enemy, and the awful tale was thus graven upon the Murder Stone.

A good many years have passed since I first went abroad. Continental travelling in those days was considerably different from what it is now. Interlachen did not bear the disagreeable resemblance—so far as society is concerned—to Margate or Ramsgate which it does now. People did not walk up and down Mont Blanc quite so frequently as appears to be the custom now. Bass's pale ale at two francs the bottle did not form an indispensable item in every *carte de vins*, and there was no hotel on the top of the Rigi. The British tourist, though certainly not a rare animal, was not met with then under such multitudinous and diversified forms as at present. Hotels had not sprung up like mushrooms, and one could travel a considerable distance without encountering the natives of our dear island-home in such swarms as one cannot choose but encounter now. And,

on the whole, I am inclined to think that the brave Swiss of that epoch bore a less striking moral resemblance to the typical Jew whose sole object in life is supposed to consist in getting money anyhow. I am not prepared to say that those were better days than these—such considerations are beside my purpose in writing this story: I desire merely to give the facts of a strange narrative in which it was my lot to find a place.

I had only recently taken my degree at Oxford, and before entering on the profession to which I was destined, it was thought right that I should see something of the men and manners that existed on the other side of the British Channel; and for that purpose my excellent father supplied me with ample means, and I went abroad. After having exhausted Paris, I explored the banks of the Rhine—a river whose charms and scenery and legends were thought rather more of then than now—and eventually found my way into Switzerland; and at the time this story commences I was sojourning at Thun. Railways, steamboats, cockneys have made no difference in the beauties of that fairy spot. Cook's excursionists in all their motley cannot dim the radiance of the calm blue lake and rushing river, or sully the solemn purity of the majestic Blumlis Alp. Now, as ever, that place still holds in my memory the prize of serene beauty above all the other scenes I have since visited, and here it was that I first saw the woman in whose tragedy I unwillingly bore a part.

I think I had been at Thun about two days, and on the third evening I strolled up the hill behind the hotel, and by and by found myself upon a broad piece of rock which stood out boldly from the wood, and from whence I could command a splendid view of lake, river and mountains. I sat down, and remained I know not how long in a state of dreamy delight. A sense of the most perfect repose was over all the scene; and as the sun went down, leaving behind him warm tints upon the silent snow, it was impossible not to feel some

notion of what the quiet calm of Paradise might be. But this could not last long: the rose-colors faded as they came, and the eye wandered over wide white wastes, and rested sadly upon the stern gray cliffs. And then there came a sense of solitude upon me: the blue waters of the lake took a more sombre hue. I could not repress a shudder, and I rose up with the intention of returning to my hotel; but as I turned I found that I was not alone: close beside me I saw a lady standing. She seemed hardly to have noticed me at first: her eyes—large gray eyes—were fixed upon the distant ice-clad summits, and for a moment I gazed spell-bound upon her matchless face. It was a face in full harmony with the darkening grandeur of the scene around me, and I felt that I had never looked upon anything so beautiful before. Another moment and she withdrew her gaze from the Alps, and her eyes for an instant met mine: then she turned away and began to descend the hill. I did not follow her immediately, but from where I stood I could watch her descending the zigzag path. From that time I felt but one absorbing interest—to know who and what she was.

Now, I had never enjoyed the felicity, or infelicity, of being in love. I had not even experienced those sensations which, I am told, are common to youthful and poetical spirits, of idolizing and rapturous joy in being in the vicinity of what, at an early age, is generally considered supernaturally lovely; and therefore perhaps it was that I did not understand the meaning of the thrill of pleasure I experienced when gazing on this lady's face, nor why I looked forward with such eagerness to seeing her again. After having thought about her for a quarter of an hour, I hastily descended the hill, in some vague hope that I might find her at the hotel.

The porter met me in the hall and told me that a gentleman had been inquiring for me. This gentleman, it appeared, had seen my name in the *Livre des Étrangers*, and had asked whether I had left Thun yet. Ah, here was the

gentleman! I turned round, and was greeted by an old college friend, Weyland by name.

"Delighted to meet you, old fellow!" he exclaimed as we shook hands heartily. "Since I left Rome I have not met a soul I know."

"Nor I since I left England," I returned. "I have been away for six weeks, and have been longing to find a friend."

"Only six weeks, Hartley! I seem to have been away six years! I have been wandering about Egypt and Palestine, and all sorts of queer places. I have been introduced to the Pope, and so-journed with a pasha in Lebanon. You have dined, of course: so have I. Come, let us have our coffee and a quiet cigar in the garden, and we will have a good chat." Accordingly, we gave the order, and retired to a quiet part of the garden that overlooked the river. Here we found a sort of summer-house, and we sat down comfortably. The daylight was fast dying away, and the moon was rising above the mountains.

Weyland was my senior by a couple of years. He had taken his degree at the university some time before me, but we always continued our intimacy, though, as he had been traveling in the East, I had heard nothing of him for more than six months; and very glad I was to meet him at Thun. He was one of those genial, light-hearted men who never seem to know what low spirits are, though he could at times be as serious and grave as need be. We talked on many subjects; and at last I questioned him as to how he had enjoyed his winter in Rome, who was there, etc. It had been a very gay winter, he told me—a larger proportion of English than usual.

"And you have not contrived to lose your heart yet, Weyland?" I asked, laughing.

"There is safety in numbers," he returned. "I assure you there were so many pretty girls that it was impossible to fall in love with one more than another. Indeed, I rapturously adored at least half a dozen."

"Was there no one supereminently beautiful?"

"No: it was a very even race. Stay, though! There was one woman in Rome last winter who certainly bore away the palm so far as physical charms were concerned. I cannot say more, as I did not know her to speak to."

"How was that?"

"She did not go out much—at least, not in English society. And the English—no one seemed exactly to know why—rather kept aloof from her. She was an Englishwoman, though she rejoiced in a Spanish title."

"Some scandal about her, I suppose?"

"Nothing tangible, nothing definite, so far as I could learn. Some people hinted that she was a passionate gambler; others went so far as to suggest poisoning as her peculiar *forte*; others maintained that she was a celebrated *divorcée*; but nobody knew anything for certain."

"A very romantic beauty she must have been! You make me quite curious. What was she like?"

"The first time I saw her was one morning when I happened to be out before breakfast, walking on the Pincian Hill. It was soon after Christmas, but the weather was superb, and I sat down and reveled in the delicious view over St. Peter's and Monte Mario. For some time I was quite alone: then suddenly I heard footsteps slowly coming toward me, and I looked up and saw as majestic a woman as I have ever seen in the most impassioned paintings; and when I could accurately discern her face she seemed to be the realization of all that youth and poetry had ever dreamed of. She did not appear to notice me, but passed on, her eyes bent upon the ground, and sat down upon a seat at some little distance from me. She rested her cheek upon her hand, and seemed as absorbed as I had been in the contemplation of the glorious scene. I could not help it. I rose from my seat almost involuntarily, passed slowly before her, and, rude as it might seem, took a good look at her. She had masses of that really black hair so

seldom seen; the shape of her features was faultless; her complexion most beautiful, though somewhat pale: she had large gray eyes— Why do you start?"

"Your description reminds me so strongly of a lady I saw this evening up in the wood yonder, behind the hotel."

"Indeed! It is quite possible the marchesa is at Thun. I should know her in a moment if I caught the slightest glimpse of her."

"Her beauty fascinated me as much as it did you at first sight, and, to tell you the truth, Weyland, I was just going to institute delicate inquiries about her when I met you at the door of the hotel. What can you tell me more about her?"

"Nothing, I am afraid, which it would do you much good to learn," returned Weyland, smiling. "Gossip, as I have hinted, was tolerably busy with her. I remember it was said, among a hundred other things, that wherever she went her footsteps were always dogged by a man from whom she could not escape. It was said, too, that one or two passionate admirers had disappeared in an unaccountable manner. Altogether, I should scarcely choose the marchesa for my dearest friend."

"And yet you know nothing positive about her?"

"Nothing whatever."

"Then your suspicions may be wrong?"

"Aha! you have evidently seen her, and find it impossible to believe that she can be anything but the best and purest of womankind."

"Oh, I don't think the lady I saw in the wood can really be the same person."

"Very likely not," said Weyland dryly: "however, it can't make much difference to us either way. Are you going to stay much longer in Switzerland?"

"Next month I am going to the Italian lakes," I answered. "I have never asked you yet how long you intend to stay here."

"I regret to say that I must go forward to-morrow morning," he replied. "The

fact is, I am obliged to hurry home. Some little time ago a distant relative of mine died, and was good enough to leave me a little place in the north of England, and I must go back and attend to certain business-matters which, it appears, decline waiting any longer."

"Are you going to turn farmer?" I asked, laughing. "I don't think I can quite fancy you burying yourself in the country."

"I am not at all sure that I sha'n't make a very good squire," answered Weyland. "I have been studying agriculture in many countries, and I mean to try some wonderful experiments in the vegetable line. This time next year my big gooseberry will beat all the other big gooseberries put together."

"I shall be anxious to see it. I'll write a sonnet to it, and it shall be published in the Poet's Corner of the local journal."

"I tell you what," said Weyland, seriously: "you must come and see me when I have shaken comfortably down. I know you go in for the literary line: there is no end of wild or romantic country about this place of mine, to say nothing of the Murder Stone."

"The Murder Stone! What is that?"

"I congratulate you on not making the obvious joke about a blood stone: I really was afraid you would. I shall keep all the particulars till I welcome you as my guest. To tell you the truth, I am not very clear about them myself just now, and I must have a talk with the oldest inhabitant on my return. I must tell you that I have not seen this place of mine—Caine Warren it is called—for many years. I am afraid that, on the whole, it is rather dull, for my neighbors are few and far between. My nearest neighbor, by way of making things pleasant, never sees anybody, and is seen by no one."

"Old and bedridden, I suppose?"

"Not a bit of it: I don't believe he is ten years my senior. I have heard that there is some queer romance about him. This Murder Stone, I ought to tell you, is just on the borders of his property, and the story connected with it has

something to do with his family. So far as he himself is concerned, I believe the story is, that he became desperately enamored of a very beautiful young lady whom he met in rather questionable society in London or Paris. It is said that she never cared much about him, but he regularly bought her, and from the moment she married him he was so frightfully jealous about her that he kept her out of all society. This line of conduct, not unnaturally, did not exactly please madame; and in spite of her lord's vigilance she contrived to fascinate somebody else: I am not sure if it was not some old lover who contrived to turn up. However, the husband found it all out, and there was a terrible scene: she bolted, and he has ever since secluded himself entirely. Some gossips say that there was a duel without witnesses, and that he killed his rival, who, however, succeeded in horribly mutilating his face; and what with the death upon his conscience, the unfaithfulness of his wife and his own spoiled beauty—for he was very handsome—he has thought it best not to appear in public."

"I should like to see him," said I. "We will prowl about his place, Weyland, and try to draw him from his lair."

"Oh, certainly: I think neighbors ought to be sociable. But it is getting late: I have been traveling all day, and am pretty well done up, and I have to start for Bâle early."

We rose from our seat overlooking the river, and strolled silently through the garden toward the hotel. We had to pass through the deep shade of some trees, and when within a few yards of the door I laid my hand on Weyland's arm, and we both paused. He was about to speak when I checked him and pointed to an open window upon the ground floor. There, with the silver light of the full moon streaming down upon her face, was the woman I had seen on the hill. Weyland bent his eyes upon her for a moment, and then whispered, "It is she." We then passed on into the hotel, and I went up with Weyland to his room.

"You saw her plainly," I said. "You are sure that it is the same lady that you saw in Rome?"

"It is the Marchesa Levada beyond a doubt," he answered.

"She is an Italian, I suppose?"

"Didn't I tell you? Oh no: she is an Englishwoman. I have not the slightest idea what nation her husband belongs to. Indeed, I do not know if such a personage is in existence. She was alone at Rome."

I stayed and talked about indifferent matters for a little while, but Weyland was evidently thoroughly tired, and I soon bade him good-night. I was up early next morning, and saw him start. Absurd as I could not help owning it to myself to be, I was rather glad at being alone again. I felt an absorbing desire to become acquainted with the beautiful marchesa.

Hardly knowing what I was about, I sauntered away from the hotel and wandered about the woods, and soon found myself climbing the hill as on the previous evening. By and by I arrived at the open place whence I had watched the glories of the sunset. I was slightly astonished to find that the seat was already occupied. A man was sitting there—a gentleman, apparently, and, if I might judge from his general appearance, an Englishman. He turned his face toward me as I approached, but regarded me only for an instant, and fixed his eyes again upon the Alps; but in that brief moment I saw his features well, and was struck by their beauty, which was, however, marred by a most indescribable expression which pervaded them. There was a sort of terrible ferocity imprinted there which made me shudder. I turned away hastily into the wood, with a feeling that I should know that man again whenever and wherever it might be my chance to meet him.

Twice only during that day did I contrive to catch glimpses of the marchesa: once I saw her at her window, and in the evening she sauntered for a short time in the garden, accompanied by a person who seemed to be her maid.

As she entered the hotel after her walk I met her on the threshold, and our eyes for an instant met. I raised my hat as she passed me, but she took no notice of the courtesy. When I looked out of my window early the next morning I saw a traveling carriage at the door: the luggage was already fastened on. I saw the Marchesa Levada get in, and in another moment, amid a loud cracking of whips and jingling of bells, she was gone.

After that, Thun seemed to have no more attractions for me. I knew it was excessively silly, but I could not get rid of the remembrance of that dark hair and those wonderful gray eyes that had twice met mine. Did I actually love this woman? Oh, ridiculous!

However that might be—and it was a question I refused to discuss with myself—I thought it better to continue my wanderings, and in a few weeks I had been through almost all parts of Switzerland, and the shortening days warned me that it was time to go southward. So, after a brief sojourn at Lucerne, I crossed the pass of the St. Gothard and took up my quarters at a hotel on the Lake of Como. Here I spent my time pleasantly enough. I had plenty to do, as I was trying my hand at a novel, and little by little I half forgot all about the Marchesa Levada.

CHAPTER II.

It was the beginning of October. The autumn had been unusually hot, and I wondered whether it ever *could* be cool upon the Lake of Como: everybody who sojourned at the hotel made the same remark. The summer had been almost unbearable, except at a height of five thousand feet above the level of the sea. For my own part, I easily fell into the national habit of reposing during the blazing hours of the day, and contrived to enjoy myself early in the morning and late in the evening. It was my habit to go out soon after sunrise, bathe in the lake, and fish till I

was compelled by hunger to go home and have some breakfast. After that meal I used to take my writing-materials to some shady place, where, inspired by the romantic beauties of the scene, I wrote and smoked till dinner-time. *Table d'hôte* was at 1.30, punctually. A little more tobacco and a good deal of sleep carried me on till an hour or so before sunset: then I would get into my boat and remain upon the lake till dark.

One day—shall I ever, as long as I live, forget it?—I did not go out quite so early as usual. The fact was, for the first time for many weeks the sun was not shining in at my window with its usual brilliancy, though it was none the less hot. I looked out, and there was a dull, leaden haze over the sky, and not a breath of air. I dressed quickly and went out into the garden, and found my boat ready for me as usual, and the boatman sitting on the garden wall wondering at my laziness.

"I have overslept myself, Giuseppe," said I, "it is so dark this morning."

Giuseppe looked up at the heavens and then at the mountains around, and answered, as he threw away the stump of a black cigar, "The winter begins to-day."

"But it feels hotter than ever," I urged.

The boatman nodded his head in a most Burleigh-like manner, but merely added, "The winter begins to-day, for all that."

The day passed much as other days had passed, save that the sun did not condescend to shine upon us once. A heavy, leaden gloom brooded over us all day, and brought to me a feeling of the most intense depression. In vain I tried to write: inspiration would not come; and they whose business it is to invent romance for a greedy public know how hopelessly the mind will wander at times amid subjects the most remote from the work. So all that morning I listlessly spent in a kind of waking dream. One of the results of the morning's idleness was no appetite for dinner, and a more remote result

was no siesta in the afternoon. So, somewhat earlier than usual, I sought the faithful Giuseppe, and bade him bring up my boat to the miniature garden-pier. This boat, I should say, was something better than the ordinary species of craft then to be met with on the Italian lakes: it had been built, I was assured, upon the model of one which had been brought by an English family who were accustomed to spend some months every year in the neighborhood of Como; and on my arrival at the hotel I had luckily caught sight of this same boat, and had at once hired it for my sole and separate use during my sojourn.

As Giuseppe gave me the parting push he said, "The signor would do well not to go too far off: there will be a storm."

The appearance of the sky did not seem to me to justify the warning: it was gray and leaden still, foretelling, it might be, a gentle rain, but nothing, I thought, more serious.

I felt that my energies had been abominably dormant all day; so I determined to see what a little hard physical exercise would do for me, and I pulled away across the lake with a will. The extraordinary sultriness of the evening soon told upon me, and after twenty minutes' hard rowing I felt rather done up, and lay to for a little. The native builders of my boat, while they professed to follow an English model, had evidently considered the habits of their countrymen, and in place of what we call rowlocks they had put iron pins and a corresponding hole in the sculls, which of course rendered all feathering impossible, but which enabled the oarsman to take his hands off the sculls without any fear of those implements dropping into the water; and so I almost insensibly, after a time, let go the oars, and, resting my elbows on my knees, contemplated the approaching dusk with a return of that dreaminess which had more or less pervaded me all day. I remember noticing that, contrary to what was ordinarily the case, there was not a single heavy barge in sight. I

seemed to be alone upon the lake, with the exception of one flat-bottomed boat which I observed in the distance making slowly toward the little harbor I had left. It had a large awning spread over semicircular ribs, and was impelled by one boatman, who, standing at the stern, used the long, heavy sweeps.

I watched this boat lazily, and I think I made some sort of bet with myself that I would let it get within a certain distance of the shore, and then I would put on a spurt and beat it. I was now far out on the lake: the boat I was watching was evidently making for the little harbor I had left. There was an almost dreadful stillness in the air—the very water seemed opaque and stagnant. I was thinking how strangely still all Nature seemed, when suddenly there came rolling down from the mountains a long, hoarse roar of thunder.

I had not expected this, and I looked up hastily at the sky. The leaden clouds had assumed a lurid hue, and as I gazed flash after flash of forked lightning blazed over the mountain tops. Instinctively I began to row hard homeward. I had heard of the strong squalls that sweep across these valley lakes, and I had no fancy for being left to their mercy. I had no time to lose, for as I looked up the lake I could see how the waves had risen beneath the furious wind. Glancing over my shoulder toward the boat with the awning, in which I felt a strange interest, I could see that the boatman was using his sweeps busily, and I caught a glimpse of a female figure bending forward and an arm pointing to the awning. I understood the gesture at once: the awning over such a craft in such a squall must be extremely dangerous. Anticipating the worst results, I slightly altered my course and made straight for my fellow-toilers.

Again the gleaming flashes and the crash of thunder: the storm in all its fury was abroad upon the lake. In an incredibly short space of time a miniature sea was boiling around me, and strong squalls struck me every moment. I looked over my shoulder again: the other boat was tossing on the waves:

the boatman had dropped his sweeps and was rapidly undoing the fastenings of the awning. Then again I looked: a squall had struck the boat heavily and almost upset her. The wind helped me, and I was gaining rapidly on her now. When I looked again the awning was partially furled, and the boatman was busy with his sweeps. The wind was carrying us toward a rocky shore a little below the harbor we were seeking. But I could see plainly the figure of a lady in the boat—so plainly, indeed, that I suddenly fancied, with a strange thrill of pleasure, that it was a figure I knew. The storm increased in its intensity: the lightning was continuous, the mountains on every side echoed back in wildering roar the ceaseless thunder, and the rain was falling in monstrous drops; but the strong gusts helped us on, and we were now fast nearing the rocky shore. I had rowed a race or two in my time, but I had never pulled as I did now, and I was soon within some thirty yards of the other boat. Then again I looked at the rocks, now close in front of us, and on one I saw a man standing wildly waving his arms. A brilliant flash illuminated his countenance, and that, too, I seemed to recognize; but in the place of the horror or anxiety I should have expected to see depicted on his features, I saw a savage look of triumph. I know not how I could have seen all this, for the storm was at its highest pitch, and my own excitement was intense, as I expected every moment to see the other boat capsize. That woman—how calmly she sat!—I must be near her at whatever risk. Behind me now, upon the wall of the little harbor we had sought to gain, but which the violence of the wind had driven us beyond, I could see many people standing, evidently watching us eagerly, and now and again, mingled with the roar of waves, wind and thunder, I could catch the sound of voices shouting to us. The figure on the rocks stood now with folded arms. There was no one near him. He never looked toward me, I thought, but seemed intent upon the

other boatman trying to make for a small piece of shingle where he might strand his boat. Then what I had dreaded happened. With a flash that blinded me for a moment and seemed to strike hot upon my cheek, a fearful squall rushed down the mountain and caught the half-furled awning of the other boat. I heard one long cry, and the next thing I saw was a woman struggling in the water. Straining every nerve, I pulled toward her. She sank, but when she rose again I was close beside her, and in the white countenance I recognized, without astonishment, the Marchesa Levada. Close, close to the rough rock: the figure standing there had disappeared; and then I saw what I felt sure was another man swimming toward the marchesa. He was close beside her, but it seemed to me—oh, horror!—that he did not desire to save her; for with a wild, wicked smile upon his face—I see it now as I saw it then, as I had seen it before at Thun—with one hand he grasped the long black hair that floated wide upon the waves, dragged her under water and held her down. I raised an oar and struck him savagely upon the shoulder. He released his grasp as he glanced at me with an expression that haunts me still; and then the marchesa reappeared upon the surface, one white hand upstretched. I grasped it instantly, and with the other hand she had sufficient strength remaining to lay hold of the side of the boat. I can remember but little more. I was aware of another boat manned by four men that came alongside—from the harbor, as I afterward learned—and I awoke from a stupor to find myself back safe in the hotel.

The first person I recognized—indeed the only person in the room—was Giuseppe, the fisherman I have already referred to. In reply to some incoherent question I put, he only said, "I told you the winter was coming on. It has begun to-day."

I passed a restless night: the excitement had been tremendous, and I suppose the great exertion I had used in

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gaining the marchesa's boat had been too much for me. However, I felt pretty much myself again the next morning, and my first inquiries were, not unnaturally, as to the lady I had helped to save. The marchesa, I was informed, was slightly indisposed, but not much. It seems she had never lost her consciousness, and had already inquired after me. I found that her luggage had been forwarded by the steamboat the previous day, and that she herself had come from a hotel upon the other side of the lake lower down, thinking that the voyage would so be pleasanter. But I could hear nothing of the person who had leaped from the rocks: nothing was seen or known of him. Indeed, Giuseppe, who had come in the boat to our rescue, seemed to treat the existence of this individual and my account of his behavior as an hallucination on my part altogether. The other boatman had been picked up, but no one else had been observed. Was it possible that I had not really seen the figure on the rocks?—that the murderous attempt I thought I had witnessed was only a freak of my excited imagination? No: it could not be. By and by I was informed by the landlord that the marchesa would be glad to see and thank me when I felt sufficiently recovered.

I know that I felt weak and ill. I know that I felt a sensation of indescribable excitement when I sent up to her apartments to know whether she would receive me now. The answer was not long coming: Yes, the marchesa would be very happy to receive me.

Strange yet not unfamiliar thoughts—like those weird memories that bring back in marvelous vividness some long-forgotten dreams—crowded upon my mind in those brief moments while I ascended the stairs. I could never forget the sun-lighted beauty I had gazed upon on that hill at Thun; and I felt that, though I had thought I had overcome my folly, I had never completely shaken off the fascination which that beauty had worked upon me. And so, when I entered her apartment and saw her

sitting in her queenly dignity, I stood spellbound, and for some moments felt as if I was suddenly struck dumb.

When the servant who had ushered me in had retired and closed the door behind him, she motioned me to a chair—a gesture which I obeyed only with a bow.

"It is not easy to speak," she began in a soft and winning voice, "when one has to thank another for the preservation of one's life. What shall I say to you?"

"Whatever you may say, marchesa," I answered, "can only add to my delight that I was near enough to you yesterday evening to save you from pain."

She looked at me curiously for a moment, and then said in tones not quite so soft as before, "That is a well-turned speech, and relieves me much. Were you in any danger yourself?"

"In none whatever," I replied.

"Then I may thank Providence that you and your boat were near me, and that you were good enough to row so close to me that you could support me. I hardly know how I can repay your exertions. Can you give me any idea how I may best express my gratitude?" Her voice had completely changed: her tones seemed almost harsh, and her eyes wandered over the room as though she was almost indifferent to my presence.

"I had watched your boat for some time," I replied steadily: "I saw the danger you were in by reason of the awning, and I exerted all my powers to get close to you."

"It was very good of you, and I thank you heartily."

"But there was another danger to you which I had not foreseen," I continued. "It was not the storm alone that threatened you."

I fancied I saw a slight pallor overspread her countenance as she rejoined: "I don't think I understand you. What do you mean?"

"Marchesa, you seem to think that I merely saved your life at no risk whatever to myself as a simple matter of duty, and saved you only from the

water. Oh, I would have given my life for yours! You need not look so incredulous. I have seen you before, and yours is a face I never can forget. But if I feared for your safety when first I saw your danger from the wind and storm, I fear for it still more when I know that there is some one who seems to seek your death."

Blush and pallor alternately upon her countenance. Again she said, but in a voice less calm, "What do you mean?"

"Need I tell you? Even in that dreadful moment I saw the horror in your eyes as they turned, whilst you were struggling with the waves, upon the man who sought to drown you."

"It was no dream, then," she half murmured.

"Is it possible," I continued, eagerly—"is it possible that you have some deadly enemy? Is it possible that such a thing exists as a wretch who would doom you in the full tide of life to death? Yes, it is true! How shall you escape him?"

Her self-possession returned to her, and she answered, "I never thought that an interview for the purpose I had contemplated could take such a turn. You must forgive me. My object was to thank my benefactor: that was all."

"You cannot help it. Think me mad if you will: I desire to save you still from some fiend that seeks to destroy you."

There was a pause for a moment, and then she said, with a sweet smile and in a softer voice, "Mr. Hartley—for such I understand is your name—I see that you too have suffered from the storm. You are under some misapprehension."

"Oh forgive me, but I am under none whatever," I answered calmly. "Let me tell you this: the man I refer to was near you at Thun."

"You saw me there?" This she said with evident astonishment.

"You—and *him*."

I thought I saw a slight shudder thrill her frame, but she said coldly, "Is it not sufficient that I say you are under a misapprehension? An Italian or a

Frenchman would have understood me. My desire is to thank you for saving my life, not to talk about imaginary murderers." She rose from her seat as she spoke and went toward the window. Was this an intimation to me that the interview was at an end? I stood irresolute. Then, suddenly, just as she had gained the window, she uttered a low cry and fell back fainting on a chair. I rushed toward her, but could not resist the impulse to look out and discover if she had seen anything outside that could have moved her so; and there, in the piazza below, leaning against a tree, stood the man whom I had first seen at Thun, and afterward on the rocks, and then beside the marchesa in the water.

The swoon lasted only for a moment, and before I could summon assistance, as I was about to do, she half rose from the chair into which she had fallen. "You need not ring," she said: "the faintness has passed. I admit that you are right and are under no illusion; but I am grateful to you for having saved my life, and I beg you now to go. For your own sake, go! Leave this place—put miles, oceans, between us. Take with you the remembrance of my gratitude—only go!"

There was an earnestness in her manner which seemed to gather force at every word.

"You have seen him?" I returned, pointing to the window: "your enemy stands below?"

"I need no champion, whatever my enemy may be," she answered quickly. "This interview must not be prolonged." She pointed to the door, and I had no choice but to turn in that direction.

"You bid me leave you, marchesa, and I must obey. Will you bid *him* leave you also, and will *he* obey?"

"Is it thus you measure your chivalry, sir?" she answered with something of a contemptuous smile. "I assure you your standard of comparison is not a high one." Then, suddenly, as if she felt she had half committed herself, she said in earnest tones, "Believe me, it is my gratitude that urges you to go. If you

value your happiness, do as I have said. Pursue your travels, and blot from your memory all that has happened here. Good-bye!" She held out her hand: I seized it, passionately kissed it, and left the room.

On that day I wandered about the little town and on the shore of the lake in a sort of dream. I could not determine what I should do. The wonderful beauty of this strange marchesa, the diabolical attempt upon her life, the presence of the villain whom she had evidently recognized, the wild excitement of the previous night, all threw me into a sort of fever, and I felt as if my reasoning powers were completely paralyzed. What should I do? Should I go away at once, as she had bid me? Should I stay and await what might happen? To what purpose? What was there to prevent the marchesa from disappearing as suddenly as she had disappeared from Thun? The afternoon and evening passed: still no resolution upon my part.

Night came, and after a hasty dinner at a garrulous *table d'hôte* I strolled out again, restless and irresolute. The day had been calm and dull after the storm, but there were not wanting signs that the tempest was only slumbering, and with the rising moon the howling wind came down the mountains, and the storm was again abroad upon the lake.

Let it come with its horrid glory shaking the sweet serenity of the autumn night! Let it come with its wild blasts of furious wind and cruel splash of rain!

Let it come with its hoarse rolls of thunder, indistinguishable from the pealing echoes thrown back in triumph from the mighty Alps! What mattered it to me? For in every stream of lightning I saw the matchless face, and above the roar of thunder I heard a sweet voice saying, "My gratitude urges you to go."

Wet to the skin, I turned my steps toward the hotel. I could not have been a quarter of a mile distant, but the darkness that succeeded every flash was so intense that I became bewildered, and more than once I paused, doubtful as to my way. The strange shapes that everything around me assumed in the blue lightning puzzled me still more, but I pushed on against the driving wind and rain, and at last caught sight of a light in a window a hundred yards or so from where I was, and I determined to knock and ask to be directed on my way. But just as I was close to this same light, a muffled figure rushed from a by street upon me. I felt a short, sharp pain in my side, and I staggered and fell to the ground. But then the dreaminess that had pervaded me all day, and the bewilderment the dreadful darkness and fierce storm had worked upon me, vanished, and the strong instinct of preserving life rose uppermost, and I got upon my feet again and made for the welcome light, well knowing that I had been stabbed. I gained the door, knocked loudly with all my remaining strength, for blood was flowing fast, and fell senseless into the arms of the man who opened the door.

VITTORIA COLONNA TO MICHAEL ANGELO.

1546.

ALL past and gone for us—all past and gone!
 The shadow upon the dial goeth not back,
 Even at the word of the prophetic lore
 Of the Hereafter. Yet, I am content
 To watch the shadow broaden into the dark,
 Secure of the fair morrow overhead.
 Best friend, be thou so also; for we twain,
 Who through the foulness of this festering age
 Drew each the other with such instinct true
 As kept from utter wreck faith in our kind,—
 We twain—one lingering on the sunset's verge,
 And one with eyes raised to the twilight peaks—
 Shall meet i' the morn again. 'Tis the old tune
 Wherewith sweet mother Nature hushes still
 Her tired-out children.

Yet, at memory's touch,
 The dial *doth* seem to move; and over again
 I live our evenings in the sacristy
 Of San Silvestro, where, in high discourse
 Tided beyond the creeping ebb of time,
 We reasoned oft of such exalted themes
 As caught us hence; and if 'twere in the body
 Or out of the body we spake, we scarce could tell.

The swell of voices on the Esquiline Way—
 The sunbeam's silent finger climbing higher
 Along the frescoed wall—the fitful lapse
 Of the choked fountain gurgling through the weeds—
 The horses neighing before the Quirinal,—
 Such outward things, thou well rememberest how,
 In pauses of our talk, they made us know
 Who, what we were. Not spirits divest of clay;
 But thou Art's best apostle, chosen of God
 To utter a new Apocalypse to man,
 In thy self-exile sad and separate,
 My lonely Angelo! and I a woman
 Widowed and hopeless, sick of earth's poor shows
 (Save dreams of my enchanted Ischia),
 Yet charged of Heaven with still one errand more,
 Despite the hands that listless drooped.

Methinks,
 Amid these blind, uncomprehending times
 We are the only twain that face to face
 Do know each other as God doth know us both.
 O fearless friendship that held nothing back!

O absolute trust that yielded every key
 And lifted every curtain, and drew me on
 To enter the white temple of thy soul,
 So vast, so cold, so waste, and give thee sense
 Of living warmth, of throbbing tenderness,
 Of soft dependencies, that made *thee* free
 To seek and find the spot where my dead hopes
 Have sepulture, and read above the crypt,
 Deep graven, the tearful legend of my life!
 There, gloomed with the memorials of my past,
 Thou once for all didst learn what man accepts
 Lothly (how should *he* else?), that never woman,
 Fashioned a woman—heart, brain, body, soul—
 Ever twice loved. False gods there be enow;
 But o'er the altar of her worship see,
 Highest and chief of her heart's decalogue,
 That First Commandment written: "*No love but one!*"

No treacherous *ifs* ensnared our path. Thou knewest
 My broken life gave up to thee its best:
 Little, I trow; but thy so grand content
 Greatened the gift. Supremest faith I gave;
 Reverence unshaken by a possible doubt;
 Quick comprehension of thine unsaid thought,
 That seemed a half omniscience; helpfulness
 Such as thou hadst not known of womanly hands;
 And sympathies so urgent they made bold
 To press their way where never mortal yet
 Entrance secured—even to thy soul. Ah, sad
 And hunger-bitten soul! whose lion pride
 Scorned, from its lair, the world-folk cowering by!
 If I, grown brave through discipline of grief,
 Fearless did lure thee forth, and make thee feel
 Some poor sufficing for thy human needs,
 Christ's grace have thanks therefor, not merit of mine!

"*Vittoria scultore:*"* thus thou writest—
 Even that thy life bears witness to my hand,
 Chisel and file. Ah, friend! if unawares
 Some little trick of Art I've caught from thee,
 Sweet theft it was, as honest work confessed,
 That lets me know why grief forbore to slay.
 I understood not when the angel stooped,
 Whispering, "Live on! for yet one comfortless soul,
 Void of true faith in human happiness,
 Waits to be won by thee from unbelief."

Now all is clear. For *thy* sake I am glad
 I waited. Not that some far age may say,

*"Tal di me stesso nacqui e venni prima
 Umil model, per opra più perfetta
 Rinoscer poi di voi, donna alta e degna."

"God's benison on her, since she was the friend
Of Michael Angelo!" but better far
And holier so, that, like Beatrice,
(How oft to me thou readst the blessed vision!)
'Twas mine to point thee to that Paradise
Whither I go—whither thou'lt follow soon.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

IVAN TOORGENEF, THE NOVELIST.

N EARLY all foreign critics of Russian works of art, even when they most freely concede their high excellence, discover one serious defect in them—their uniform pessimism. The pleasure which the most admirable products of the genius of Russian nationality confer is always marred by a sombre, melancholy undertone, which shuts out all genuine æsthetic enjoyment, and which may therefore be considered a distinctive feature in modern Russian literature. Since so many good translations have made the names of Puschkin, Lermontof, Toorgenef and others familiar abroad, even those who cannot read their works in the original have to a certain extent been enabled to know and judge the character of these writers; but this more general and intimate acquaintance has only resulted in deepening the impression produced by the first superficial view. Within the last few years another circumstance has also essentially contributed to intensify the reproach of pessimism against Russian literature. According to the concurrent testimony of Western Europe, the abolition of serfdom has removed the principal odium which attached to the empire, and broken the chains that appear to have galled the popular poets of Russia no less than those who wore them. But if the fundamental mood of the Russian poets has remained the same, if the writer whose name stands at the head of this paper now continues to express even more vehemently than before the

same pessimistic doubts of a healthy development of things in Russia, then, we say, the explanation of this anomaly must necessarily take precedence in every inquiry respecting Russian literature and Russian authors.

The national literature of Russia had from its cradle a different starting-point from the literatures of England, Germany and France. It did not come to the light from the depth of a self-contented, healthy national organism: it was neither the blossom of a satisfied inner existence nor the spoiled favorite of a magnificent court: on the contrary, it was the sole weapon of a people which knew itself in other respects defenceless and at the mercy of foreign influences and unscrupulous powers. Under a political system which excludes the people and its individual members from all participation in public affairs, which tolerates no independent rostrum or pulpit, no popular tribunal, which subjects all the utterances of national life to rigorous repressive laws,—there the written and printed word was naturally compelled to assume a different position from what it holds under a more favorably constituted system. And yet, incredible as it might seem, it is in this abject state of political helplessness that Russian society has continued down to the present day.

The century preceding the one which beheld the gigantic reforms of Peter the Great vainly labored to assimilate the old Russian elements on hand with those imported from the West, and to

bring about an organic fusion between the two. The court and those classes of society whose manners, habits, and even thoughts, were prescribed by the ruling powers, led an existence entirely distinct from that of the masses of the people, and had nothing whatever in common with them. The State wasted all its energies and resources in struggles to enlarge its autocratic powers, and every truly national object was thus left out of sight. The lower classes groaned under the yoke of a servitude which had grown more oppressive and unbearable, since noble and peasant no longer stood on the level of a kindred culture. Those who aspired to rise in the world had first to break completely with the popular traditions, and become part of a mechanism which seemed to exist rather for its own sake than for that of the nation. The only chance of being admitted into the ranks of the governing classes was to enter the service of the State; but this career required the utter abnegation of all self-respect and manly dignity. Equally egotistical and self-contained was the aristocracy. Having become a convert to European culture, it either frittered away its best energies in an unintermittent round of bacchanalian feasts and empty official parades, or dreamed away an aimless and useless existence on its estates in remote parts of the empire. While the masses of the people were left to languish in beggarly misery, their wealth was sacrificed on the altar of a spurious foreign prestige and for the purpose of domesticating a culture borrowed from the West. In language, opinions and ideas the aristocracy of the land was non-Russian: its members strove to possess things which they could put to no practical use when they had them. So completely did the educated Russian gentleman denationalize himself that he finally ceased altogether to inquire into the wants and condition of his country, and when they met him face to face he simply ignored them. His only home was that political and social St. Petersburg world, with its thin coat of French varnish, into which

the creation of Peter the Great had gradually degenerated.

The problem of a national literature which aimed to awaken a responsive echo in the popular heart was consequently to give utterance to a national mood conditioned and colored by this state of things. So great and obvious were the evils under which the political and social life suffered in Russia that those who aspired to speak or sing of it were compelled to make these their theme. It is therefore not strange that all the better products of Russian literature should have been formal indictments against the ruling system, for only those authors who held the mirror up to nature could hope to make a lasting impression. The insignificant influences of the court literature of the preceding century—which, bound in academic fetters, was petted and fostered as a kind of national prodigy—is sufficiently apparent from the fact that nearly all the leading Russian writers of the modern era have drawn their inspiration not from it, but from the literatures of England and Germany, and that no native author now read in Russia owes to the Academicians anything more than certain externals of prosody. The lately-revived popularity of Lemonossov, one of these Academicians, has no other foundation than that he was the first open opponent of all non-Russian elements in the empire.

Counting the number of really influential authors whom the nineteenth century has produced in Russia, we shall discover them to be so many accusers of the existing state of affairs. There is not one of them but has won his literary spurs by a daring onslaught on the ruling system, its unveracity, hollowness and corruption. Griboyedoff's *Sufferings on Account of Intelligence*, a comedy masterly in form and matter which every educated Russian knows by heart, opened the attack with a scathing parody on the so-called aristocratic society. A young gentleman who has received a liberal education abroad returns to his native Moscow, and offends

everybody because, as a sensible man, he declines taking part in the fashionable follies and vices which make up the sum-total of its life. All the types of this particular class are introduced in turn to the reader. There is Tamussof, the cynic old senator, who detests nothing so much as pen and ink; there is his toady and private secretary, the servile, cringing subaltern official, who dreams only of titles and orders; there is Skalosub, the army officer, who hates book-learning, and divides all mankind into two classes—those who have served in his regiment and those who have not had that inestimable privilege; there is Repetilof, the gambler and *roué*, who is ready to drive at six o'clock in the morning anywhere but home; there is Tamussof's daughter, the model of a "girl of the period," with a finished education, and as destitute of morality as of sentiment.

Griboyedof's contemporary, Alexander Puschkín, quickly won fame and popularity by his Byronic misanthropy, which bore a specifically Russian character, and was intended to illustrate the wretchedness of his native land. In the author of *Onegin* and *Boris Godounof*, who sees in the people alone the source of true poetry, the only salvation from a foreign social and political system that ignores every problem of humanity, this yearning for a national life appears even more distinctly and self-consciously than in Griboyedof. The unrestrained freedom in which his *Caucasian Exile* revels finds a startling contrast in the corrupt court atmosphere of St. Petersburg. In *Eugene Onegin* he draws a most repulsive picture of the emptiness and frivolity of a patrician Russian existence. In the *Gipsies* and the *Robber Brethren* the lawless life in the forests and mountains is exalted in opposition to the degradation of civilized life; and in *Boris Godounof* he pleads touchingly for a return to the lost freedom of the fathers. The same remarks apply to Michael Lermontof, a mind nearly akin to that of Puschkín, though he gives a still blacker, almost demoniac, coloring to his despair over

the state of Russian affairs, and demonstrates in *A Hero of our Own Time* that the end of all pursuits in actual Russian life is a complete indifferentism.

These examples might be considerably extended, but it will suffice for our present purpose to cite only one distinguished author more—an author who belongs to the same category, although his reputation is more exclusively local—Nikolas Gogol. This admirable humorist, in every respect the peer of Charles Dickens, can all the less be passed over in this connection as he is not only the representative of an essentially different tendency, but the model on whom all the latest Russian novelists have formed themselves. While the Griboyedofs and Puschkíns mainly portrayed the great centres of corruption, and selected their subjects from the highest aristocracy and an idealized national peasantry, and while other poets, like Count Solahub, the author of *Tarantass* and the *Great World*, sought to prove the general rottenness in detail, Gogol has discovered the provincial and low life in Russian literature. Gifted with a rich satirical vein, he describes in a highly realistic manner the condition of the petty nobles, the vices and follies of the inferior officials and the peculiarities of the middle class. But throughout all this humor runs a strange discordant tone of passionate pain over the universal, all-pervading misery which fairly thrills the reader. The best-known and most popular of his works, *The Dead Souls*, a novel, and the *Reviser*, a comedy, both contain frightful indictments against the nobility, whom he arraigns for having trampled immemorably on its mission, and against the bureaucracy, whom he accuses of fattening on the life-blood of the people. With the great satirical talents of the Russians and their keen powers of observation, it was perfectly natural that a writer like Gogol should have found a whole legion of imitators and successors. But—we may as well take this opportunity to say it—the large majority of the writers of this school have fallen

into the coarsest realism, which denies every ideal side to art, and which sees with cynical satisfaction its whole task in a photographic reproduction of what is most disgusting and offensive. In the dawn of the "new era"—in the middle of the fifth decade of the present century—the names of Schtschedrin and Goutscharof were in everybody's mouth. The first delighted in drawing minute pictures of the knavish practices of the rural officials—the latter reveled in descriptions of the apathy and incapacity of the better class of the young nobles. Once more the entire reading public of Russia was electrified, and a universal intellectual spasm showed the effect of this bold attack.

Everybody is no doubt fully aware that it is by no means the mission of art, and least of all of poetic art, to serve as an antidote to social and political evils. Her object should be to represent the beautiful; and only those artists who view life harmoniously, and understand how to reconcile its contradictions through their faith in an ideal destiny of mankind, are her chosen favorites. Yet this is no conclusive reason why we should deny the poetic affluence of those Russian poets who feel themselves first impelled to expose and attack the abuses of their own land. The natural mission of popular art is to bring to the light what is hidden within, and to poetically mould the actual state of the nation. There are Russian poets who have sung of life's joys and splendor, of the grandeur of God and Nature, of the dignity of man and the delights of love: it was, however, not they who succeeded in reaching the national heart, but those who recited in tones of tearful pain and woe what they were daily compelled to hear and see. The first secret which the Russian poet, if he desired to be in sympathy with his people, had to learn from contact with the national heart, was the necessity of a more humane governing system and a greater community of interests between the many and the few who represent the State. An ideal representation of Russian life was therefore not to

be seriously thought of until after the general oppression and misery had been relieved. While the great battle of time is being fought the poet is not always privileged to fly for refuge into the realms of the ideal: he can do this only when he knows of some peaceful nook from which to take wing. But where was the Russian poet to find such a nook in a world of Frenchified officers of the Guards and court chamberlains, of thievish Tschinowinks and dissipated nobles, and of an enslaved peasantry? Hence it requires no special proof that Russian literature had to battle for the people's rights and freedom—that it had to paint the dark background of native life in sombre hues. This also explains the historical fact why all leading minds in the nation should have followed the same path, pursued the same polemic direction, for these had been already conditioned by the laws of reaction. A ruling system which was exalted as perfect and infallible logically challenged contradiction: it was only by the negation of that which was being falsely held up as the truth that the truth could be made to prevail. At the same time it was under the drapery of poetic art alone that there lurked the possibility to say what must otherwise have remained unrevealed. The right which was despotically withheld from the people was tacitly conceded to the Muse, and it was she who indirectly restored that right to the nation.

But this is not the place to enumerate in due chronological order the vast and permanent successes achieved by the pessimistic or accusatory tendency of Russian literature. Our appreciation of its merits imposed upon us, however, the duty of recalling the narrow limits within which the Russian poet was obliged to confine himself in order to avoid being tainted by the meanness of his time; for he, the consecrated priest of Truth, might easily have become the apologist of the existing political and national abuses. We shall perhaps be able to make these limits better understood by tracing the literary development of Ivan Toorgenef, one of the

noblest and most gifted of modern Russian writers.

Although, as we have already had occasion to remark, the majority of modern Russian novelists are given to a strongly marked realism, Toorgenef himself is a thorough idealist, to whose habits and tastes the coarseness and vulgarity of ordinary life are extremely repulsive; and he may for this reason be said to occupy an isolated position among his contemporaries. Indeed, most of the latter seem no longer satisfied with grouping the lights and shadows of national life in one grand, comprehensive picture: they now deal only with the *partie honteuse* of some town or village, discuss it in chapters, emulate one another in cynical delineations, and fancy themselves artists while simply discharging the duties of a sanitary and moral police. Toorgenef, in direct contradistinction to this class of novelists, has made Nature the beginning and end of his poetical delineations. He first became known to the public through his *Diary of a Hunter*, a collection of hastily-sketched characters and scenes, which, no doubt greatly to his own surprise, created a profound sensation at home, and at once found its way into foreign countries. All the author had done was to string together a series of pictures which had impressed themselves upon his mind while roaming as a hunter among the woods and fields of his native province. There is not the faintest trace of a polemical tendency in this book. It shows its writer to be a Russian nobleman and landed proprietor, who, in spite of his refinement and education, is charmed with the simple beauty of Russian country-life, and who seeks to know and understand the men and things around him, instead of pursuing the phantoms of orders and titles in the service of the State. He initiates the reader fully into the secrets of the chase and the woods, introduces him to the country miller and the freeholder with whom he puts up for the night, makes him at home in the hut of the peasant, and finally shows him his noble neigh-

bors and relations who reside on their estates in his district. But through all these pictures, drawn with such a keen appreciation of Nature and loving human sympathy, runs the sad lament over the neglect of a sturdy people, and the degeneration of those who should be its leaders. The nobles are either ignorant or *blasé* junkers, who drag out their days without even a suspicion of a higher life—whose existence passes like a dream between eating and sleeping; or they are officials and army officers with a European varnish, who hold the masses in profound contempt; or they are unhappy, disappointed men, estranged from their own country by the superior culture which they have acquired abroad, and prevented from putting their talents to practical use, because outside of the slavery of the public service there is no field for educated energy at home. Over the great body of the people broods the spectral shadow of serfdom, which blights in the bud every noble aspiration, every wholesome display of activity. Even the author himself seems to us like a lost apostle of culture, who does not feel at home and is a comparative stranger there, in spite of his passionate love of country. And yet we can nowhere detect an intent which imperils the originality of the poetical impression. The critical thoughts which follow as a result are nowhere expressed, barely intimated.

The novel entitled *The Noble Nest* ranks in the same class with the *Diary of a Hunter*. Lawretzky, its hero, is a wealthy noble, educated in foreign parts, who returns from France to find in the quiet of rural life that peace of mind which his wife, a type of the corrupt French St. Petersburg society, has destroyed. A representative of the modern Russian, he also experiences that yearning for a reconciliation with his native land, from which a superior culture has alienated him, but which he still loves. In his ancestors we are introduced to the Russian Gallomaniacs and Anglomaniacs of the days of the Empress Catherine and Alexander I.,

who aped foreign manners while they were Eastern despots at home. The virtuous maiden with whom Lawretzky is in love is driven by remorse to take the veil when the report of his wife's death turns out false, while the hero himself passes the rest of his life as a recluse in the house of his ancestors. The monotony and barrenness of these existences, which are condemned to wear themselves out in their full prime and strength, are most touchingly described in that part where the author relates Lawretzky's first visit to the weed-grown garden of his ancestral mansion: "I have thus reached the deepest soundings of the river. Life is here at all times still, and knows no haste. Those who come within this charmed circle must submit to it unconditionally. . . . Yet what an excess of vitality exists on every side! what an exuberance of health there is in this passive silence! Under yon window luscious weeds spring from the thick grass. Farther down in the fields the rye glistens, the oats shoot up, and the leaves on the trees and the blades in the grass expand, each having an amplitude of room. . . . Silence environs me; the sun moves tranquilly through the heavens; the eternal stars shine quiet, apparently knowing why and whither they are floating. . . . While life storms, seethes and rushes on in a thousand places over the earth, here it flows on inaudibly, like water which has been brought to a stand-still in a swamp." The same tone of deeply-seated pain and sadness at the homelessness and aimlessness of those Russians who refuse to pursue a bureaucratic or military career, while they are superior to their surroundings, runs also through the charming novel of *Faust*.

Between these and the kindred creations of the first period of Toorgenef's literary activity and the author's more recent writings intervenes the reformatory decade which followed the conclusion of the Crimean war and the accession of Alexander II. to the throne. An author who felt the sufferings of his people so intensely could not but be

profoundly interested in this reawakening of the national spirit, in the great work of abolishing serfdom and in the general reconstruction of the State; for these were the important questions that then engrossed the best minds of his race and times. Having faithfully reproduced the impressions which he had received during a period of universal slavery and mental stagnation as poetical pictures indelibly stamped on his own soul, it was certainly not the poet's fault that these pictures should have been obscured by the same uniform melancholy which also darkened the Russian reality, for he neither could nor would reflect anything but what his innermost soul had mirrored. Indeed, the wide-reaching political results which he confessedly accomplished were solely due to the circumstance that he truly related all that he himself had seen and heard at a period when the nation broke down under the burden of a perverted organization, and sank into a hopeless, sullen apathy.

To this conception of his poetic mission Toorgenef adhered even under the changed state of affairs in the newest Russia, although this has naturally compelled him to make a corresponding change in the essence of his delineations. After the emperor's emancipating ukase had gone forth from the Gulf of Finland to the Black Sea, the dull despair which had until then reigned over the whole country gave way to a busy, stirring life, and the dominant political factions began to cast the horoscope of the future. As all the egotistic private interests had formerly been content to stagnate, so now all rushed forward to claim an active share in public affairs. Each faction strove to outbid the other in radical extravagance and schemes to reduce the old world to chaos. The reformatory programme initiated by the government soon ceased to suffice, and the Revolution hastened to the front. Not a stone was to remain standing: all that existed was to be leveled with the ground. Already the palaces of St. Petersburg were in flames, and incendiary fly-sheets flew over the

Sarmatian plain to involve an entire people in this league of crazy iconoclasts and conspirators against the old order of things.

Toorgenev, who of course took a prominent part in the struggles of Russian liberalism, gratefully and enthusiastically commemorated the downfall of serfdom. His truly poetic nature saved him, however, from being led astray by the wild intoxication of the Russian radicals and demagogues who worked so much mischief from 1859 to 1863. The detestable doctrines enunciated by those irreverent youths, whose mad extravagance would even have consigned to destruction whatever of good and beautiful men had hitherto produced in science and art, could hardly fail to inspire his soul with distrust or loathing. The downright vandalism of such a programme offended therefore the enlightened artist quite as much as the former tyranny of the aristocracy and the arrogance of the bureaucracy. While all around him were bending the knee in worship of the new idol, and rivaling each other in ultra radicalism, Toorgenev wrote his novel of *Fathers and Sons* (*Otzy i djéti*), a scathing rebuke to that self-conceited Russian youth which represents the so-called "Nihilism," and a most daring challenge to the influences which then tyrannized over public opinion. Most mercilessly did the author scourge in this work the criminal folly which wished to trample under foot the relics of the past, which tried to represent all idealism as a mere sickly and foolish fancy, which scouted every received authority and precedent, no matter whether of a religious, artistic, political or scientific character, and which ironically proclaimed its mission to be "the negation and ridicule of all, and the dissection of frogs." Once more the poet was taunted with pessimism, with the unconditional condemnation of the most promising manifestations of national life, and with what was a very serious charge in 1862-'63—a reactionary hostility to the spirit of the time. Yet he had done nothing but discharge a duty incumbent upon him-

self and his Muse. His thoroughly artistic, and, in the best sense, aristocratic nature, drove him irresistibly to protest in a most energetic manner against the irruption of a new vandalism, and he fearlessly entered the lists to battle for the ideal possessions of mankind at a period when such a championship was considered to be the evidence of a slavish and benighted mind. Being, however, a true poet, he saw brutality and coarseness where others saw a mere ebullition of youthful vigor.

Almost simultaneously with *Fathers and Sons* appeared the fantastic sketch called *Visions*. How much the writer's sensitive mind must have recoiled from the wild radicalism of the young Russian Nihilists appears even more clearly from this sketch than from the novel which preceded it. His demon carries him, as Mephistopheles did Faust, on an enchanted cloth through the air. On a clear moonlight night they look down upon St. Petersburg. At an open window reclines a young female Nihilist, who reads by the glow of her paper cigarette a cynical effusion of the latest literature, while a party of drunken bloods riot through the streets. Such was essentially the impression which the lauded new era produced on his mind.

Toorgenev's latest work, a novel called *Smoke*, belongs substantially to the same class as *Fathers and Sons*. It deals with the latest phase of the intellectual crisis in Russia, and expresses the author's matured opinion of the whole new era in even a more emphatic and decisive tone than before. In Russia, he maintains, everything is smoke and vapor, nothing else. Everything is constantly changing: new dissolving views are constantly presented; one manifestation follows the other; but, in reality, everything remains exactly as it always has been. There is a universal rush, a crowding and hurrying anywhere, everywhere, which leaves no trace behind, which accomplishes no results. Suddenly the wind veers about, and then the crowd rushes in another direction, into the opposite extreme.

Thus the same unsubstantial, shadowy game incessantly repeats itself. All is smoke and vapor, nothing more.

If *Fathers and Sons* was leveled at the radicalism of that young Russia which displayed so much activity in the years succeeding the abolition of serfdom, *Smoke* is aimed at the humbug of an exclusive nationality, at the blind, unreasoning hatred of European culture, which has turned all heads in Russia since the suppression of the last Polish rising. As formerly the monstrosities of a democratic cosmopolitanism had been idolized, so now a fanaticism, whose reckless brutality and exclusiveness stood in direct antagonism to that love of freedom which had a few years before ridiculed every national restraint as prejudice, was apotheosized. Litwinof, the hero of the story, meets at Baden-Baden a number of the aristocrats and democrats of his now estranged native land. He mingles as well in the society of the representatives of the young democracy as in that of the disaffected court aristocracy of the *ancien régime*, and discovers that neither class has made any real moral progress. The phrases alone have changed—the characterless and aimless men are still the same. In former days they used the cant phrases of absolutism: now they echoed the cant of the national democratic school, without reducing their theories to practice. Serfdom had been abolished by the government, but slavery had so much become a second nature with the nation that the old despotism still survived in substance. "The despot before whom we bow down at present," says the poet, "wears the national peasant dress. This is the idol to whom we look for our redemption. Soon will come another idol, and then, after genuine Slavic fashion, we shall devour him whom we have so recently adored." The court and military aristocracy, governed by "promising young generals," fares no better at his hands than the young generation of whom the demon of national vanity has so completely taken possession. This class the poet shows to have also remained

unchanged in every material point: not even its deep displeasure at the diminished importance and influence of the nobility has been able to stimulate it to action. What he misses now, as before, is that moral earnestness, that sincere devotion to principles, which is ostensibly upheld. Everywhere he sees men follow the reigning fashion and echo the cant of the day. Let the wind blow from the opposite quarter, and the same people who were yesterday shouting with Herzen and Bakunin for the fraternization of all nations, will shout to-day as lustily with Katkow, who preaches the extermination of the Poles and Germans, and be ready to return on the morrow to the old do-nothing system, the apotheosis of bureaucracy, and perhaps even serfdom. Here again the final result of the author's observations is the doubt of a healthy ending of what has been begun; as, for instance, the emancipation of the serfs, the judiciary and administrative reforms, etc., etc., which can lead to no substantial results without a thorough regeneration of Russian life and a sincere adherence to a liberal and humane policy. In the mean time, the present blind worship of the nationality-idol must rather be regarded as a sign of retrogression than of progress in Russian civilization and culture.

Such is the quintessence of *Smoke*. In this, his last and greatest work, Toorgenev is again true to himself and his artistic standard. He describes the latest direction of the intellectual movement in Russia—not by its political fruits, but by its effects on single minds and the development of the individual. Standing aloof from the conflict of parties, he shows the æsthetic impression which they make upon one who understands how to appreciate and portray human actions.

The Russian poet cannot ignore the Russian reality. He can only build with the material which is furnished to him, paint only with the colors which are at hand. If Toorgenev's pictures are therefore found to lack that cheerful serenity and self-complacency for which

we have a right to look in a genuine work of art—a lack which can be demonstrated in nearly all the more prominent works of Russian *belles lettres*—the fault must not be attributed to the artist, but to the circumstances by which he is surrounded. The culture of pure artistic beauty presupposes a degree of civilization which Russia has never known, either before or since serfdom was abolished. It will require greater and more sustained exertions to establish that equilibrium between the political mission of the State and the human

mission of the unit by which alone the foundations for a prosperous national existence can be laid. So long as this object is not attained, so long the cheerful serenity required by the artist whose soul reflects the Russian nationality will be impossible; and it is greatly to the credit of Russian literature that it has not tried to simulate this serenity, but frankly conceded that a loving and artistic delineation of beauty can find foothold only in the soil of a free, self-harmonious and wholesome political and social system. A. C. DILLMAN.

WILD IRELAND;

OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF SOME DAYS AND NIGHTS WITH FATHER MICHAEL.

II.

MY SECOND DAY.—IN AND OUT.

THE early morning of the second day of my visit to Father Michael found us at breakfast. They were no sluggards there. The weather was yet foul. Rain fell in spells, and the wind, though it had much abated, was still strong enough to make out of doors uncomfortable. Lyncheghan, however, predicted a settled afternoon, and the priest agreed with him. Their prognostications accorded with my wishes, and relieved me from apprehensions of another imprisonment.

In our talk over breakfast, Father Michael reverted to his beloved Homer, and I had some difficulty in withdrawing him from the theme. I was more anxious for the history of the Mays than for anything that could be said about Homer. Lyncheghan at last almost forced an opening.

THE STORY OF ROSA MAY.

"Last night," began Lyncheghan, "you asked me, sir, who were the Mays. With Father Michael's leave, I will recount their story.

"I cannot answer your question very exactly. There is a mystery about their origin. I believe the elders were English born, but certainly they did not come direct from England to this part. Philip May, the son, is in England on some business of weight, and sad he will be when he learns what has happened. I know all about the family since they have been among us, and it is so much of their history as relates to the dead lady that I shall now tell you.

"I was a young man when Philip May settled here. He was a young man too, and, for a young man, singularly reserved and stern. The people for a long time looked on him with distrust. That is their way with all strangers. He, however, pursued his own course, regardless of what was thought or said. The cotters on his property were a poor, lost, ignorant, wild generation, and he took a hard grip on them. At first they resented his interference. He did not care: he went on, and they at last found they were prospering under the force he had put on them, and were safe in his hands. The

country, indeed, gradually became *insensed* that Mr. May was the sure friend of all honest men. In the whole time God permitted him to be among us no man could say Philip May did an unjust act, or neglected to do a kind one when in his power to do it.

"Mrs. May was a quiet, gentle lady, and she is the same this day. She had a bountiful hand, and the sick and the poor ever had help and comfort from her. The people would go through fire for her."

"All you have said, Phil," interrupted the priest, "is true. But tell me, how came Father Pat so intimate with the family? He is like one of themselves. I have often had it in my mind to ask him."

"It was this way, Father Mick: Seven years ago, two years before you had the parish, he came here fresh from college, with not a soul in the world of his own kin to own him. The sickness fell on him, and it was on everybody at that time. Mrs. May, hearing the new curate was down, went over to see him. She had no fear: at risk of her life she attended him day and night. With the help of God, she got him on his legs again, but it was a great struggle; and then she took him to her house, to feed him up, she said; and she laughed when she said it in a way that brought tears down Father Pat's cheeks, and sent poor old Milly down on her knees to pray Heaven's blessing on their benefactor. This is how Father Pat's intimacy with the Mays began; and though they are a strict Protestant family, it would be as much as a man's life was worth to say the intimacy was wrong."

"Why, who on earth would, Phil?"

"Father Mick, there's them that would."

"God mend them, Phil! But I have interrupted you."

"Mr. May died five years ago, leaving his widow, a daughter and a son. Philip, called after his father, has the management of the property, which contains over three thousand acres."

"The family went on in peace and happiness till in a black hour Miss Rosa

made acquaintance with a young man, son of a wealthy retired merchant in —. Young Mahon's visits to the Rath increased in frequency, sometimes on excuse of shooting, sometimes of fishing, and Miss May became more and more attached to him. Mr. Philip was constant companion to him in his sports. After some time we noticed Mr. May was grown less hearty with Mahon. We could not divine how it was, for the Mahon family stood well in the world, and this son had all the qualities that make men acceptable with their equals: in wealth he would one day be superior to the Mays. It was likewise noticed that the young men grew less friendly, or at least were less often seen together. We were filled with wonder: Young Philip, we knew, was as keen-witted as his father, and we made sure that, as no quarrel had happened, he must have detected in Mahon something that he did not like.

"Mahon became now an object of suspicion to all the people. His ways were watched, and intelligence sought of him. You know how prying country-people are."

"I do, anyhow," interrupted Father Michael.

"It was not long ere Jerry Callaghan got hold of something, but he was afraid to speak clean out, lest offence should be given to the Mays, or, what would have been worse, to their tenants; that is, as I thought, for it turned out that this was not the only reason.

"I was, like Jerry, no tenant to Mr. May, but I was *obligated* to him for good neighborhood and the always hearty welcome at the house, whenever it was and whoever was there. To be sure, were we not namesakes? And I often transacted business for him abroad when it would be convenient for him to be at home; and many's the pound he turned my way when not a penny would have come of itself. I am deeply grateful to his memory.

"One day I met Mr. May on the strand. He was coming from seeing Jerry Callaghan make a haul of fish. After passing the compliments of the

day, 'Philip,' said he, point-blank—for that was ever his way—'do you know anything about young Mahon? I know his father is unexceptional in character and standing, but him I have my doubts about. My son has also imbibed suspicion of him. Understand me, however, it is vague suspicion. We may be wrong: I hope we are. But it has come to this with me—I must have a better knowledge of him. I speak to you in confidence, as a friend I can depend on.'

"Well, sir," I replied, 'it would be waste of words to assure you that you may depend on me, but I know nothing against the young man; nor, for the matter of that, anything more than his family's good name in his favor. I may say, though, there is whispering going on about him among the people.'

"How came that about?" he asked.

"Faith," replied I, 'they saw you were not so free with him as at first; and then they saw Mr. Philip fall indifferent, to say the least, and, putting both together, it set them thinking. But you know, sir,' I added, 'how quickly the people set to picking up prejudices when they see their superiors harvesting whole crops.'

"You are right, Philip," said he, 'but I fear we are gathering, or rather likely to gather, worse things than prejudices. However, you understand me. Assist me for my daughter's sake. Listen to what is said. Be careful of untruth, and be circumspect.'

"I promised to do my best. I listened with attention to all the people said, but the man I particularly looked to was Jerry Callaghan. He was not, as I have said, a tenant of Mr. May's, but he was greatly his debtor. I found Jerry was with us.

"What was it started the master (for, though he's nayther your master nor mine, I always call him so) an' Mr. Philip on their distrust?" Jerry inquired.

"To be truthful to you, Jerry," said I, 'they don't know themselves.'

"That's quare," said he, 'but I'll out to you all I know, on consideration you don't get me in the net. You'll be re-

memberin' the smugglin' lugger, the last was in the bay, an' you'll mind Biddy Flynn was carried aff by the crew, an' after bein' kept a while, put ashore on Clare Island, or somewhere in Clew Bay?'

"I do, Jerry," said I, 'for it's not two years all gone.'

"Well," continued Jerry, 'I was at Galway wid the lobsters an' a trifle av other things, an' who should I see there but Pat Sweeny! You'll be knowin' him? Talkin' of this an' that over the glass at Nancy Glenan's—an' Nancy knows where the potheen is—I inquired at him did he know the Mahons of —.

"It's that I do," said Pat: "what about them?" "Oh, nothin'," said I, "but young Mahon is very often at the master's, and, some av the people in the next townland says, coortin' Miss Rosa—not that I know, ye understan'?"

"Then God purtect the crathur!" said he. "Why?" said I. "Why? But whist!" said he. "Listen here now. It's believed t'was he carried aff Biddy Flynn, an' destroyed her. But nobody dar' say a word agin him. Barney Flanagan found that out. I'll hold ye Barney will count tin before he says aught of Mahon agin. So, Jerry boy, mind yer tongue. He'd have it cut out of yer head an' nailed to the cabin door if it came across him."

"God purtect us, Pat!" said I: "is he that?" "That he is," said Pat, "as sure as ould Nancy is listenin' to us, an' she deaf as the wall. I would not say this to any sowl but yerself, Jerry," pursued Pat, "an' maybe not to you but for the potheen. I'm mighty wake in the brain when that gets there, an' I'm no way likely to mend on it."

"Now, Phil," said Jerry, 'this is all I know. Ye perceive the danger I'm in from tellin' it ye.'

"I do," said I, 'and I'll carry your tale circumspectly, you may depend, for your own sake and all the rest concerned.'

"Next day after my conversation with Jerry Callaghan, Mahon was over at the Rath. Young Philip and he went out to take a cast for the salmon. What

happened at the fishing was related to me by Dan Maccloughlin, who attended the gentlemen. Esther Rooney, old Judy Rooney's daughter, came up and stopt to see the killing of a salmon Mr. Philip had struck. Mahon no sooner set eyes on her than he began mighty civil and coaxing with her, and he sent her home with a big trout in her hand, as proud as my lady. Esther might have been sent on purpose. 'Is she one of your tenants?' Mahon inquired of Mr. Philip. 'No,' said he, quite carelessly—'Though,' said Dan, 'I saw that in his eye, only I could see from old experience, that made me know he'd snap something'—'No, she lives just on our mearing, in the cabin you see beyond. Her mother trespasses a trifle on us, but we don't choose to see it.' 'Are they lone?' Mahon asked. 'Quite,' answered Mr. Philip, 'and the old body is very infirm, and depends altogether on her daughter.' 'She's a splendid woman, that daughter,' observed Mahon; adding, 'you live near great temptation, Philip.' 'Ay,' replied the young master: 'people without scruple would find more temptations than Esther among us.' 'It's little scruple you need have with the like,' said Mahon: 'they are easily bought if you go right about it, or a *coup de main* clears all hesitation. And what harm do they take? They are not a grain the worse.'

"Here Dan stopt. 'Phil,' said he, 'ye don't understan' these English. I was sure now Mahon was in the vice. What in the name of the saints is it? thought I. When they're safe they've got ye fast, these English put on a look you'd think was pleasant; but I, who lived so long among them, know what it manes better than e'er a man in this parish.'

"You are a man of great experience and penetration, Dan," said I, "without a doubt. But what was next?"

"Says Mr. Philip, "That was a grand *coup*"—I'm right wid the word, Phil, never fear—"that was a grand *coup* made on Biddy Flynn, there: it's not so long ago; and she's been the worse

of it ever since." "Not a taste, the hussy," rejoined Mahon. "Only infernal scoundrels would engage in such an outrage," retorted Mr. Philip.'

"At this conjuncture, Mahon, Dan told me, turned round and looked like a devil; 'and,' added Dan, 'it came into me he knew more about Biddy, the unfortunate sowl, than he would like to tell or hear of.'

"No more passed, and the two walked quickly to the Rath—too quickly for old Dan to keep up with them.

"Two nights, or three—I forget which, and it does not matter to a night—after this visit of Mahon's, Judy Rooney's cabih was fired, and in the stramash Esther disappeared, nobody knew how. Nothing was heard of the woman for over a week, and then one pitch-dark night—I mind it well—she was dropt by a horseman, gagged and blindfolded, at Mr. May's lodge gate. You may judge the indignation of the Mays. I was sent for, and a black night it was, dark as the inside of a cow: you could not see a hand before you. I told Mr. May all I had heard from Jerry. Father and son looked at one another. 'Do you know, Philip,' said the old gentleman—old he wasn't, but he was the older of the two—"

"I should think so!" roared Father Michael.

"Bedad, to be sure, your reverence! What was I thinking about?" cried Phil. "They were both Philips."

I could but smile at Phil's odd correction of his blunder.

"Well," resumed Phil, "Mr. May said he was suspicious Mahon had some hand in Biddy Flynn's job, independently of Jerry's tale. It was, that once, when Mahon was on a visit, Mr. May and he had ridden to the Ards beyond. The mare cast a shoe, and they were forced to pull up at Cooney's smithy, and who should be there but Biddy Flynn, working the bellows just in the way of recreation!—for Cooney was her uncle on her mother's side. When Mahon saw her he turned out of the smithy and walked about with his horse's rein on his arm, leaving Mr.

May to discourse as he liked with Red Ned. Every time he passed back and forward Biddy set him harder and harder. 'That young Mahon,' at last broke out Biddy, 'makes me feel wild mad when I see him. It's not for him, though, but there's a look an' a turn about him minds me of a hell-devil I suffered from. The curse of God be on the ruffin, and may a life of torture and death on the gallows be his doom!' And she rushed out, crying, 'Mr. Mahon, Mr. Mahon, I'm mad, mad: ride aff if ye value yer life.' 'What's the matter with you, woman?' demanded Mahon. 'Matther!' she shrieked: 'ye spake with his voice, ye've the set av his mouth, ye've his motion in yer walk. Ye are not him; but ride aff, ride aff, or I shall brain ye innocent.' 'I see, I see,' said Mahon. 'I am sorry for you, poor woman, and I will do as you desire, to relieve you.' 'I can't say God bless ye, sur, for that same: the words stick in my throat,' was poor Biddy's reply; and she sank to the ground in a dead faint. The scene made a deep impression on Mr. May's mind. The mystery of the abduction of Biddy had not been solved, and Mr. May saw in Biddy's vision more than she did, for his quick glance had noticed Mahon's manner when his eye first fell on her. But Mr. May was an unwilling auditor to his own suspicions. He might be mistaken, and he resolved to watch what time might bring forth, and this night I am talking of brought forth enough.

"Esther was questioned and cross-questioned to connect Mahon with her abduction. She would not, or could not, or dared not, implicate him. She was seized and gagged, she said, before she knew where she was, and hurried over the bog to where two horses stood, and she was blindfolded and galloped off with to the hills, and put into a lone cabin. She never knew where she was, and never saw but two men, and they were disguised and their faces concealed.

"Did they ever speak in your hearing?' I asked her.

"Never a word, plain,' answered she.

"Did you see Frank Mahon,' next

inquired Mr. Philip, 'after you were with us the day he gave you the trout?'

"Troth, I did,' she answered—the day he wint fram this, home.'

"And where was that at?' pursued Mr. Philip.

"Sure it was at the cross-roads, yer hanner,' replied Esther, 'an' he turned an' rode wid me to the door. I could not be quit av him.'

"Poor Miss Rosa trembled like the shaking tree all the while we were questioning Esther; and on her declaring she did not think Mahon was implicated the dear lady fainted; but that night her sorrows began, she that had never known grief. Till that unhappy hour she did not know how strongly Mahon was knit in her affections. Love is often like the spark of fire concealed in the ashes: you do not know it is there till the wind blows hard on it.

"Philip May loved his children with ardent and unconcealed affection: well they deserved it. He saw the danger that threatened Rosa, and he saw it with the terror with which such a man would see such a danger.

"Esther's abduction made a great stir among the people. She let on that Mr. May had questioned her about Mahon; and a herd on Slieve Donnel had said he had seen Mahon and another riding through the Deer Pass down on the country the evening Esther was carried away. But all of a sudden they dropt into silence or just whispered to one another.

"It might be a week after Esther's return: I was sitting in the little parlor at the Rath with Mr. May, doing some writing for him, when in walks Mahon.

"I am particularly glad to see you, Mr. Mahon,' said Mr. May, rising to his full and stately height: 'I have matter of grave consequence to yourself to speak to you on.' I rose and was retiring. Mr. May stopt me. 'Remain here,' he said. 'You know all the circumstances I am about to speak of, and I desire that you hear what I shall say, and also Mr. Mahon's explanation.'

"What is the meaning of this, Mr. May?' demanded Mahon.

"Mr. Mahon," replied Mr. May, "most inhuman outrages have been done in this neighborhood—the latest within this month, and it is not three weeks gone—and your name has been coupled with one."

"I am ignorant of what you allude to," returned Mahon. "And my name coupled with outrage! Be explicit, if you please, sir. But I should have thought my character stood too high to permit of doubt sullyng it in a mind like yours."

"I beg, Mr. Mahon," interposed Mr. May, "that you abstain from compliment. Approbation is at all times gratifying, but flattery invariably flows from insincerity."

"You mistake me, Mr. May," replied Mahon.

"Very well, sir," continued Mr. May. "You can scarcely be ignorant of the abduction of one Bridget Flynn, niece of Edward Cooney of the Ards, about two years since."

"Indeed I am, sir," Mahon hastily interrupted: "at least, if I ever heard of it, I have forgotten."

"Your name, in connection with it, is, however, Mr. Mahon," said Mr. May, "in the people's mouths; and if you no more than heard of it, it speaks ill for you that it is not now in your memory. You must have thought very lightly of an atrocious deed."

"Mahon to this lightly rejoined that such deeds were too common to make much impression on any man's memory, and that where there was no especial interest in the case itself, it would hardly be thought of."

"I was nonplussed by Mahon's coolness: I was becoming minded he was innocent. But Mr. May grew stern, and, to tell you the truth, Father Mick, when I got the right look of him I trembled and felt a kind of sinking of the stomach and a sickness. I wished myself out of that."

"Mr. May rose and took a turn to the window, but he came back instantly. He did not sit down, and Mahon rose from his seat as if he was forced by an invisible power."

"Looking Mahon straight and sternly in the face, Mr. May said, 'Young man, let what you have said have its weight, but you cannot have forgotten being with me at Cooney's smithy—I need give you neither day nor hour—and what took place there. I marked your manner when you saw the woman Bridget; and her manner and what she said made a deep and a very painful impression on me, Mr. Mahon. The woman recognized in you features and motions that must have been possessed by one of her ruffian abductors. I should have been struck by that alone, but, coupled with your manner, it filled me with apprehensions.'

"Mahon made a motion to speak, but Mr. May checked him."

"Be patient, sir," he continued, "and hear what more I have to say. Connected with this affair, there is an assault on one Barney Flanagan. The man was left for dead. And what for, sir? He had said, not that you were one of the gang that abducted the woman Flynn, but that he had heard you were concerned. Who but yourself, sir, would for that have caused Flanagan to be maltreated?"

"That was driving the knife to the haft, but Mahon stood it, though I saw a twitch about his mouth."

"Mr. May," said he, "you are acting most unaccountably and unkindly. On the freak of a mad woman and the word of a scoundrel escaped from the gallows you are endeavoring to connect me with what you justly call a diabolical outrage. You are suffering under some delusion or hallucination, or proceeding on malignant falsehoods."

"I am not seeking to connect you with the outrage," returned Mr. May. "People *have* connected you with it: I wish to disconnect you from it, but you do not assist me. By what you have said you know Flanagan, and I have told you he was nearly murdered on your behoof. How do you answer to that fact?"

"Mahon answered that he knew Flanagan as he was known to all the world. He was a smuggler or a smug-

gler's spy. He had been tried for the murder of an exciseman, and escaped through a hundred perjuries. What belief could there be in such a man's word? He could have taken the law on his assailants: had Mr. May heard that Flanagan had sought redress for the alleged assault?

"No, but what of that?" retorted Mr. May. "You know as well as I do how silence is imposed in this country. Not a word is now said, in this townland at least, touching the abduction of Esther Rooney, and there was clamor enough. How has that been brought about? A broad threat from an unknown quarter has silenced all. Each dreads that he may be the victim of arson or of murder. The mystery of the threat imposes more dread on them than an open threat from any one would."

"Mahon here turned to bay. 'Mr. May,' said he, 'I have submitted with respectful patience to your interrogatories: I cannot permit you to proceed. Without a tittle of evidence more than the malicious tattle of the peasant raff about you, you treat me as a criminal, and that in the presence of one of your dependants. Pardon me, sir, but you have trifled with my honor.'

"Mr. May smiled in scornful bitterness, and replied, 'Mr. Mahon, I have perhaps been more direct with you than one accustomed to subtleties would have been. I have ample right to question you: your relations with my daughter are my warrant. You have not been ingenuous with me: you have evaded question. I stand where I began in one respect, but, I grieve to tell you, you have almost assured me that guilt rests on you. No malicious tattle, I must tell you, ever reached my ears. All I have heard was from my own inquiries, and every one of the "raff peasantry" I questioned answered with expressions of honest doubt—every one save a man that seemed too firm in his belief to doubt. But recollect you, Frank Mahon, your own father is directly from the peasant class.'

"Sir!" flashed out Mahon.

"Reserve your indignation," quietly

continued Mr. May. "Your father rose by a course of honorable labor and honorable conduct, and, aided by unusually favorable circumstances, he acquired wealth and the station he worthily holds in society. He spared no expense to educate you a gentleman, and to fit you for offices he was incapable of filling. Mahon, from the depths of my heart I pity your father. He will, I sadly fear, find himself deceived in his son. And now, sir, listen to my final words. I prohibit you my house and all communication with my daughter. And, mark you, I will not rest till justice be done on the violators of Bridget Flynn and Esther Rooney."

"Do you hesitate?" he exclaimed, seeing Mahon not offering to move. "Then before Philip Lyncheghan I tell you," said he, in a low, severe tone, "I believe you are the man who destroyed both those women. Now leave my house."

"I think Mr. May rather hurried to his climax," said Father Michael.

"You shall hear," returned Lyncheghan, pursuing his story.

"Mahon retired with the desire for vengeance oozing out of every pore of his skin. Mr. May followed, and I left what I was doing and slunk off home, all in a tremble, full sure some terrible calamity would fall on us.

"Mr. May sought his daughter. He informed her of all that had taken place. She was utterly incredulous of the truth of the charges against Mahon. But the chain of facts her father put before her, and the inferences they warranted, compelled her to submit to her father's injunctions.

"Now, Father Michael," said Phil, "listen to what I shall tell you before I say more of Miss Rosa, and you will perceive Mr. May was justified in his conduct to Mahon, whether he hurried to his climax or not.

"Judy Rooney was a Sweeny, and her misfortune was of course felt by her whole family. Pat Sweeny, the man who had given the hint to Jerry Callaghan at Galway, had put himself in Mr. May's way at Westport fair. His pre-

tence was to buy a heifer, but poor Pat had not the price of a pig. It served his turn, though, to get into talk with Mr. May without attracting notice in particular; and he it was who told most to Mr. May. He professed he could swear to a good deal, but the really criminating circumstances he informed Mr. May of were not, he averred, of his own knowledge, though he believed in them as much as if they had been told him on book-oath. Mr. May understood how matters lay with Pat: he detected, in the course of conversation, what his connections were; and that settled in him that Pat Sweeny had told him facts, and determined him to bring Mahon to an explanation."

"But, Lyncheghan," said I, "could not Mr. May have brought Sweeny forward as a witness?"

"As easy, sir," replied Phil, "as he could have brought Croach Patrick forward. You don't understand this country."

Father Michael shook his head.

"Miss May," resumed Lyncheghan, "obeyed her father's commands with loving submission. Her young hopes were crushed: the frost had gone over the early bloom. Her merry laugh left her, the springy step broke, and she wandered about listlessly in the old walks where she used in her glee to challenge the lark in her song. Sore, sore were the hearts of the family. Gloom settled on them, and the Rath became a silent house. No light heart approached it: the joy had gone from it.

"Mrs. May, seeing time made no change in her daughter, but rather increased her melancholy, carried her over to England, in the hope that the change would improve her. On their journey they passed through London, and in a friend's house there they met a college companion of Mahon's. He, on learning the cause of Miss May's unhappiness, gave Mrs. May a history of his acquaintance with Mahon. What he imparted I know not, but it removed the wavering doubt that was within her of the soundness of her husband's judg-

ment. The gentleman's wife, a kindly English lady, undertook to speak with Miss Rosa. Her communications and discourse had great effect on the young lady: her mind was relieved of many oppressive doubts, and, to her mother's great joy, she became more cheerful and went about with more will. They went down into County Devon. Miss May all the while improving, we had great joy here. Word came at last that they were coming home, and I tell you such a welcome home never woman had. But the bloom was gone from Miss Rosa's cheeks, and, though she was hearty in her recognitions of old friends, we missed the lightheartedness. She was become a grave woman. The lasses, and, as the Scotch gardener said, 'a' ween sneakin' lads,' gathered again, on liberty evenings, in the Rath kitchen, as in past time. Miss May moved among them as usual, but they said it was not her own self, and they cursed Mahon.

"One day Mary Mullen brought her mother word she was sure she had seen Mahon in disguise lurking where Miss May took her recreative walks. 'For yer sowl don't spake yit, Mary dear: we'll make sartin furst,' Mistress Mullen said to her child. I mind well her telling me. Tim Mullen was told what his sister said she had seen. The smartest boy in the parish was Tim. 'Well, mother,' said Tim, 'Miss Rosa is not so reg'lar with her walks abroad as she used to be, an' Misther Mahon may have some waiting if it's she he's afther. I'll be watchin', an' I'll hold ye, mother, he'll git nothin' barrin' words from her if he's luck to meet her, an' I to see it. I'd go to the Rath an' tell them was it sure Mary had seen the ruffin, but it would be a pity to put Miss Rosa aff her recreation, an' she's the need of it, with us in doubt.' Tim's reasoning was good and bad both. When we do not follow impulse to do good, but stop to reason, we generally go wrong, sir.

"Miss May, in a day or two after this, came on her walk, and Tim, seeing her, followed, but out of sight among the

crag, for there was a hooker, a stranger, lying at anchor. Tim had not long watched when a boat put off from the hooker sculled by one man. The boat beached and the man jumped ashore. He walked slow and easy toward Miss Rosa. She did not notice him, and turned to sit on the rocks. Tim got close to her, but quite out of sight from the strand. The man drew near, and Miss May rose, but did not move. (I had all this from Tim himself.) The stranger had on a slouch hat that concealed his features. When he came in front of Miss Rosa he took off his hat, and there revealed stood Mahon. Says Tim to me, 'When I seen him I wint all av a cowl'd sweat; not that I was 'fraid av him, not a bit av of it; but I thought, God forgive me! that I'd have the killin' av him that day, an' have blood on my hands.' The rest of Tim's narrative I will give you in my own words.

"Mahon began: 'I have been watching to gain an interview with you, Miss May, to make explanations that your father made it impossible for me to give to him. Happily, or unhappily, as you may will it, I have succeeded in my purpose. I have been condemned with denial of defence. Mr. May's judgment would have been different on a different view of the characters of the people who had misled him. The charges he made against me I denied: I could do no more. But I could have convinced him of the vileness of the sources from whence his information proceeded: his imperious manner forbade it. I have suffered agonies of mind, and my fair fame is jeopardized. Will you hear my justification? I am pleading—'

"Here he was interrupted by Miss May. 'Mr. Mahon,' she said, 'I cannot listen to you. You are acting unbecomingly: you intrude on my privacy in a place no right-minded man, circumstanced as you are, would have selected. I am unattended, sir. Retire, I beg of you.' But Mahon would not be repulsed.

"Miss May,' he said, 'I will not be

the quiet victim of your father's injustice. You must hear what I have to say in my defence. Your father is the instrument of a plot against my honor and happiness. You do not, you cannot, believe in the accusations brought against me. Your filial duties do not impose on you the necessity of acquiescing in wrong; and I implore you not to restrain your own sense of right. I appeal to your recollections of the past—I would say to your affection.'

"His further speech was prevented by the sudden advance to him of Miss May. Looking him in the face firmly and deliberately, she said, 'Frank Mahon—Mr. Mahon—speak not of affection. If any faint feeling had remained for you, you would by this conduct have extinguished it. Go, sir: leave me, or permit me to retire.'

"No, Rosa May, you shall not leave this spot till you have heard me out,' vehemently declared Mahon, interposing himself to her homeward movement.

"Tim thought he should now, anyway, show himself, and he crept round from his stance and walked toward the pair. He was seen on the instant. Miss Rosa hurried to him, and Mahon discreetly walked slowly off to the boat. Tim saw his young mistress safe to the Rath, and a proud boy he was that day. The hooker sailed, and well for them in her that she quickly put to sea, for the people rose on Tim Mullen's word, and there would have been murder. Miss May never again walked alone.

"The Mays were incensed by Mahon's intrusion on Miss May, but regard for his father restrained them. The old man was in ignorance of all that had happened. He was out of reach of the common country-talk, and his friends, if they had come to the knowledge of anything, had mercifully kept it to themselves. He was reserved, poor man! for a greater shock.

"Mr. and Miss May—indeed all the family—were invited to the summer residence of a friend on the Kerry coast, but only father and daughter went. The young lady enjoyed herself

greatly among her friends, and all promised well. Time wore and the end of the visit drew nigh. One evening, close on the edge of dark, a hooker was seen to anchor about a mile below the cottage, and in a short time after a boat could just be discerned leaving her. The occurrence led to little more than a passing remark on the ghostly appearance of the boat and crew. Next day, however, the affair had another face put on it. The ladies were going on their walk, and had scarcely left their own garden grounds, when they were stopt by a woman from a cabin nigh at hand. She told them there were stranger men lurking about. What they were she could not tell. The place was lone-some, and she did not like the men's ways. She judged they had no honest call there: the ladies had better go back and wait till the hooker went off. They returned and reported the woman's tale. Mr. May and his host made light of it, and at noon the hooker sailed. Nevertheless, Miss May would not leave the house. An oppressive but unaccountable fear was on her. And good reason there was for fear. A mastiff dog was missed from the house, and on searching he was found in a shrubbery dead, with his head split. Next, marks were found on a flower-bed in front of the house. These discoveries caused much uneasiness, but there was no thought of anything more than intended robbery. That day and the night following passed over in quietness. About noon next day a tottering beggarman was seen coming up to the cottage. Miss May was sitting at her room window, thrown up for relief from the heat. The beggar saw her and crossed the lawn to her. I will tell you what passed, as it was told me by Miss May's woman, Nelly Blaine. The discourse was opened by the old fellow, and he seemed nigh hand to death:

"The blessin's of God be on ye, Miss Haggarty! It's the fine weather for the craps, thanks be to God!"

"I'm not Miss Haggarty."

"No matter: God be wid ye, whoever ye are! Ye've a silvery voice like

her. My owld eyes are failin' me. Sorrow, sorrow! *Ni easbhá go dith cairde*: there is no loss to compare wid the loss of frinds, me lady. Ye're not of these parts? I ax yer bounty, ma'am. I'm in sore distress. An' is Miss Haggarty well? If it wasn't for the likes of her, what would become of the poor? I humbly ax alms. I'm not long to be troublin' the country."

"Miss May gave him a piece of silver."

"I'll make bowld now to thry the kitchen, ma'am," said he. "I'd get a rest to me lim's there. The saints guard ye! What way will I go? I've lost meself comin' to the front."

"Nelly Blaine was ordered to step out and show him round."

"An' that's yer mistress, is it?" asked the tramp of Nelly.

"Sure she is," answered the girl.

"May she sleep in heaven! She has the free hand. I took her for Miss Haggarty."

"She's Miss May."

"Ay, ay—stranger to me, stranger to me, but her bounty is not the less good. Ye're shut in here at this back part. There's great sights here-a-way, but from the lady's windy I'd say it is greatest. Ye came to see the scenery, I'll go bail."

"Faith, yer right, an' Miss May has the room for that rason."

"I thravel a great dale, an' I'm able to judge. God bless ye, child: I'm at the kitchen.—God save all here!" said the fellow as he entered: "it's I is the weary man."

"They gave him meat and drink. He talked and joked with the women, and won their good-will. Nelly stopt to hear the fun that had sprung up, and the conversation. Tramping beggars carry all the tales of the country, good and bad, and are skillful in adapting them to their audiences. Nelly remembered afterward, to her sorrow, one screed of the talk."

"I see no men-servants about ye, lasses," said the *bochdan*.

"An' what the devil," burst out the cook at him, "would we do with sich varmin here?"

"'I'm surmising it's lonely wid the wimen whin the men's absint.'

"'Go home wid ye now: thramp out o' this. Ye've got what ye wanted,' retorted the cook.

"'I'll be on the road thin. I'm thankful to ye all. Maybe we'll see one another agin.'

"With that the man went off. The cook watched him from the door. 'I'm misdoubtin' that thramp, girls,' she said as she turned in again.

"'Why?' asked Nelly.

"'I don't know, chucky dear, but I doubt he's not what he puts on. From Dublin I come, dear, an' I'm hard chatin'.'

"The cook was right, for the woman that gave the ladies warning about the stranger men, soon after the beggarman was gone came and asked for the master. She told him the beggar, having never been seen before, was an object of distrust to her, and she had watched him. After he left the cottage he turned down the glen, and when he thought he was out of everybody's sight he hurried along and jumped the holes like a strong man, and that he was. 'But I,' said the woman, 'was cuter nor him.'

"This and the other facts were taken as evidence that the cottage would be attacked in some way. The apparent beggar was manifestly a spy. Evening came. In the last of the twilight, Mr. May caught sight of a hooker standing on and off. Mr. Haggarty sent for a fisherman, one Hanlon, and questioned him about the hooker. He did not know her: the glass failed to make her out. He could give but two reasons for her conduct. She was either waiting for a consort or holding off to land in the night. 'But,' added Hanlon, 'devil a reason for honest men to land here that way! The stillin's over long, every soul knows.'

"The two gentlemen settled that the ladies should retire in ignorance of the threatening appearances, and arranged how they would hold guard. Mr. May chose to watch the front, perhaps having a presentiment of what came to pass, and took post at a window that

gave him command of the whole length of the cottage. The moon was sinking, and there were floating masses of cloud. Mr. Haggarty had noted that the night was uncertain, but there was light enough to show objects at a short distance. About midnight, Mr. May intimated to Mr. Haggarty that he had heard a noise outside, like the breaking of a stick trodden on. From the space there was between the unhooked and slightly drawn-back shutters he kept his eye on the lawn, and presently he saw a gang of sailor-like men group in the shade of the building. They acted under a leader who whispered directions, and they dispersed, no doubt to watch different parts of the premises. One man remained with the leader. Some intelligence being brought from the other men, the leader turned to the window of Miss May's room, placed a crow under it, and in an instant crash went the sash. In the same instant a streak of fire flashed through the darkness, and the crow-man leapt up and fell back dead. Mr. May threw open the window he had fired through—it was hung like a door—and followed his shot, Mr. Haggarty firing at the other man, who was running off. But Mr. May was doomed. He had scarcely reached his victim when a shot struck him and he fell across the dead man.

"The house was in a wild uproar. Miss May, terror-stricken, sought her father. She found him weltering in blood, supported by Mr. Haggarty and Pat Hanlon, who had been roused by the firing and shouting. And she found more. There, with his face turned up to the heaven he had defied, lay Frank Mahon, a livid corpse. The black crape had been torn away and his features were exposed. The unhappy lady, crushed by the double horror, fell as dead, apparently, as the wretch that had met his deserts at her father's hands. Her return to consciousness was slow, but her reason was gone. Mr. May was not killed. He lingered long under his wound, though I may say it caused his death.

"That horrible night will never die

from the memories of them that had part in the events. The Haggartys deserted the place, and it is now a wilderness.

"Mahon's father sank under grief for his son, and all that son's guilt was exposed to the world. The abductions of Biddy Flynn and Bridget Rooney were his, and his intention was to carry off Miss May. He was a bad man, out and out."

I inquired what kind of person Mahon was in appearance and manners.

"He was," replied Philip, "a man of fair exterior. He had a fine bearing, and his manners among his equals were gentle and attractive. Women delighted in his society."

"And I have heard," added Father Michael, "that his accomplishments were various and his powers of argument formidable, even to men his superiors in intellect and knowledge. The ready tongue and sophistic reasoning in polished and familiar language always sway the crowd."

"Yes," assented Philip. "And to his inferiors he was haughty. He treated them as things for use or abuse as it pleased them above them. In return, while they feared him, they hated him."

"How came Mr. May to doubt Mahon?"

"I cannot rightly say. He was one of uncommonly quick perception, but he would never let mere surmises lead him to judgment; and that may have left Mahon too long unobjected to. But I really cannot say, sir, how his first doubts originated."

"And Miss May?"

"She wearied, wearied through the

years, an object of anxious care with her friends and of pity with all the country. To the day she ceased to rise from her bed no eye ever looked on her as she rambled over her old walks, and remained dry. Her goodness had endeared and her unhappiness had hallowed her in the hearts of the people."

Lyncheghan ceased. He rose, the tears glistening in his eyes, and hastily bade us good-day.

Father Michael pronounced a high eulogium on his acquaintance. A faithful and truthfuller man, he was assured, did not exist.

I inquired if Father Michael had much acquaintance with the May family.

He had not. "Since their misfortune a dark cloud had rested on the house. Mrs. May was absorbed in attention to her daughter. The son avoided company, and occupied himself entirely with his family affairs and the care and amusement of his sister. I came here when they were past forming new friendships. But their kindness to the poor of my flock is undiminished. Their griefs have not soured their hearts. I must tell you, they are the only Protestants in my parish—that is, when you are out of it."

Such was Philip Lyncheghan's story of Rosa May. I need scarcely tell the reader that the principal names are fictitious, but, except in this particular, the narrative is strictly true. Mrs. May was too soon laid with her husband and daughter, and the son removed to England, that he might be near their graves, as he had lived with them in life, a loving brother and son.

MONUMENTS OF ANCIENT AMERICA.

THERE is reason to believe that at some period in the remote past the territory of the United States was peopled by dense communities, which had attained a certain degree of civilization, and which, like many similar races in the East, have passed utterly away, leaving but heaped stone and earth as evidence of their former existence.

These ancient Americans, whom we know by no more distinctive title than that of the Mound-builders, were in their day energetic and busy workers, and have left numerous traces of their art in proof that the savage Indian is not the true aborigine of this continent, but that this, like the Eastern continent, had its phase of civilization in pre-historic times.

We need not touch here on the numerous defensive works found in the Eastern States, as there is reason to believe that they are of late origin. But west of the Alleghanies, over a region bounded only by the Lakes and the Gulf of Mexico, and extending westward to the Rocky Mountain region, are strewn numerous mounds and other works, evidently of the greatest antiquity, and bearing evidence of the civilized energy of their builders. Many of them are completely covered with the original forest, trees of hundreds of years' growth being found upon them, which probably were preceded by several successive forest generations since that remote period when these erections were abandoned by their builders.

These works are very various in character, the object of some of them being plainly apparent, while in other cases their design is a sealed mystery. Among the first we may mention numerous works of defence which are found on the elevated terraces overlooking the Ohio River and its tributaries, and which cover, in fact, nearly every hillside and bluff throughout this central region. Some of these are of great dimensions,

presenting walls twenty feet high, which in certain cases extend through a length of four miles. These great enclosures are designed with a skill in the art of fortification that would scarcely discredit the ability of a modern engineer. They are strengthened by ditches, curtain-walls and other devices, and include lookout mounds, reservoirs and various similar military expedients. There appears to extend a connected system of such defences from the mouth of the Alleghany, through Central Ohio, to the Wabash, as if built with the design of resisting a pressure from the north, which perhaps, in the end, overcame their builders, and may have been the occasion of some of the southward migrations mentioned in Aztec tradition.

But besides these defensive works, the whole region in question is full of monuments of a less evident character. Some idea of their immense number may be gained from the fact that the State of Ohio alone is computed to contain about twelve thousand ancient works. These, in the Valley of the Ohio, frequently take the form of square and circular enclosures, supposed to have had some religious design, and often embracing very considerable areas.

Near Newark, Ohio, are extensive enclosures of this character, covering four square miles, and comprising ditches and earth walls in the form of circles, squares and other geometrical figures, which are combined by connecting avenues. In the largest of these enclosures is an extensive mound representing a gigantic bird with spread wings, its dimensions being one hundred and fifty-five by two hundred feet. These walls are usually from three to seven feet high—in some cases as much as thirty feet—and are laid out with a striking geometrical regularity, the squares and circles being measurably exact. Another point of interest, as illustrating the proficiency of their build-

ers, is the fact that many of the squares are exactly equal in size, measuring ten hundred and eighty feet to the side. Most of the circles are small, from two hundred and fifty to three hundred feet in diameter, though some are more than a mile in circuit.

The mounds are very varied in form, and have evidently been erected with various designs. They are occasionally of immense size, the Grave Creek mound in Virginia being seventy feet high and one thousand feet in circumference. Near Cahokia, Illinois, is a truncated pyramid ninety feet high and two thousand feet in circumference. The summit is level, and embraces an area of several acres. Such mountainous masses have not been heaped up without immense labor, and show clearly the energy of their builders.

The majority of the mounds seem to have been erected for sacrificial purposes, and display frequent strata of ashes alternating with earth. They usually contain an altar or basin of stone or of clay burned very hard. These are often of considerable size, and contain, besides ashes, various instruments and ornaments, comprising copper, silver and shell trinkets, with spearheads and arrowheads of stone, shark and alligator teeth, pottery and many other articles.

Another variety of mound is that built for sepulchral purposes. This is often very large, though containing usually but one skeleton. Eight miles south of Newark stood formerly a great stone mound of this character, from which fifteen thousand wagon-loads of stones were removed for the building of a canal reservoir. Beneath were found several small earth-mounds. One of these contained a rough wooden coffin, protected by a layer of fire-clay, and containing a human skeleton, besides fifteen rings and a breastplate of copper. There was also found a stone box containing an engraved tablet in unknown characters. In many of these mounds the skeletons are covered with plates of mica, of the finest quality both for size and transparency. Immense quantities

of mica are found throughout this region, bushels of it in single mounds, yet it must all have been brought a distance of hundreds of miles. It is often cut into various ornamental figures.

In the North-western States, particularly in Wisconsin, a different race seems to have resided, building mounds of a very diverse character from those already described. The earth is here heaped into the shape of various animals—beasts, birds, reptiles and human figures being profusely represented. One of these mounds, representing a human figure, is one hundred and twenty-five feet long and one hundred and forty feet from hand to hand. In another place is a row of animal mounds, representing probably a herd of buffaloes, each thirty-five yards long. These mounds are of the greatest variety in form, resembling, besides animals, tobacco-pipes, various weapons, crosses, angles and numerous other designs. In Ohio has been found the form of an immense serpent, curving through a length of one thousand feet, the mound being five feet high. This figure is unique, having no known counterpart in the world.

In the Southern States there is another variation in the character of the erections, the circles and squares changing to parallelograms. One of these, in South Tennessee, is two hundred and twenty by one hundred and twenty feet base, and twenty-five feet high, with steep sides and flat summit. It is built of burnt clay, instead of the earth and rough stone of the northern works. On the battle-field of Shiloh are many similar works, measuring usually sixty by forty feet base, and eight feet high. They are accompanied by circles, ridges and crescents, often so close together as to admit of stepping from one to another. In the Gulf States, from Florida to Texas, the monuments are frequently of great size, forming huge terraced pyramids, with inclined paths or ranges of steps leading to their summits. Besides these are extensive avenues and other works, showing the bold conceptions of this old race. In Florida are a num-

ber of wide avenues leading to artificial lakes, and bordered on either side with huge mounds. Some of these avenues are over seventy miles long, usually passing through the remains of a town and ending at a great pyramid.

Crossing the Mississippi, we find still another class of remains. Here the practical succeeds the fanciful, ruins of old towns and cities being frequent in South-eastern Missouri and Eastern Arkansas. Nothing now remains but series of little square mounds, the remains of adobe huts, which are divided by right-angled streets.

Other traces of a vanished race occur, in the Lake Superior mining regions, in the remains of ancient shafts for the mining of copper. In one mine, under fifteen feet of accumulated soil, on which grew trees four hundred years old, was found a great mass of pure copper, weighing 11,537 pounds. This mass had been cleared from the rock, and was supported by skids, traces of fire used to disengage the rock being still visible. There were also found near it various rude copper implements.

The mounds contain very numerous specimens of the art of their builders, some of the implements and ornamental relics being most skillfully formed. Many of these are of copper, which in some cases is covered with silver, beaten very thin and resembling modern plating. Remains of pottery are exceedingly numerous throughout the whole country, the shapes being sometimes of great beauty. Stone weapons have also been found in great profusion—some of them highly polished and very sharp—as well as pearls, marine shells from the Gulf of Mexico, and other traces of ancient commerce. Their pipes, above all, display the artistic taste of this unknown people. These are frequently carved in stone with the utmost skill. Some of the carvings are exquisitely executed, and simulate animals to perfection. They embrace such subjects as the otter with a fish, the hawk tearing a small bird, the heron and a great variety of other animals. Among these are figures of the manatee,

an animal not found north of the Gulf of Mexico, and such tropical animals as the toucan and the jaguar. These carvings are beautifully wrought, and, where possible, highly polished. How such work was performed with no harder metal than native copper is difficult to conceive: it certainly could not have been done by savage hands.

Traces of the same extinct race are found to the west and north, mounds having been opened in the region of the Red River of the North, as also in the mountain ranges of Colorado, in Montana, Utah and Nevada. Upon the extreme summit of the snow range of Colorado are granite blocks evidently arranged by human hands in upright lines, which frequently extend for one or two hundred yards. These and the accompanying mounds stand three thousand feet above the timber-line.

In New Mexico and Arizona are abundant traces of a partly-civilized race, very different in the character of their remains from those we have been considering. These ruins are exceedingly abundant in the region between the Rio Grande, Colorado and Gila Rivers. They consist, principally, of peculiar erections which have received the title of Pueblos. Of these, that called the Pueblo Pintado is one of the most remarkable. It is built of small flat slabs of grayish sandstone from two to three inches thick. Between the stones are layers of small colored pebbles, the edifice at a distance resembling brilliant mosaic-work. It is thirty feet high, and embraces three stories, the upper portion of each story forming a terrace. The walls are three feet thick at bottom, diminishing to one foot in the upper walls. The building is one hundred and thirty yards long, and contains fifty-three rooms on the ground floor, some of them being very small. The floors are formed of rough beams, covered with bark and brushwood, above which is a layer of mortar. The banks of the Rio Verde abound with ruins of similar edifices, with traces of former cultivation and small irrigating canals. There is here found an abundance of beautiful

pottery, painted and ornamented with graceful designs. Some of these pueblos are of greater dimensions than the one above described. The Pueblo Una Vida is about three hundred and thirty yards long, while that called the Chetro Kettle is four hundred and thirty-three yards long and four stories high, each story having one hundred and twenty-four rooms. The building is in a ruinous condition, but one of its rooms is perfectly preserved, and displays walls of plastered stone, containing niches, probably for domestic uses. It is surprising to find in this deserted district such evidences of dense communities, and isolated edifices, each capable of containing the population of a village.

On the banks of the Gila are large buildings called Casas Grandes, resembling the pueblos. In this region are the ruins of numerous ancient settlements, the ground being strewn with remains of old edifices. The pueblos frequently contain circular structures, entered from the top, the ceilings in some cases supported by enormous pillars of masonry. They probably served as store-rooms.

Between the Great and Little Colorados, on the summit of a range of sandy hills, are immense remains of pueblos. In other portions of these Western Territories are ruined walls of bricks which are laid with the regularity of modern masonry. In fact, this whole region seems to have been of old inhabited by a great civilized people, though now but a desert incapable of sustaining a dense population.

These are possibly traces of the great southward migration celebrated in Aztec tradition, in which the successive races that peopled Mexico are described as gradually making their way from the far north, where is supposed to have been located that mysterious country of the fathers of the Aztecs, called Aztlan. There is certainly evidence of a growing civilization, from the earth walls of the eastern country to the stone edifices west of the Rocky Mountains, ending in the advanced architecture of Mexico.

We are happily not dependent on the bare word of the Spanish conquerors for our knowledge of this strange Aztec civilization, the ruins of which fully bear out their seemingly exaggerated statements.

The modern city of Mexico is built on the site of the ancient Tenochtitlan, the capital of this populous empire of the past. Under the great square of the city lie the ruins of the spacious temple of Mexitli; behind the cathedral have been found traces of the palace of the kings of Axajacatl, in which the Spaniards were lodged on their first visit to the city; while the viceroy's palace faces the site of the great palace of Montezuma.

The temple of Mexitli stood in a wide square, which was enclosed by stone walls eight feet thick, ornamented with sculptured serpents. This square was paved with polished stone, and was very spacious, containing, besides the great temple, forty smaller temples to various gods; also the dwellings of the priests, ponds, groves, gardens and fountains, with room besides for from eight thousand to ten thousand people. The temple consisted of a vast pyramid, three hundred feet square at base and one hundred and twenty feet high, faced with stone. On the level summit stood two towers, between which and the base the line was broken by several terraces. This temple formed the type of multitudes of Anahuac pyramidal structures, thousands of which probably remain undescribed in the sierras and valleys of Mexico. Solis speaks of eight grand and twelve thousand small temples in the capital city alone, while Torquemada estimates that there were forty thousand in the empire.

Among the most striking of these may be mentioned the pyramids of Teotihuacan, which consist of two great structures, of which the largest is six hundred and eighty feet square and one hundred and seventy-five feet high. They are faced with hewn stone of remarkable size, which is covered with a smooth stucco. These pyramids are considered to have been sacred to the

Sun and Moon, and are surrounded by several hundred smaller ones, from twenty-five to thirty feet high, forming streets which ran exactly to the cardinal points.

The greatest pyramid remaining is that of Cholula. It is variously estimated at from one hundred and seventy-seven to two hundred feet high, while it is fourteen hundred feet square at base, thus covering a far greater area than the great Egyptian pyramid of Gizeh. It is built with alternate layers of clay and unbaked bricks, presenting four terraces. On top stood of old an altar to the God of the Air. The idol was of stone, holding in one hand a shield engraved with hieroglyphics, in the other a jeweled sceptre, while on its head was a plumed mitre, its neck being adorned with a gold collar and its ears with turquoise pendants. The first terrace of this pyramid was cut through in forming a road, and the interior revealed a square house, without doors or windows, and containing two skeletons, along with several basalt idols and many curiously painted and varnished vases.

In the district of Vera Cruz is a pyramid built of immense stones, which are hewn and laid with mortar. It is remarkable for its symmetry and for the polish of its stones. Its base is an exact square of eighty-two feet side, the height being from fifty to sixty feet. It has six or seven terraces, and stairs leading from base to summit. Each terrace is marked by a great number of niches, there being three hundred and seventy-eight in all; which number is supposed to refer to some Mexican calendar. This pyramid of Papantla lies in the heart of a thick forest, where its existence was long kept a secret by the Indians, it being first discovered by some hunters about 1770.

The hill of Xochicalco, some four hundred feet high, has been made conical by human hands, its sides being cut into five terraces, which are paved and faced with hewn stone, while round the whole base extends a deep and broad ditch about three miles long.

The summit has been leveled, forming a space of two hundred and thirty by three hundred feet, which is encircled by a wall of hewn stone. Within are the remains of a remarkable pyramidal monument. It was originally five stories high, and built of stones beautifully cut and polished and fitted with the greatest accuracy, some of these blocks being eight feet long and nearly three feet wide. But one story remains, the walls of which are highly decorated with hieroglyphics and bas-reliefs. These consist of sculptured groups of figures arranged in panels of thirty by ten feet dimensions, there being two panels on each side. Above these are three or four feet of frieze with sculptured panels. Enough of the second story remains to show a continuation of the same rich ornamentation.

We might instance numerous other striking examples of these teocallis, or gods' houses, each a vast solid mass of earth, brick and stone, on whose summits formerly burned perpetual fires, the altar-fires in the capital city having been so numerous as to light its streets on the darkest night. Thus at Mitlan are splendid works, including a great pyramid with a base line of eighteen hundred feet, the buildings being highly decorated with labyrinthine devices and scroll-work resembling the Grecian. The ruins of Quemada include remains of many imposing edifices, which are built on top of a high hill, whose slopes are protected by broad double walls of massive stones, with bastions at intervals.

Other great Mexican works are the aqueducts, that of Chapultepec being over two miles long, and built on nine hundred and four arches. The aqueduct of Cempoalla passed the mountains by a circuit which made its entire length over thirty miles. It was carried over three chasms by stone bridges, of which the largest was more than half a mile long, the centre arch being sixty-one feet broad and one hundred and ten feet high.

The great wall of Tlascala paralleled some of the most imposing defences of

the Old World. It was built across a valley between two mountains, forming a wall twenty feet thick and nine feet high, its length being about six miles. This great work was faced with hewn stone, the entrance being formed of two walls whose ends crossed and left a narrow passage between them, after a fashion frequently found in American defensive works.

Other monuments are the great idol dug up in 1790 on the site of the temple of Mexitli—a hideous, two-headed monster, ornamented with various horrible conceptions—and the great Calendar stone, which is profusely engraved with hieroglyphics signifying divisions of time, the motions of the heavenly bodies, the signs of the Zodiac and various other astronomical details.

We might instance numerous other remains of the old Mexican civilization, but these will suffice to give an idea of their general character.

Yucatan presents us with the remains of a civilization more surprising yet than that of the Mexicans, for, besides the deep mystery which envelops it, its monuments surpass in architectural skill any others on the American continent, and rival some of the rarest antiquities of the Old World.

Buried in the heart of tropical forests, these unique ruins have for ages awaited in solitary state the foot of the civilized discoverer, and are yet but partly known, the wide district they occupy being in a great measure unexplored. Yet there have been already found the remains of fifty-four cities, each of which presents some peculiar feature.

In the depth of an almost impassable forest, Stephens found the site of a wonderful city of the past, which has been named Copan. It consists of immense truncated pyramids, with long ranges of stone steps leading to their summits, which are crowned with the remains of ancient temples or palaces, whose walls are in places ninety feet high. Colossal statues and bas-reliefs are found in great profusion; among the former, a stone column fourteen feet high, cut in front into the image of a strangely-dressed

man, with a stern and solemn expression of face. The sides are covered with profuse hieroglyphics. Another city, Quirigua, resembles Copan, but is probably older. Here are many colossal statues, some of them twenty-six feet high, cut from a single stone. One of these columns has in front the figure of a man, while the rear portion of the stone represents a woman, the sides being covered with hieroglyphics. Another stone, twenty-three feet high, has a man's figure both on the front and back. One of these statues is thirty feet high, and is profusely ornamented with the pictured writing of these ancient sculptors.

Palenque, the earliest known of the cities of Yucatan, presents a pyramid faced with stone, forty feet high, three hundred and ten feet long and two hundred and sixty feet deep. On its summit is an ancient palace two hundred and twenty-eight by one hundred and eighty feet, and twenty-five feet high. It is built of stone, with lime-and-sand mortar, the front being stuccoed and painted, with ornamental piers and bas-reliefs. The floor within is composed of cement, the inner walls plastered and ornamented with medallions. This palace is surmounted by a tower of three stories in height.

At Uxmal are the ruins of a great city which in picturesque effect almost equals Thebes. There are here numerous palace-crowned pyramids. These edifices have received various titles, from some special feature in each. That called the "House of the Dwarf" is faced with square stones, the stonework inside being polished and ornamented with rich mouldings. These reach to the height of the door, and from this to the top the walls are covered with elaborate arabesque sculpture, unique in style and character, the designs being now grotesque, now simple and beautiful, and throughout strange and original.

The "House of the Nuns" is similarly ornamented outside, these strange sculptured designs being a feature of all the buildings. "The Governor's

House," the grandest of these edifices, is built on three ranges of pyramids, the first of which is six hundred feet long. The façade of the palace is three hundred and twenty feet long, and is covered with elaborate carvings. In the ruins at Chichen Ytza the walls are covered from ceiling to floor with pictures which are twenty-five feet wide and from ten to fifteen high. These represent a variety of conceptions, many of them warlike. Thus, the mode of attack and defence is displayed, the taking of castles, manner of punishment, etc. There are also seen the details of agricultural labor—planting and reaping, flower and fruit cultivation—with scenes of domestic life, and some of a mythological nature. The whole presents a very interesting picture of the life of a long-vanished race. The same architectural skill and great genius for sculpture marks all these ruined cities, and stamps Yucatan as the seat of the greatest ancient American artistic development.

We will but glance at the remaining antiquities of the Western Continent. In the huacos or graves of the Isthmus of Panama numerous figures have been found, formed of gold and representing beasts, fishes, birds, frogs, etc. Carvings and stone idols have been found in the island of San Domingo. Here is also a ring of granite twenty-one feet wide and having a circumference of twenty-two hundred and seventy feet. In its centre is a mass in the shape of a rude human figure, with a stone avenue leading from it. In an uninhabited portion of the coast of Cuba stone hatchets and copper utensils are frequently dug up. Along the Orinoco, at an inaccessible height upon perpendicular rocks, are painted symbolic and animal figures. This class of antiquities resembles some found in the United States, of which the famous Piasa bird, painted on the face of a lofty cliff near Alton, Illinois, may serve as an example.

In the remaining portions of Eastern South America the traces of ancient occupancy are of very inferior character, consisting principally of a sort of Runic

writing, painted or carved on stone, found in many parts of Brazil.

But in the Pacific coast regions are the remains of an empire whose civilization exceeded in many respects that of any other American people. On this point we have not only the evidence of the Spanish historians, who beheld this Peruvian culture in its culmination, but also of vast heaps of ruins found through many degrees of latitude upon the western slope of the Andes and on the plains extending to the Pacific. These are not the sole work of the Inca race, but many of them are obviously the remains of previous nations, whose civilization was merely developed and ripened under Inca dominion.

The ruins found in New Granada belong to these more ancient monuments. They present numerous cylindrical columns of peculiar form and very well wrought, being probably the remains of a great city of the past. Analogous ruins are found on the shores of Lake Titicaca. Orbigny speaks of a mound one hundred feet high surrounded by columns, of temples six hundred to twelve hundred feet long, having colossal angular pillars and porticoes upheld by single huge stones, which were skillfully cut in relief with rudely designed symbols of the Sun and the Condor. He speaks also of basaltic statues covered with sculpture, and of the enormous blocks of hewn stone in the walls, these being often twenty-one feet long, twelve wide and six thick. The portals of these buildings lack the peculiar inclination of the Inca architecture, and they surpass in dimensions any known monuments of the Inca race.

On an island in Lake Titicaca, at an elevation of 12,930 feet, are very numerous ruins of ancient edifices. Similar remains are found throughout the country, comprising fortresses, terraces, etc., built of enormous stones, which are cut and fitted with the utmost accuracy. The ancient coast nations have left similar traces of their prowess, the most striking instance of which is the great temple of Pachacamac, which presents

a vast extent of ruins of considerable architectural pretensions.

The monuments which are usually ascribed to the Inca race include fortresses, arsenals, quarries, tunnels, obelisks, temples, palaces, houses of the Virgins and of the Sun, and other edifices. These are often Cyclopean in dimensions, being built, in the rainless regions, of sun-dried brick, elsewhere of stone. The city of Cuzco is full of ruins, which still yield a faint idea of the magnificence of the great Peruvian capital when entered by the Spanish conquerors. It is said to have contained three hundred inferior temples, besides the great temple of the Sun, whose riches and grandeur are so highly extolled by the Spanish annalists. Its great fortress presents three immense walls built of rocks, rather than stones, some of these measuring thirty feet long by eighteen wide, and six thick. In the walls of Tiahuanaco are still larger stones, which have been transported fifteen leagues and built high into the wall.

The city of Chulucanas is composed of the remains of stone houses, which are divided by right-angled streets. These separate it into eight quarters, each with twelve small buildings, while four large edifices occupy the centre. The hill is divided into six terraces faced with hewn stones, and near by are traces of an ancient amphitheatre.

The Peruvians had also a peculiar system of defence, consisting of three or four moats placed around a mountain summit, with earth and stone walls within. These are said to have been very numerous, and in some cases three miles long. One of these fortifications occupies the summits of two mountains opposite each other, with a river between. The mountain sides are divided into galleries, one above another, partly composed of artificial walls, partly cut into the solid rock.

But as the Eastern Continent presents in the great wall of China a work dwarfing in extent its most pretentious monuments elsewhere, so the Western World has its marvel of labor in the great

roads of Peru. Throughout the extent of this ancient empire ran two great paved highways, one following the sea-coast over the plains, for a length of sixteen hundred miles, the other crossing the flanks and ridges of the Cordilleras, and extending from Quito to Cuzco, a distance, including its windings, of twelve hundred to fifteen hundred miles. The latter was the great work of the Peruvians, and is unequaled by any similar work in the Old World. It is from eighteen to twenty feet wide, and runs without a break over the most difficult country. There still remain numerous traces of its deep under-structure and of the well-cut blocks of stone with which it was paved. Over the numerous rivers and ravines it was carried by bridges, built of wood with stone piers where possible, though generally the impracticable nature of Peruvian mountain-torrents rendered necessary a resort to the swinging bridge of ropes, which is still in use. Steep mountain ridges were no impediment to its builders. As it was only intended for the passage of foot-soldiers and occasional droves of llamas, the ridges were surmounted by long flights of steps cut into the rock, with occasional resting-places. Stations were built at various points of the road, consisting of dwellings of cut stone, some of which were fortified and supplied with baths and other accommodations for the Incas in their journeys between their two capital cities.

We have but outlined the more striking points of these evidences of ancient American civilization. Were we to descend into all the interesting particulars, our account would embrace volumes. Many important inferences might also be drawn as to the condition of these races and their connection with each other. We have, however, room but for a few closing remarks.

Tumuli are by no means peculiar to the United States. They are abundant in Central America, covering the plains for miles near the ruins of Ichmul, in Yucatan. In Peru and Chili they are

also numerous. In fact, the formation of sepulchral mounds seems common to all half-civilized races, and they are still formed, as seen by Vambéry, in Turkestan. But the great mounds of the West are not the work of the chance labor of barbarous tribes. They are edifices laid out with geometrical precision, rivaling in dimensions the most imposing monuments of human labor, and built with a rich variety of design that displays great activity of thought in their projectors. The traces of artistic taste and skill found in them bear equal testimony to the talent of this lost race. Many of these imitations of animal figures are cut in the hardest stone, and finished in all their details like the work of a modern lapidary. Yet the only metal which they seem to have possessed is native copper, so soft that it might be cut with a knife, and it remains an unsolved problem by what means they accomplished labors so difficult. The date of this race we have no means of ascertaining, but the fact that mounds are found covered with primæval forest, the trees as various in kind as in the surrounding woodland, and frequently many hundreds of years old, points to a period far in the remote past as the epoch in which these extensive works were finally abandoned and left to the slow inroads of the forest.

Whether this mound-building people, driven, after long periods of occupation, from their ancient strongholds, marched southward and gave origin to those successive migrations described in the traditions of the later Aztecs, is an archaeological question perhaps unanswerable. Evidences, however, of a gradually increasing civilization are found along the whole southward route, ending in the Mexican culture.

The civilization of the Aztecs, like that of most of the ancient builders, was one-sided in character, evincing great progress in certain directions and great lack of a progressive spirit in others. The same may be said of the Peruvians, who, however, pursued a different line of development from the Mexicans.

The Aztecs, like their predecessors in

the north, used implements of copper, though they had learned the art of hardening it with an alloy of tin, to which skill the Peruvians had also arrived. But how, with this bronze as their only metal for tools, they did so vast an amount of stone-cutting, must remain to us as great a marvel as are the achievements of the ancient Egyptians with no harder tools. The Mexicans had iron, pure in some large aerolites, and also in magnetic ore of such purity as to admit of its being worked from the ore by modern blacksmiths, yet they had no idea of its utility. They had great knowledge of astronomy, as is shown by the sculptured evidence on their great Calendar stone; they knew the cause of eclipses, and employed intercalations of great accuracy to mark the length of the year; yet they were ignorant of the art of alphabetical writing. They were splendid gardeners, yet employed no beasts of burden, though they might readily have domesticated the ox. They were great traders, using money formed of tin and of other materials, yet they knew nothing of the art of weighing. The Peruvians, on the contrary, understood the use of the scales, but had no idea of money.

The Aztec manuscripts evince great skill in picture-writing. They were formed of agave paper or of stag-skins, and were frequently from sixty-five to seventy feet long, each page having two to three feet of surface. They were folded, and had thin boards fastened to each extremity, so that when closed they resembled quarto volumes. No ancient people of the Old World employed hieroglyphic writing to an equal extent, and none bound their volumes.

The Cyclopean arch was employed both in Mexico and Peru, as also in Central America, various edifices displaying this ancient expedient. The Peruvians surpassed their Mexican contemporaries in the performance of extensive labors. In the prosecution of their bold enterprises they cut through mountains, filled valleys, carried whole rivers away in artificial channels for purposes of irrigation, and succeeded,

by their unceasing energy, in rendering deserts fruitful and in overcoming all the obstacles to travel presented by a chain of rugged mountains.

Both these old races were skillful in the movement of heavy masses. We have already adverted to the vast stones transported for leagues and built into the walls of Tiahuanaco. So the Mexican Calendar stone, weighing thirty-three tons in its finished state, was transported, without the aid of beasts of burden, more than thirty miles, over a broken country crossed at short intervals by streams and canals.

These mighty labors seem to have been principally the work of races antedating the more civilized tribes found by European discovery, in the same manner as the building of the huge Cyclopean monuments of Europe preceded the later eras of enlightenment. The Mexican pyramids were probably erect-

ed by tribes preceding the Aztec dominion, as in Peru massive edifices were built by races at a time preceding that of the Inca rule. The magnificent monuments of Yucatan are so distinct in character from those of Mexico as to preclude the idea of a common origin, their hieroglyphics being, moreover, of a very different style. This antique empire probably much preceded in time the Mexican dominion, and, less fortunate than the latter, has left only its ruins in attestation of its existence. These, however, are so rich in architectural skill and sculpturesque device as to challenge admiration from all who behold them, and to claim for their unknown builders equal consideration as a civilized and talented race with the builders of many of the most imposing monuments of the Old World.

CHARLES MORRIS.

UNTER DEN LINDEN.

AT the head of Unter den Linden stands a square gray building, the Schloss, from whose balcony Queen Augusta read through the waning autumn days the telegrams of victory to the throngs in the platz below. The *Lebe-hochs* of an excited people, vaulting at last to its proper seat in the European chariot, grasping along with a little sweet revenge the fulfillment of long-cherished desires and carefully-laid plans, echoed down the lime tree avenue. Shall they not blend after this, in imagination, with the sound of the name *Unter den Linden*? Softly it falls, but direct and true, like most German things. Till now it has been bare of all associations, all traditions, for Berlin is emphatically a city of the Present, innocent of romance, though the inhabitants reach after it in connection with Frederick the Great and his

old blue, snuff-stained coat, with red facings, preserved at Sans Souci; and certainly we find an element of sentiment in their hearty attachment to their hero, whose wise, terribly laborious persistence in all social and industrial as well as military enterprises founded their prosperity. No loving environment of Nature has Unter den Linden, no background of mountain top catching the rosy glow at even, or musically-flowing river—as Lung' Arno, for instance, whose simple tenderness of title is the same. It throws itself on its own merits for a grasp on notice or memory.

I left Magdeburg on a clear October morning, with this street of healthy, dignified pretension foreshadowing itself on my brain. We came along *sweetly*, for on either side stretched plantations of beets for making beet-sugar. About half the sugar consumed in Germany is

of this kind. Magdeburg is the principal centre of the German production, which rivals the French, having reached one hundred and eighty millions of pounds out of the four hundred millions raised in Europe. The yield of the root here is from eighteen to twenty-four tons an acre. Many curious facts, chemical and other, have come out through this industry. The cultivators tried English methods to enlarge their roots, which for a time almost equaled our California ones, but they found the yield of sugar was not increased in proportion: besides, the manuring produced salt in the root, making the extraction of the sugar more difficult. Then they had to adopt plans to increase the number rather than the size of the roots, and to make them more solid, while at the same time the extractor discovered ways to obviate the difficulty with the salt. All this information a *Geistlicher* gave me in the train as we wound along through the undulating flats on the banks of the Elbe.

Rooms had been taken for me at a *hôtel garni* in Jerusalemer-strasse in Berlin, and I drove directly there from the station, but my friends had not yet arrived, nor were the rooms yet vacated. The landlord was sorry and polite. Would I in the mean time walk up to his room? Four pairs of stairs, a snug, pretty parlor, and a waiting long drawn out. The gentleman occupying my apartment had stepped out—no saying when he would be back. Would I not have some refreshment? I consented to coffee and rolls.

The afternoon wore on. It began to rain: the room grew very dark. It was terribly quiet. Up there in the fourth story, looking on a back court, only a faint roar of the great city was audible. I shrank from taking off my hat or reposing for a moment on the sofa, which looked very tempting; so I got out my writing-materials and commenced writing home, stopping occasionally to laugh at myself.

After despatching my letter, I read my guide-book and examined everything in the room. The landlord left it

entirely to me. I heard him on the balcony shouting to a servant to come and get him his coat from a closet, rather than intrude upon me himself. About dark he came in, promised a lamp in place of the candles, and said the piano and sundry towering piles of music were at my disposition. And so the night of my first day in Berlin closed in, I sitting silent and watchful on the top floor of a *hôtel garni* alone. I sat there till ten o'clock before my apartment was announced as ready.

The heavy outer door—it had double doors—shut with a spring lock, and the chambermaid, coming back for something a moment after she had bidden me a heartening *Schlafen Sie wohl*, I found to my horror I could not let her in. Vainly I fumbled and tugged and pushed, and when I attempted to call to her, every word of German had abandoned me: I could not frame a single phrase. In despair I at last opened my lips to scream in English that I could not open the door, and the words came out in German—*ganz gut Deutsch*. I conclude it is a psychological fact that in desperate need the language of whatever country you are in will come to your lips. The *Zimmermädchen* brought a three-cornered bit of iron from down stairs and opened the door—there was no trouble on the outside—and showed me the secret. Then at last I crept between my eider-down beds for my first sleep in Berlin.

In the morning I found Jerusalemer-strasse looking like New York. It is a second or third rate street, but as wide as Broadway, almost as busy, and far handsomer. In many other streets the shop windows, the air of the passers-by, the activity and eager bustle, the straight, determined progress, pushing aside whatever is in the way, unite to form a striking resemblance to New York; also the constant building and tearing down, as well as the practice of living in cellars—sunk floors as they call them here. Eighty thousand of the population, one-tenth of the whole, live thus. This is a peculiarity of Berlin amongst European capitals. The newness of the city also

gives it a New York physiognomy. A century ago it had only a little over one hundred thousand inhabitants. It had had a stormy youth with sieges and sackings and pestilences. Later, came Napoleon, with his confiscations and the pleasant residence of his French garrison, but when they went away Berlin sprang forward.

The morning after my arrival I set out for Unter den Linden. Go and stand as I did by the magnificent equestrian statue of Frederick the Great, and look down through the avenues of limes to the Brandenburg Gate, surmounted by its car of Victory—a straight mile, lined with public and private edifices of grand architectural effect, lofty hotels and glittering shops. Officers on horseback are idling along between the trees, and massy carriages rolling up and down the carriage-road, while the sidewalks are gay with promenaders. At your right hand is the academy, at your left a palace: you turn and behold the university, the opera-house, the library, the arsenal, another palace, a host of splendid buildings massed together, interspersed with statues in bronze and marble of warriors and men of science; architecture, sculpture, decoration of color and design, all adding their charm. It is twelve o'clock, and from the guard-house with rifles stacked before it bursts the blare of military music.

A step farther and you are on the *Schloss-Brücke*, with its colossal groups in white marble—a youth in various phases of his career, attended by Minerva and Victory. Long as I stayed in Berlin these statues never lost their life for me: one in particular, where the warrior, fainting, dying, sinks back in the arms of the goddess, while she, with exulting face, eyes, hopes, all lifted to heaven, regards as so very a trifle the fading of the mortal part, the cause being won, the soul triumphant.

Across the bridge is the *Schloss*, where Frederick the Great was born, containing two halls—the *Ritter-Saal* and the *Weisse-Saal*—among the finest in Europe for architecture and decoration. About this house I record a fact

absolutely unique in my European experience: the man in the little room in one of the courts where I went for tickets of admission refused to take any money for them—with his eyes open rejected a good thaler! Near the *Schloss* is the cathedral, and opposite Tieck's statues on the roof of the museum cut the blue sky, and the gay frescoes of Cornelius in the portico forecast the treat within. Cornelius' coloring, however, is always "awful," to use an Americanism. If he only could have done the drawing and let some one else put on the paint, as Michael Angelo sometimes did with Sebastian del Piombo!

Where should I go first? I gravitated to the picture-gallery. This has been much underrated. It affords a great variety of paintings of different schools, among them some capital pictures, and is, as the guide-books tell us, admirably adapted for the study of the history of the art. Here I saw my first Raphael.

Was this a Raphael, this tame, insipid face? (It was a Madonna.) I looked at it in every light. I studied it: I walked away and came back to it. And then I went and sat down by the window in most bitter disappointment. From a child I had mused about Raphael, about all the old masters; had studied them in engravings, read of them, dreamed of them, pondered on the storehouse of delights waiting for me across the ocean: some day I should steep my soul in these intoxicating pleasures; and now here they were and I could not receive them! The sense, the taste, the class of faculties, whatever it was, that was needed to comprehend them, was wanting in me. One of the things for which I came to Europe was suddenly dashed from me—an entire throng of anticipations extinguished; nay, worse: they were before me and my eyes were blinded that I could not see. The hot tears ran down my face as I sat there looking down on the new museum. I have seldom had a darker moment.

I never thought of blaming the picture, but I afterward learned it was one

of the artist's inferior productions. An education of the eye, however, is really necessary before one's spirit can bow before the old masters.

Picture-galleries are hungry places: ere long sprang up the problem of dinner—when, how and where? I was then so ignorant that I did not know precisely what a *hôtel garni* was, or how it differed from any other hotel, but I summoned the *Stuben-mädchen* and asked if I could have something to eat there. Tea or coffee in the morning, or indeed at any hour, she answered, but dinner, no. With a look of surprise, I mused. Dinner was a necessity not to be dispensed with. Where in this great city could a lone young lady obtain one?

While I pondered, Rosy-cheeks suggested that she could bring me my dinner. "Oh, you can, can you?" said I. "Well, bring it then, will you?" and, flinging myself back as nearly in the attitude of a fairy who has waved her wand or a magician after rubbing his ring as I knew how, I waited, with a sort of Bohemian feeling that was rather pleasant, to see what the next turn of the wheel would bring up.

Soon came my dinner in a number of little white china pots which *Kätschen* piled up around me. A very good dinner—soup, two kinds of meat, chicken, salad, vegetables, pudding, pears or other fruit preserved in clear jelly—costing only thirty to forty cents. I don't know where *Kätschen* got it: I suspect from a kitchen-fire which blazed for none but Berliners, for one or two dishes had racy native peculiarities, and the secret of both composition and ingredients defied my every sense. I could eat all except a soft substance with little three-cornered wedges in it, whether fish, flesh or fowl I know not, all blushing and permeated with the most charming Solferino pink imaginable. I knew the thing. I had been inveigled by the lovely color at a *table d'hôte* at Brunswick a week before. I don't like to think about it.

From Unter den Linden came my German teacher. I found him on a

third floor, as they call it there, never counting the first or the entresol: I call it the fifth. He was quite an ideal little old man, though by no means a typical German, for he was dark and thin, with bright brown eyes, and descended, I fancy, from the French Huguenots who so flocked to Berlin on the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. His was an airy poverty, decked with a patient gayety. When I first penetrated to his apartment he had had a friend to dinner, and the dessert was yet on the table—some biscuit, a few maccaroons, two or three little oranges, looking as if they had been boiled (as they serve them in England, to make them appear fresh), and a bottle of sour wine—and over this the two old men were making merry. One morning I went there very early, but not early enough to find him: he was already gone. An erection in the salon of the size and height of a piano, covered with chintz, a deep flounce reaching to the ground, now proved to be a frame covering his bed. His empty coffee-cup was on the table. That, with a roll, was all he had had to comfort him before starting on his cold walk of two miles, for in October the weather in Berlin is already cold. The lindens on the promenade might be poplars, for anything one sees in the rows of forked sticks with their few sere leaves fluttering in the wind which comes straight from the North Seas. The *Lust-Garten*, in front of the museum, an open space planted with trees, was the most attractive spot in the city to me, because there I was warm, lingering in its broad, sunny walks. The winter climate is very severe, as one may suppose when the ivy is a hot-house plant, and the statues and plants in the gardens are done up in straw.

My old man had only two faults: a lack of front teeth—after that I always looked carefully to the teeth of my teachers—and a hankering to pick up a little English. I had a German-and-English dictionary, and he was fond of looking out in it any word I did not understand, instead of giving it to me in French. One day I hid the book in an

escritoire in the salon, and this gave him an opportunity to show himself a creature of keener perception than any I had been used to. "Where is the little dictionary?" he asked. "I don't see it anywhere," I returned, glancing around. He rose, glanced around too, then went directly to the escritorio, lifted the cover and thrust his hand into the very pigeon-hole where I had put the volume, while I sat aghast, beginning to think him "no canny."

I put him through his catechism about Berlin to make conversation. "*Ach Himmel!*" enthusiastically exclaimed this humble hanger-on in the outer circle of learning, "our university! Our government picks out world-famous men from all Germany. A good lecturer at Bonn or Göttingen is invited to Berlin, and next year students come in crowds. That is the way! Look in the lecture-rooms! You shall see from all nations—French, English, you Americans—three thousand. Three hundred professors teach them. And they have made discoveries—*mein Gott!* how much they do dig out!" Then he went over, with guttural delight in the consonants, many celebrated names, most of them those familiar to his youth—Ehrenberg the microscopist, Heinrich the chemist, Ritter, Poggendorf the meteorologist, and Humboldt—though he gave due honor to the men of the day.

Ehrenberg had snatched from his microscopical studies a singular idea about the before unaccountable cracking and yawning of the houses of Berlin. The city stands on a bed of black peat, which, fifty feet below the surface, swarms with animalculæ. Their animation keeps the whole mass in constant motion, generally insensible, but at times, when all the tiny forces act in the same direction, becoming sensible in the movements of the surface and cracks in houses.

"And then our collections in the museums!" went on the Herr Professor. "You have seen the collection for natural history—for teaching the manners and customs of all nations—the minerals—

Humboldt's things—the Egyptian museum—the antiquities and the casts of sculpture! *Ach! wunderschön!* the best works of every century arranged in order. And the classification, the catalogues!" Here his German blood roused: "And the *Bilder-Galerie!* The art professor goes through with his class like a surgeon in the hospital. And the library! You need never look in the catalogue: ask for any book you think of, they have it. *Ach!* twenty years ago we were all scholars and soldiers—*Ja*, soldiers and scholars—but now these factories and trade! *Faugh!*"

"But tell me about them," I said.

The Herr Professor shrugged his shoulders: ah, the fine disdain of trade in even so humble a member of the aristocracy of learning! But I persisted, for I knew that the huge industrial establishments of Berlin place her on the same level with our own cities, and gain her a more ready sympathy with most Americans than do the schools and the university with its fifty years' record of wide-streaming radiance, or even her military training and its results.

"You know, *Fräulein*," he said, "the palm-houses of Borsig near the Thier-Garten: you have driven there, *nicht wahr?*—all strangers do. The locomotive factory to which they belong is a specimen of all. Three thousand workmen there: they make a city of themselves. Seven railroads come into Berlin, and from the time they come they draw the workmen for the machinery, *verstehen Sie?*"

"Yes, surely that is good for the city."

"*Ja wohl, gewiss.* And the canals that go like this," crossing all his fingers: "they bring the trade from the Baltic, from all around the country: it is not long that they are dug. Then we have great tanneries, foundries, sugar-refineries, breweries, paper, cloth and silk mills. *Ach! grosse, grosse!* You should see them. And our men of science help their development."

He always finished by asking me if my friends had yet arrived. "*Noch nicht!*" was always my answer, and then the bright-eyed professor departed,

and I shut my massive door with the spring lock.

At last my party arrived, and on the following Sunday we left Unter den Linden by the Brandenburg Gate and drove in the Thier-Garten, the park of the city. It was thronged. At one side is the Krollische Casino, or Winter-garden, where concerts, plays and suppers are given to sometimes five thousand people. When lit up it is enchanting. The decorations are of the gayest, and everything is contrived to give it the appearance of a true garden. A profusion of flowers in pots, in vases, in festoons fills every corner. The principal hall is without windows and roofed with glass: it holds eighteen hundred persons. Here there is no smoking except in the Bier-tunnel. The *Zelte* (tents) near this were filled with merry crowds, all talking at once, laughing, clinking their glasses and beating time to the music.

We drove through the alleys, with glimpses of footpaths crowded with well-dressed pedestrians, and out at the Charlottenburg Thor, to visit the mausoleum of Frederick William III. and his Queen Louisa in the garden of the royal palace at Charlottenburg, a long, low, poor-looking building. The mausoleum is the most exquisite thing I ever saw—a simple white marble erection approached by a sort of grass-paved, shaded arbor, across which is a movable barrier, opened for only eight or ten at a time. There were perhaps forty there when we came, and they waited quiet and serious, speaking only in hushed whispers, as if about to visit the tomb of a relative. We were all sufficiently subdued before our turn came and we entered the simple chapel. The light which comes from above is so managed that a dim violet tint is over everything, harmonizing with the low tones of the officials and the soft tread and grave face with which all enter and gather around the two marble sarcophagi in the centre, where lie the statues, life size, of Louisa and her husband. The noble, adored, sorrow-laden queen lies on a bed, her head turned to one side, her limbs naturally disposed, her

noble, beautiful features wonderfully lifelike. She seems sleeping, as if a touch would rouse her, but sleeping so sweetly that for worlds you would not give that touch. Friedrich Wilhelm's statue is also very fine. Beside them are two exquisitely sculptured candelabra, representing the Hours and the Fates, the former by Tieck, the latter by Rauch, who was the sculptor of the splendid bronze statue of Frederick the Great at the head of Unter den Linden. A marble crucifix by a Roman sculptor hangs above the altar, or what takes its place. Everything about the chapel is in faultless taste. The only thing lacking is pensive music to breathe from some unseen quarter. It is impossible not to feel as if you were looking down on some lifeless sacred remains. The bodies repose in the vaults below, and every year, on the anniversary of the queen's death, the royal family hold a service here.

We went to Potsdam in a third-class carriage. There is a fourth on the German railways, without seats, for men and horses. To describe Sans Souci would be only to enumerate fountains, gardens, tropical and northern, winding walks with grottoes and statues, avenues, one intersecting the park more than a mile in length, fine old trees and terraces. Nothing but a picture can give any idea of it, especially of the level surrounding the Grosse Fontaine, with its long green vistas stretching away and its marble gods and goddesses on the brink. Palaces seem as plenty as blackberries here. There are no less than seven in the immediate vicinity, counting the Orangerie, which is large and elaborate enough for one, having many fine pictures. The emperor is at no loss for house-room. Besides the Schloss in Potsdam itself, there is Sans Souci, the great Frederick's own shady cottage residence, on a hill sixty feet high cut into six terraces, on each of them a conservatory. There is something interesting in his naming his favorite abode *Sans Souci*—"No bother," Carlyle translates it. The name came by accident. Frederick had prepared his

tomb near the cottage: one day he said, "*Oui, alors je serai sans souci*," and so grew the name, which he adopted.

Then comes the Neue Palais, filled with preciousness. I was glad to get out of the shell-salon, because our poor little Californian would keep trying to crack off precious stones from the en-crusted columns. There is Charlottenhof, a little castle; the Marble Palace, built of brick, with its arabesques from the *Niebelungen Lied*; and Babelsburg—the Home Palace, as it is called—an elegant little nest of a royal home. The rooms are beautifully fitted up with quantities of cabinets, vases, statuettes, etc., scattered around; but there is not one in which you could not sit down and *live*—live in delight, for every window frames a lovely picture, whether you look down on the fountains playing on the terrace beneath the second floor and watering with their spray a tiny garden there, or through the thick leaves over Sans Souci and the Marble Palace on the brink of the Holy Lake, and the smooth-flowing Havel shining in the afternoon sun. The children of the crown prince, the grandchildren of Queen Victoria, were here with their governess: we saw them on the lawn. A work-basket, with some delicate work, stood on one of the tables, a book-rack on another with three or four loose volumes, a cabinet piano and piles of well-used music, an easel bearing a half-finished sketch; and I sat down by a window and pictured to myself a refined and cultivated woman passing here a tranquil, harmonious life, fitly framed, with an adornment not too stately for comfort, yet refined to a fastidious elegance.

Up stairs we saw the bed-rooms, the bath-rooms—no more luxurious than our own at home—and King William's study, plain and business-like. In this room Bismarck and he concluded the arrangements for the war. The maid gave me an envelope from the writing-table with the royal crest on it.

There are many fine country-houses scattered over the dull sandy plain between Potsdam and Berlin. All North-

ern Prussia is like this, with diminutive trees—the cottages ugly, square white-washed things.

That evening we saw another of the boasts of Unter den Linden—the opera-house. Its interior is more showy than some others, for the partitions between the boxes are only a foot high, allowing dress and jewels and the beauty they adorn fair display. The ceiling is composed of fine oil paintings framed in gold. I was amazed to hear that the chandelier, which looked like unusually massive bronze, was only pasteboard.

Often we left Unter den Linden and drove through the other quarters of the city, but we were always drawn back to it as the centre of attraction as well as of fashion and splendor, though there is a gay nook behind the palace. One day, after passing through the archways under the palace, which are a common thoroughfare, and pausing in the first court to admire the bold bronze group of St. George and the Dragon by Kiss, we crossed the *Kurfürsten-Brücke* to the older part of the city—Königstadt as it used to be called—where are the exchange, the town-hall and the post-office, and a busy scene of traffic in narrow, crooked, dirty streets. Another day we drove to the American minister's for our passports, and that took us to a quarter of aristocratic, finely-built residences, fronting on the Thier-Garten. Then we went shopping, first for the patriotic jewelry of Berlin (of iron), then invading all the Baumwollen shops, whose number betokens a severe climate. Almost every one we met on the streets was German: there is not the panorama of nationalities one sees in Paris, London, New York or Naples.

Unter den Linden and Berlin must be considered as an erection, not a growth. No street, no building, no statue in Berlin has sprung from a deep-lying need, has shaped itself thus and no other way, and attracted to itself such and such adornment, by reason of a spiritual law, with a fine overriding and appropriating of all incongruities and uglinesses. Yet this lack is perhaps no drawback,

for it leaves the field open for the absolute, pure invention of the artist, unshackled by a need to suit himself to surrounding conditions, whether of Nature or Art. But his rules, though more symmetrical, more skillful perhaps, lie much nearer the surface. Therefore Berlin creeps to no place in the heart, fastens not its fingers on the imagination; for one hears there no voice from the life of past ages, meets nothing crust-ed over with human passion. Things found their places much like Wilhelmsstrasse—a principal avenue intersecting the city, where all the official people live, but a bog seventy years ago—when Friedrich Wilhelm III. determined to have a street there. "Build, build!" he said to all connected with the government, and they did, though the labor was hard and the piles had to be driven

deep. Carp were sometimes caught in digging foundations.

The sympathetic aid of Mother Nature is entirely lacking—in no city more glaringly. Paris, to be sure, lies in a monotonous plain, but the Seine flashes a stream of sparkles through it—in spring the pink horse-chestnuts flushing its banks—while the sluggish, lead-en Spree only serves as an excuse for bridges and as a canal to bring produce into the city. I saw a large flat-boat stuck fast in the mud one day and obliged to be pried out.

Considered as voluntary human work, as a flower of human faculties and endeavor, this is the most brilliantly successful city in Europe, not excepting even Paris.

Such is Berlin, and UNTER DEN LINDEN as its nucleus and exponent.

A MODERN TEST.

WE have all read how David Copperfield, after a long siege of domestic disaster, resolved to "form" Dora's mind, never doubting that, once moulded into true housewifely shape, home-life would glide into summer seas, and anchor at the land where it was always afternoon. Dora's mind being already formed in a different direction, he did not discover his mistake, as he might have done had he married me instead of my becoming Mrs. Hodge.

I brought to the management of the worldly goods with which Mr. Hodge did me endow a practical domestic lore which was a source of more pride than all my other acquirements put together. Secretly, I had long smiled superior smiles at the sorry exploits of other young housewives, and meant now to develop the possibilities of housekeeping in a way that should surprise them.

I will pass over our getting settled, the bride's share of which in the story-

books consists of "superintending" the hanging of pictures and positioning of furniture. In addition to these charming cares, my mind not being so formed as to enable me to lie on the sofa and give orders, and close my eyes to results, I "superintended," on my knees, the putting down of the carpets, while the windows, having been washed under "directions" merely, proved a failure, like almost every other effort of the professional "moppist" I had engaged.

Enough that it taxed all my complete health and strength to get everything in tune for my grand domestic symphony. The overture was to open with the arrival of two grand dames, relatives of my husband, and I became anxious for that old attached family servant, inseparable from every well-conducted novel, to begin her benign career.

When we had visited the Dañas the

wheels of their domestic machine had seemed to run on velvet: servants, quiet and knowing as the historic Littimer, foresaw every want. All very fine, thought I, but involving a waste and expense simply out of the question with young folks beginning life. I must show them with my one servant the same results which it takes their three or four to produce.

To this end I entered into contract with Miss Rhoda Rogan, who had been raised on a farm near my home. Intent on coming to town for a beau, she was relinquished with regret by the good woman "one of whose family" she had literally been. The extent of her adoption I suspected, as I saw the cloud spread over her rosy face when I removed the plate she had put on for herself. Town servanthood, altogether, was the most incomprehensible piece of stuck-up foolery she had ever imagined, and when she heard there were some city-folks coming "to make a fool of her," as she expressed it, she said she would go.

If I had only known where else to turn, how gladly should I have bidden her stand not upon the order of her going! Cold doubts began to creep in as to my elegant programme, as I noted her elephant tread, her cavalry charge at the table, her resonant voice and her uncheckable laugh when the least thing amused her.

But the resources of the town were so very uncertain I could not risk being left alone; so I persuaded her to stay and bide the arrival, which took place next day.

The ladies refreshed themselves, and sailed down to enter upon my hospitalities, and for half an hour all went on most decorously: then a cheerful whistle announced the approach of Miss Rogan. Entering with the coal-hod, she took the straight road between my guests and me, and discharged the contents at the grate like a howitzer: then, thinking herself unobserved, as I went on making talk and the ladies politely listened, she held the hod in one hand, and, resting the other with the poker in

it upon her hip, comfortably gazed at the strangers.

The grand Mrs. Dana endured this for a time, and then, as a measure of annihilation warranted by circumstances in the last degree atrocious, she slowly elevated her single eye-glass and turned it upon Rhoda. An irrepressible snicker greeted this movement, and Miss Rogan, suddenly conscious of the situation, bolted for the door, and getting a little out of her reckoning, left a long poker-mark across Miss Anna's exquisite cambric apron.

When I went down to the kitchen, I found her totally unconscious of offence and full of amusement. "Oh land!" she broke out as I came in, "didn't she look queer peekin' through that one spectacle as if she wasn't quite sure whether I was a human bein' or a goriller? Wonder which she concluded I was, Mis' Hodge?"

Willing to break the ice with my visitors, Rhoda inquired the price of their dresses and what they would take for them, saluting them with a kindly "Hello?" when they called across the hall to prefer a request.

I might have lived over these annoyances had they been the only ones which ruffled what I meant should be the smooth and brilliant current of my entertainment; but they were trifles of air compared to the total inability of Rhoda Rogan to meet the demands of town housekeeping.

Her days had been passed in the rougher farm-labors — milking cows, churning, washing and "scrubbing up." She had not the remotest idea how to cook anything more complicated than pork and potatoes, and every meal, from first to last, passed through my hands.

She had no eyes whatever for what constituted dirt and disorder in nicely-furnished rooms, and so of course no ability to rectify anything wrong. When I had told her everything over and over, I generally ended by doing it myself.

Was that an easy life for the proud young housekeeper, to fag at all work and keep up the social round with her guests and her numerous callers?

I should have laid my aching self down satisfied enough at the end of each day could I have felt myself anywhere approaching my standard of success—could I have divested myself of the morbid notion that my grand dames regarded my ménage with perhaps toleration, yet a strong surprise. How very different a feeling I had hoped to inspire in them! Mrs. Hodge had meant to make her home as bright and dainty to her husband and his friends as if she had come to it a real

"Fairy bride from Italy, with smells of oleanders in her hair."

Mrs. Dana went home soon, but, to my surprise, Anna, at our invitation, remained. Might there not, after all, be more beauty for her in the life and times of the Hodges than I had believed? Perhaps it took a greater combination of adversities than Miss Rogan could produce to dim the sunshine that shone out from two souls content in life's first morning hour. There might even be enough of it to warm one who stood alone, with the frosts of single life beginning to spread their first faint film over her. They were not perceptible in Anna yet, unless you saw them in that slight quiet staidness coming on with her twenty-seventh year.

She was fair enough, a little dignified and patrician—not one particle of "gush" about her. It took me weeks, with all my presupposed "knowledge of character," to see what a deep loving glow could shine out of her dark eyes: no man had ever found it out at all—not one. Such things do happen: girls grow up to womanhood and see multitudes breathing an enchanted air which they may not inhale. Never to feel one breath of the power that makes the world go round! Oh, Hamlet with Hamlet left out were a stirring play compared to that dull drama!

Neither had Anna parents, nor any one soul in the world to whom she was indispensable. So, exempt from all the most vital of life's joys and hopes and labors, she seemed shut into the tame world of parlor-life, with less and less hope of escape from it every year.

More visitors! It seemed only delightful to my good man as he came beaming in with the news that his cousin John Hodge, the new consul to Tangier, was coming to spend his final month with us before he sailed; and when I opened the large envelope in the gallant hand, there was Helen coming too!—Helen, our valedictorian, our Crichton, that one wonderful girl in all the school! How nice! Yet I thought almost immediately of Miss Rogan; and when in a few days I welcomed Cousin John, and half an hour later Helen rushed into the parlor, where we all were, and fell into my arms in a little swoon of delight, my mind directly reverted back to hospitable cares with a prosiness wonderful in view of the lofty æsthetic communings Helen and I had heretofore held.

I left my bright guest in her chamber, and when she came down an hour afterward there were waving wings of beauty in the hair which had lain in chrysalis under her hat, and she had given ten dollars apiece for the long curls which trailed their supple rings down her back. But money had not bought the handsome face and the silver tongue witty and wise. I left her enchanting them all while I went out to see after supper—to get supper, more properly, for beyond the tea-kettle my new girl could not go. My new girl, for Miss Rogan's place knew her no more.

Mary had been recommended to me as a nice girl. Open-mouthed silence and perfect repose of manner were among her merits. She would stand motionless within three feet of me, never moving except on such commissions as to get a pitcher of water or a hod of coal, which were matters of as high importance as I dared trust her with, I meanwhile perfectly overwhelmed with details requiring intelligent attention. She seldom understood any order whatever when first given. All attempts to brighten her up by a brisk example or cheerful hint were vain. Noticing a loud odor of cabbage in my already sufficiently disheartening kitchen, "The neighbors seem to boil a

great deal of cabbage," I pleasantly remarked. "Ma'am?" "The neighbors seem to be boiling cabbage: don't you smell it?" "No, ma'am."

Forlornly I struggled on for a few days, till my husband, coming down to the kitchen to look after some affairs, unobserved observed, and without remark produced his pocket-book and dissolved the engagement. The act was certainly a relief, though it left me with Anna the stately, Helen the superb, and the consul to Tangier, all upon my sole hands.

My husband rose next morning before the lark and made the fires—I a little after, and got breakfast.

I was glad to see Helen and John seat themselves tranquilly in the parlor with books in their hands, and I hoped Anna would go up to her room and not discover the desperate situation till it was rectified, for Mr. Hodge had departed to beat up the town. But no, she knew all about it: just like an old maid, you will say. She only left me to tie on an apron, and then began to gather up the dishes, literally in fine style. She waited for no waiting on whatever—to have me bring tubs and water and so forth. She set to work—to what purpose none but an overtaxed young housekeeper could appreciate.

You know how elegant young ladies hate such work, and how much easier for her to have slipped off to her crochet and ignored my crisis. Nobody expects visitors to work. But as I was in the basement, up to my elbows in bread, there slid in like a sunbeam one of the prettiest young girls I have ever seen. Lightly and trimly built, the pink and white of her complexion and the soft pathos of her black eyes were irresistible as she narrated her accomplishments, her orphan condition and earnest desire for a home.

I engaged this Bonnie Annie Laurie on the spot, and felt at once a large proportion of the cloud lift off my domestic horizon.

"How perfect your home is, my cousins!" sighed the young consul as we lingered that day at dessert. "'Fit and

fair, and simple and sufficient'—just that little practical paradise I have always wanted, and which, of all places in the world, I shall be least apt to find in Tangier."

It did seem pleasant. The Bonnie Laurie had set the table perfectly, and now waited upon it light as a fairy, and with a tact Mrs. Dana's own never excelled.

In my satisfaction at having secured such a treasure, in Cousin John's admiration, late cares and vexations slipped from my mind. I no longer broiled in memory over the stove cooking the dinner, and the very burn I had sustained in taking the *méringue* from the oven forgot to smart.

That was a pleasant evening altogether. Our talk falling upon the Woman question, how well Helen handled it! I had heard her read *Woman's Rights* essays at school which outdid Miss Anthony for extremes, but with Cousin John's eyes upon her the dream changed. "Behind the sweet, safe shelter of the household hearth," was Miss Helen's text. Away, cried she, at once with the ballot-box and the public office, as well as crochet-work and blue dogs in worsted! In once more with that fast-forgotten rôle of the wise woman as the Bible paints her! As you heard the lovely girl and saw her eyes glisten, her color come and go, you could already see in imagination those two white hands to work addressed, those slippered feet on hospitable deeds intent, in the house of her husband. Happy husband of Helen! thought I, and Cousin John's face responded brightly to mine.

Anna sat very quietly doing a piece of that decried crochet, and thinking, I was pretty certain from her late insight, what a frightful bore housekeeping was.

Happy husband of Helen, but happier still the wife of Cousin John Hodge! How I loved the youth as time went on! Always my comfort and preference before the younger ladies. It was curious how wonderfully much he saw while appearing to see so little. How many

days do you suppose we had of the Bonnie Laurie before he discovered how greatly better she was at wearing her white apron and tiptoeing around before visitors than tidying her kitchen and cooking dinner, or how she systematically let my precious freight in the oven burn to cinders while she ran up to look in the glass?

I wonder if he ever saw—and I hope he did not—the things which, to save cleansing, she poked out of sight to mould and rust and ruin, and understood altogether the whited sepulchre of her tidiness?

Did he ever see me go down half an hour before breakfast-time and find the kitchen fire not even built, owing to my black-eyed maid having been sporting her neatly-painted cheeks at a party the evening before?

Whatever he saw or did not see, it is certain he showed a quiet appreciation of Mrs. Hodge's efforts which won that lady as nothing else could have done.

He likewise entered upon the study of Helen as well as a young man could study such brightness.

I saw how it would end, and was glad. True, Helen did not prove quite as companionable and satisfying a guest as I had pictured. When John was abroad she spent her time mostly in her room, reading a novel on the lounge, brushing out the long curls or arranging the thousand details of her dress. But I imagined the sweet tumult of her waking heart, and was content to be for a time put by.

Anna sat in her corner, and in contrast to Helen seemed a little too quiet and prim; and though John liked well to talk with her when Helen was not by, I felt sure he had never guessed how full of youth and longing her heart lay in the hiding from which it had never been brought.

The play went on for two weeks—Anna dignified and calm, Helen and the young consul bright and eager; yet it was the feet of neither of the two last that went back and forth so strangely long at night. Had the sight of content upon content in which she had no share

made Anna restless? Surely; it was not possible that the clear eyes of John had drawn her unsought heart from her also! My poor girl!

Coming down stairs one morning, and, as was my wont, hoping for the best, yet not unprepared for the worst, I found the Bonnie Laurie sound asleep on the floor, her white dress drenched in a summer night's shower, through which she had returned just before daylight from a dance, while I had thought her safe in bed. Totally worn out, she had sunk down to rest before changing her dress, and there she was asleep in her wet clothes. She sprang up in alarm as I came in, flew to her room, threw on a calico and made a great bustle of activity to prove my interests were not going to suffer. It was washing-day, and she hustled out the tubs and began. Still, affairs did not look promising to me, and I hesitated much to rise from the breakfast-table and set out on the ride to the mountain we had promised ourselves for some time. But my husband, who found not many days for pleasuring, could go, and I knew the affair would be nothing to him without me; so I left the chambers to air, put up a lunch, and, hoping for the best, set out.

It was four o'clock when we returned: the sweet early spring day had clouded over, the air blew chill, and we were glad to hurry toward a fire. Coming into the house, I turned a register and was met by a cool breeze. I ran down stairs. Me miserable! The washing in every stage of slop and incompleteness stood about the floor. The table was loaded with the unwashed breakfast-dishes, there was not a fire in the house, and there was a crowning woe which literally cast all into the shade. During the day three tons of fine, dusty coal had been put into the cellar, and the doors leading to the kitchen having been left open, a thick black dust had settled upon every article in it. It penetrated to the remotest corners of the closets and cupboards, and nothing could be touched without a smirch.

The white-aproned presiding spirit

of this domain was nowhere visible. I went to her room: there she lay, asleep it is true, but flushed with fever, and evidently down sick, as a natural result of a long series of festivities, wound up by the exploit of last night.

The climb up the mountain had been long and tedious, and I was very tired and stiff. The whole party were hungry, we were within a few minutes of the dinner-hour, and there was not a thing to eat in the house. Not even a grain of coffee browned—that first resort in emergencies. I wondered what Cousin John would think of the little practical paradise now.

I went up stairs with a studiously tranquil face to take off my walking-suit and begin. As I came from my room I encountered Anna in the checked apron, and blessed her in my heart. A musical plash announced Helen in the bath; John was resting a while in the parlor before going up stairs, and Miss Anna lost not a moment in gliding into his room, for there was not a bed made in the house. Poor girl! he came up before she was through, and I felt in all my veins the flush that must rise in her maiden cheeks.

But it could not be helped, and I turned to the grimy chaos before me. I will not try to relate how I went to work, nor how long it was before we could sit down to the table Anna so delicately set. Long as it was, she had not found a moment to dress, and she with her tired face, and I with mine blowed over the fire, were a sad contrast to Helen as she floated in, rested and refreshed, in her white dress and with John's mountain-ferns in her shining hair.

My maid proved to be sick abed sure enough, with some prospect of remaining there—for how long the doctor did not know. She had not the least fortitude in bearing her ails, but cried and complained, and needed a vast deal of waiting on, which involved an amount of running up and down, of itself a serious item of labor.

The situation had grown too desperate to be concealed from my guests, and with the clothes still in the tubs and the

coal-dust still mantling all but the things I had washed for dinner, I told them cheerfully that it seemed probable we must be our own cooks and housemaids for a few days. "I am heartily sorry for it, my dears," said I, "but Anna will add new laurels to the housewifely achievements that will always keep her memory green in my home; and you, Helen, will have a capital chance for a little practice in that sphere you chose the other evening. No better chance will ever offer to develop that grand notableness you have in reserve."

Helen assented sweetly though slightly, and floated to the piano, while Anna and I washed the dishes. Then, too completely fagged out even for our little circle, I went to my room, but not to rest. The little bell I had left on the invalid's table sounded at brief intervals all night long, and I, unable in the multitude of her complaints to judge how sick she really was, was up and down with her all night.

A poor preparation for that black nightmare of a kitchen! I positively would not let Anna come down to it, but there was abundance of work for her in other directions. Helen was not visible, but just as we sat down to breakfast her bell rang. Anna went up, and brought down a message to darling Mrs. Hodge that her trip had been rather too much for her, and she would like a cup of coffee up there. I complied without remark, and we had rather a silent breakfast altogether. At the end of it, John went out with my husband, and we were left to our labors.

I went down to that washing. It could not stand there for ever, and though I had never done a washing before, I did that. The process may not be so very difficult when one is used to it, but to me, with the preparation of the preceding day and night, it was nearly too much. By three o'clock, when the last garment fluttered in the yard, my proceedings there being viewed by numerous connoisseurs from the neighboring windows, I found it quite impossible to get any farther without some rest.

I went up stairs, leaving, from the sheer necessity of the case, the kitchen still in the blackness of darkness. Anna came out from her waiting upon Miss Laurie, and with a fond kiss called me her poor old woman, and ordered me to go and lie down. A raging headache seconded the command, and I threw myself on the bed and closed my tired eyes.

John had returned in the course of the morning, which, bright as it was, was not fresher than Helen as she came down to him in a white piqué suit and proposed a walk. "It is so stupid, here!" I heard her complain as they passed out.

I had just fallen asleep when they came in. I did not hear their entrance nor their low voices in the parlor below, but presently a sound pierced my head like a knife. It was the shrill tingle of the parlor-bell. I sat up and leaned my aching head on my hands, but it was not half so painful as the indignation that swelled in my heart.

Such thoughtlessness went beyond pardon, even in a woman in love. To ring that bell with not a servant in the house was a climax to Helen's morning indeed.

I heard Cousin John's firm step sound along the passage and go down to my kitchen, and a hot flush of mortification rose as I thought of the sight it would be. Then I lay back and was glad, for it would be an exponent, if anything could, of the way in which his Helen—the already chosen Eve, I little doubted, of his practical paradise—had brought out her "reserve power" in this time of her friend's need.

I did not know then what John found in my kitchen, but I can tell you now. It was the stately Anna bent over the scrubbing-pail, intent on wringing out the mop she had been applying to that grimy floor with a will which had brought a color to her cheeks rivaling Helen's best. I would I had seen those two, whose intercourse had been confined to high-bred parlor courtesies, confront each other there.

The clear head of Consul John Hodge

served him well that day. Taking in the whole situation at a glance, he looked at Anna to see just what manner of woman this was who could from her fine height of ladyhood do service like this for her friend. Thank Heaven that he could see in her face the truth! Whether her novel position threw her a little off the calm guard she kept in the parlor or no, he then and there did fully guess for the first time out of her dark eyes the young strong spirit—how true as steel it was, how solitary too. His outward act was to fill Miss Helen's glass with water, bow and withdraw.

After a few hot tears, I went to sleep from sheer inability to do anything else. The Laurie's bell woke me this time after quite a respite, and as my senses came back a delicious odor of coffee and dinner greeted them. I ran down like one in a dream, and found the result of three hours' steady work in the kitchen. The dinner fizzed and bubbled on the stove, the table was laid, and Anna knelt before the stove taking out a perfect vision of a lemon pie.

I hugged the precious girl, and cried over her with tears of joy for such a friend.

Cousin John was wonderfully silent at dinner, and he failed to show a sparkle of admiration even when after the meal Helen took off the castor and set two plates, three glasses and a few tea-cups on the tray with the tips of her fingers; which labors ended, she recruited on the parlor sofa while we cleared away and washed the dishes.

I do not know what had passed on the walk by the river, but Helen, appearing to tingle with excitement that evening, seemed bent on making the grand *coup* with John without farther delay. That youth appeared to be living very rapidly too, as people must do at times.

We talked at length of the new consulate. "From all you say of it," said Anna, smiling, "it must be identical with the land of Mignon itself."

Helen took the cue from this, and in the cool dim room floated out the song at the piano—sang it to John only as

such girls as she can do and dare to do. Had she said, "Take me with you, Sir Consul," she could hardly have made her meaning plainer to all of us than it was when her enchanting voice appealed—

"Ach, Bruder, mit mir ziehn!"

Cousin John had gone over to where Anna sat in the shadow during this song. I fancied I saw his hand take hers. Helen, alive to his every motion, stopped her song so suddenly as to hear him say—oh past belief!—to Anna, quoting as in jest, yet with tones of unmistakable desire—

"Ach, Schwester, mit mir ziehn!"

Anna's hand, withdrawn in her first great surprise, I saw replaced in his silently, and knew all was well.

My dear old man and I rose in irrepressible delight. Nobody knew so well as we how great a thing this was for Anna, how blessed for John.

"My darling Mrs. Consul!" cried I, taking her in my arms.

"My beloved son!" said Mr. Hodge, and he hugged his junior by perhaps two years.

Do you suppose Helen rushed to her room in a tumult of passion? No: they do that in the novels. She offered her congratulations most sweetly, and the next day received a letter from her dearest mamma desiring her instant return, of course.

The rest of the days were golden to us all, though we worked hard, with only such aid as David Copperfield perfectly

Vol. VII.—34

portrays in "Mrs. Kidgerbury, the oldest inhabitant of Dovertown, who went out charring, but was too feeble to do justice to her conceptions of that art." Our Mrs. K. availed herself to the full of the privileges of age, and never took the journey of the stairs without sinking down on my rep sofa in her greasy gown. She kept her wardrobe variously disposed about the kitchen, and the proper belongings of that apartment on the floor and chairs, with reference to being reached as she sat.

The black-eyed maid convalesced in a week, and one morning arose, made a charming little toilet, repainted her cheeks and went her way, delicately refraining from confusing me with acknowledgments or allusion to the two weeks' wages paid in advance.

Pity me not, for my reward is with me, though in one short year I gained the reputation of being unable to keep a girl. That old, attached family servant may never appear, yet it is well with me. Long nights of dreamless sleep are mine, and painless days, such as no devotee of the rocking-chair can ever know. And for comfort I can always think of how Anna and John were brought together.

We had a charming wedding at Mrs. Dana's, and they have sailed for Tangier. My heart is full of lightness as I think of them borne away—

"Two blest souls, with one accord,
O'er the horizon's curving rim
Outward bound."

J. C. M'CLAREN.

THE SEQUEL TO A "NEW LEGEND."*

AND still she sat in the road to Rome,
With her hungry eyes on the great white dome,
Mindless of riot and ruin at home,
Saying to passers, "Let me be:
Behold, I am she that was Italy!"—

And hanging her head for sorest shame
At the growing dishonor of her name,
While the summers went and the winters came;
And, passing, the world said, "Is this she
That was called by the name of Italy?"

"For she traileth her splendor in the dust,
And her sword in its scabbard getteth rust;
And truly in her may no man trust;
And it shall only remembered be,
Hereafter, that she was Italy."

But she, with her head between her knees,
Was not moved for any of these
Reproaches, clustering thick as bees;
Only she said, "Now let me be,
Since Rome is riven from Italy."

"I am but a stirrer-up of strife,
Having no more delight in life:
I am as a jealous and unloved wife;
And thrift and quiet are not for me,
Since rot's at the heart of Italy."

And now the darkness had come apace,
Blotting out from before her face
The things she had seen for a little space,
And the hopes she had hoped when, young and free,
Praises were sung for Italy;

When, sudden, an overflowing light
Ravished the darkness from the night,
And made it brighter than day is bright,
And she hid her eyes: "It is not for me,
Fallen, forsaken Italy!"

Then steadily to her startled ear
Answered a small voice, still and clear:
"Rise, for deliverance is near!
Come to thine own, if thou art she
That is called by the name of Italy."

*See *Lippincott's Magazine* for February, 1869.

She looked, and the gates were opened wide,
And the keys of Peter were at her side,
And the glory had clothed her like a bride;
And the dome was alight. "Is this for me?
Ah, then once more I am Italy!"

As one in a dream she entered, weak;
But they kissed her on lip and chin and cheek;
And all were too glad for any to speak—
Wrapped in wonder that Rome should be
Safe in the arms of Italy.

"Wait a little!" she whispers low:
"The tide will come and the tide will go.
It will bring us Liberty in its flow:
Since we all gathered together be,
The rest shall be added to Italy."

She will put her crown upon her head;
She will smooth the silk of her bridal-bed;
She will go out proudly charioted.
Peace and plenty for her shall be,
Since Rome has been given to Italy!

HOWARD GLYNDON.

SPOTS.

IT is a melancholy thing to see so many spots on the face of the sun. True it is that we poor moles are unable of ourselves to distinguish these imperfections, and so long as the old God of Day gives us a fair portion of his beams, we grovel on and are satisfied; but I have no doubt that all the other suns are continually finding fault with our central luminary, and pointing fiery fingers of scorn at the spots on his red face, insinuating, perhaps, that he has imbibed too freely of the ambrosial ether, and may some day stagger on his rounds, thus reducing our system to a chaotic protoplasm, in which Professor Huxley alone will be saved in his ark of atoms harnessed to a comet's tail. Now and then, over the surface of the earth, an occasional telescope may be seen poised on the top of a lofty tower pointing toward the sky: through this in-

strument some purblind wiseacre gazes and murmurs sadly, "The spots on the sun are increasing in size: woe to the earth!" These mysterious words are repeated by the assistant in solemn tones to the few devotees who have climbed the mountain to gather wisdom, and who stand with trembling veneration to catch the oracular sayings of the star-gazer. "The spots on the sun are increasing in size," they moan: "woe to the earth!" and the funereal echo is caught up by the dwellers in the valley, who hasten to repeat the tidings in the nearest city; and thus in ever-increasing waves the cry rolls on, "Woe to the earth!" and all because of the spots.

Now, brethren, be reasonable. Spots are a law of our universe, and no good thing can exist without them. There is not a sky without its cloud, or a rose

without its thorns: neither is there a delicious little brook trout, freshly broiled, without those harrowing bones. From the sun down to the smallest sand-atom, we shall find spots if we look closely; and were it otherwise, we should go mad all together, the astronomers first of all, and the world would be a wilderness of howling lunatics: imperfect beings as we are, perfection would kill us. Let us, then, bow our heads and be thankful.

There is a little word which may be considered as belonging exclusively to the spot-doctrine: this is the expressive monosyllable "but." We love our friends, we think them very agreeable, but—; we admire Miss Smith, we think she is really beautiful, but—. This precious word is dear to us all, and with it we unconsciously give in our adherence to the spot-doctrine almost every hour of our lives. We hasten with joy to tell the bad news; we whisper the particulars of the last murder; we buy up the editions of the latest horror by the hundred; and we crowd to gaze upon the most desperate criminal with eager satisfaction. These are great spots upon humanity in general, and therefore humanity in general is deeply interested in them; but, leaving the wise men on the hill-tops to warn the world of danger, let us descend to the valleys and apply our humble microscopes to the individual spots around us, and especially those which are so small as to have escaped general observation.

How many of us have spots in our ears! What a vast army of deaf people could be gathered together in our land if Truth were the general-in-chief! Excluding entirely those whose infirmity is plainly perceptible, what ridiculous mistakes, what dangerous misunderstandings, are often the result of slight deafness, especially when unacknowledged! A young lady of my acquaintance once came home from a morning walk, and at the dinner-table remarked to her sister in a careless tone, "Oh, Ellen, I met Miss Jones in the street, and she asked me how you were, and if you had got over your lung difficulty."

"And what right had Miss Jones to speak in that way?" retorted Ellen with a flushed face.

"I think it a very natural remark," returned the younger sister, composedly eating her dinner.

"Natural! Meddlesome old maid! I am surprised that you did not resent such an insinuation."

"Well, Ellen, you know that is the general idea about you: I suppose Miss Jones only repeated what she had heard from others; and I assure you she asked the question from the kindest motives."

"Kind, indeed! One thing, however, is certain: Miss Jones never had any trouble of that kind to boast of herself."

"No," sighed the mother from the head of the table: "I wish I could say the same of my daughter."

"Mother, do you turn against me also? It was only a slight difficulty, and I got over it long ago: I think it very unkind to bring it up in this way again. I should like to know, sister Kate, if Miss Jones asked you the same question?"

"Yes, she did, and I told her that I never had any troubles of that kind, for I took good care not to force myself willfully into danger as you do."

"Katherine Munroe, I am ashamed of you as a sister!"

"Ellen, Ellen, be calm: what your sister says is perfectly true, and you will do well to remember it in future," said the mother.

Upon this a great storm arose, and thunders of angry words, with lightning from flashing eyes, filled the dining-room, all parties growing more belligerent as the battle went on, until there was a hasty retreat with the noise of violently closed doors, which betokened that the combatants had sought the solitude of their respective rooms to weep in secret.

The mother sought her eldest daughter, and gently remonstrated with her for such a display of temper: "You know, Ellen, the whole city was aware of our fears for you, and what more natural than that Miss Jones should speak of it?"

"Oh, mother," sobbed Ellen, "I never really cared for him in the least."

"Him! What do you mean, child?"

"My love difficulty, of course."

"Lung, you goose!—lung difficulty!" laughed the mother; and thus peace was restored, but not until the deep wounds made in a family quarrel had given severe pain.

And while we are on the subject of hearing, let us glance at that astonishing habit, peculiar to some people, of singing just so far out of tune as to send thrills of agony through musical listeners, and at the same time just so near the tune as to keep them continually hoping for better things. Let a man say honestly, "I cannot sing," and then, if it affords him any pleasure, let him howl out sounds without any attempt at melody, and although you may shudder, you feel at least that he is an honest sinner; but those base wretches who follow on behind a sweet melody, just half a tone flat, or boldly assault some pathetic air with shrill sharps, deserve condign punishment at the hands of an outraged community as disturbers of the public peace. Who among us has not heard some heaven-born song done to death by slow torture, and breathing out its last gasps a whole tone below the original key, while the brutal accompaniment pounded steadily along with the loud pedal down, ending in one grand flourish of empty octaves? Who has not heard some pious but unmusical worshiper devoutly singing the psalms and hymns on half a dozen different keys at the same time, beginning each line with fresh fervor and fresh discord, and dwelling on the painfully false final cadence with a falling inflection inimitable in its expiring anguish? How can we be religious at such a time as this without cotton-wool as a preservative? How can we possess our souls in patience when the melody of cultivated musicians and the harmonious notes of the organ, subdued to a low, sweet tone, thrilling through the church like celestial voices from afar, are marred by some uneducated "fools (behind us) rushing in where angels fear to tread"?

Our clergymen, also, are endowed with unfortunate ideas as to the value of time. By this I do not allude, as some might suppose, to the length of the sermon: I refer to time musically considered. They often sing with earnest devotion, but almost invariably they follow two words behind the choir, thus producing very much the effect that is obtained by children in stopping and unstopping their ears in rapid succession when the noise of conversation is loud in the room. It is of the first and greatest importance that a clergyman should be a good man, but being so does not necessarily make him musical: if Nature has not endowed him with a correct taste for music, if he has spots in his ears, then let him provide himself with "such assistance as he can obtain from persons skilled in music," that the worship may be worthy of Him who is surrounded by angelic "harpers harping with their harps" and singing a "new song before the throne."

A clergyman once lived in our thriving city who was one of the best men ever vouchsafed to our fallen world: many were his virtues, and he had but one noticeable fault—an innocent vanity as to his musical abilities, which consisted of one of those mild tenor voices that require vigorous propping to keep them from falling flat, and a fair historical knowledge of music carefully gathered from books and dictionaries. This good man's hobby was congregational singing, and he commenced his reign by banishing a well-trained choir and appointing meetings for congregational practice, which at first were largely attended by the floating population, who in every city spend their time, like the Athenians of old, "in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing." The young clergyman was delighted with his success, and with praiseworthy patience continued to explain the mysteries of sacred music, although his class melted away before his eyes, until at last it was reduced to a few devoted young ladies and their attendant knights, the latter strolling in toward the last, with secret thoughts of moonlight walks home

in their worldly minds. In this little band of sisters there was one for whom the pastor felt a profound admiration: fair she was and amiable, but, alas! her voice was uncertain, occasionally turning up on some very high note when least anticipated, but generally subdued to a wavering monotone about three tones below the required key. Miss R—, whose gentle breast was perhaps animated by a silent reciprocity as regards the admiration, persevered in constant attendance upon the class-meetings, and learned with great diligence all the lessons upon notes, time and cadences. Her theory was perfect and her patience indomitable: her only fault was that she had no voice, which by some of the unregenerate has been considered an impediment. One stormy Sunday evening we attended service at this church, and when the psalms were announced, the organ sounded forth one of those heavy Gregorian chants which, when uplifted by a thousand voices, rise into stern grandeur, thrilling and powerful, but when attempted by anything less than this produce an impression of a feeble man staggering and gasping under an enormous weight of ponderous notes, heavy with centuries and evidently composed for the giants who lived in the days before the Flood. The singing was antiphonal, and supposed to be congregational, but the worshipers were few, and the result was as follows. The pastor put on his glasses, cleared his throat and began on the first verse, sung in fair unison with the organ, although, as usual, half a word behind time:



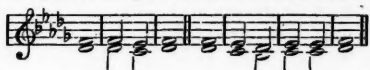
"My song shall be always of the loving-kindness | of the | Lord; with my mouth I will ever be showing thy truth from one gene- | ration | to an- | other."

Then followed the solitary voice of Miss R—, piping the response on the following key:



"For I have said, Mercy shall be set | up for | ever—thy truth shalt thou | establish | in the | heavens."

As if in sympathy with his ladylove, the pastor sang the next verse as follows:



"I have made a covenant | with my | chosen—I have sworn | unto David my | servant,"

in a tone so fearfully discordant with the organ that David must have turned in his grave with horror, and mourned for the choir of "trained instruments" and that "chief musician" of ancient fame to whose hand he could safely confide his inspired songs. So the duet went on through fifty verses of shaded discord, growing more and more intense in its agonizing wails, until at last the dismal Amen closed the exhibition and the congregational singing was over.

Brethren, whatever our faults may be, let us at least banish hypocrisy, and not stultify ourselves by asking for that "charming thing from *La Trovatore* or *Il Traviata*," nor praise the lady who has just finished the cavatina from *Semiramide* for that "sweet Scotch air, so full of pathos!" These little spots in our ears are not going to injure our fortunes or our happiness in this life, and in the next we shall lose all imperfections: it is only asked that we acknowledge their existence in ourselves and charitably excuse them in others. The mere acknowledgment will disarm criticism, and help will be freely offered from all sides, for the old world is kind in spite of her years, philosophers to the contrary notwithstanding.

Spots in our eyes are as common as motes, and the invention of glasses, with their nice adaptation to the various phases of near-sightedness, has taken away the reproach. We have no help for a slow tongue, no tonic for inert minds, and very inefficient aid for dull ears; but the eyes have keen servants to supply their failing powers and save their masters from ridicule; and that there is even grace in the delicate steel-rimmed orbs, and aristocracy in the gold-banded glasses, no observer of fashion can deny. Still, notwithstanding this, one variety of spots is obvious in the extraordinary combinations of

colors oftentimes seen in furniture and clothing, such as maroon-tinted curtains drooping over cherry carpets, or pink ribbons reposing against a Solferino dress. Who has not seen red-haired babies clothed in scarlet, and children with skin, hair and eyes all of the same pale yellow, attired from head to foot in nankeen? There is a certain type of wash-blonde that always appears in buff, and thereby produces an effect of green cheese; and, on the other hand, there is a certain class of brunettes devoted to light blue—a combination which results in mottled saffron, depressing to behold. Then come the color-blind, who describe a delicate pink robe and blush-roses as a "red dress trimmed with pink;" and if by any chance they are sent to match a shade of blue, they come home triumphantly with a deep pea-green. These are all "aggravating" people, and require to be dealt with sternly: show no mercy, but laugh them to scorn, and if they are young write out a manual of directions, such as, "No two shades of red assimilate," and "rose-color can be worn with green," and insist upon strict compliance. In this way much good can be done, and our optic nerves spared the combinations that now often endanger their health and well-being.

"The tongue is a little member and boasteth great things: behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" The inspired writer no doubt here alluded to those envious and malicious speakers who purposely try to set the world on fire, and glory in the conflagration: many and wicked are these incendiaries, and every city and village is full of the ruins of old friendships, the ashes of despoiled love and the smouldering coals of bitter hatreds produced by evil tongues. But leaving these well-known disorders, let us turn to the little spots which here, as everywhere, produce such amusing and annoying mistakes.

How many persons do we know who can never remember names, but stop in the middle of a story to search the ceiling for the names of the *dramatis personæ*, as though they were to be found

written there in letters of fire! This failing, the whole family is called into requisition to discover the lost title, and "Mr. Smith" is suggested. "Oh no, my dear—how can you be so stupid? You know that Mr. Smith has gone to Europe." "Mr. Brown" is then proposed. "Brown! Of course not: he never goes to Saratoga." The youngest daughter timidly suggests "Mr. Jones." "How dull you all are! Have I not told you it was the gentleman we met at West Point last year—the one with gray whiskers and two children?" "Oh, I know—Mr. Robinson!" cries the wife, with a vague remembrance of a stout gentleman and two mischievous boys. "Nonsense, Matilda! Mr. Robinson is a bachelor and has red hair; but there is no use trying to tell a story to people who don't know anything;" and the angry Paterfamilias retires behind his newspaper, strangling the unfortunate story at its birth with grim ferocity. Now, when Materfamilias is blessed with one of these stubborn tongues, she triumphantly conquers the difficulty which vanquishes her husband, and gracefully tells you how "Mrs. What's-her-name met Somebody-or-other on the street this morning, and told them that Miss Jones had eloped with Mr. What-do-ye-call-em." In either case the audience is highly delighted with the anecdote.

A friend of mine once went to make a call: the servant opened the door and announced that the lady of the house was not at home. "I am very sorry not to see her," replied my friend: "tell her I called. I have no name." The same friend once startled a circle of visitors by declaring that nothing imparted "such an inviting appearance to a room as a cheerful fire in summer;" and at an evening party she distinguished herself by saying to the rector of the parish in a distinct voice, "Mr. Turkey, do take some more of the boned starkey."

During the war I took charge of a post-office in one of our huge sanitary fairs, and among my literary wares I was so fortunate as to procure a number

of autographs—among them, some of General John A. Dix. These last, embellished with the portrait of the venerable hero, hung outside of my window, and one day I overheard the following dialogue: "Who is this, father?" "That, my son?—oh, that is the great General Dix. When the war first broke out he gave utterance to the following sentiment, which has made his name famous wherever our noble language is spoken: 'If any man attempts to shoot up the American flag, *haul* him on the spot.'"

A curious defect in our mental organism is a certain slow apprehension of what is before us, a partial paralysis of our perceptive faculties, which, fortunately, only occurs at intervals, although it gives us while it lasts an appreciative taste of what idiocy must be. These singular spots in our minds come and go without any apparent reason, and are governed by no known rules of cause and effect, unless indeed they are the evil spirits of bygone centuries playing upon the strings of our nerves and paralyzing them with their bony fingers. Delirium and hysteria are the more conspicuous forms of this trouble, but, descending to its lighter manifestations, we find those occasional lapses of understanding which are sometimes supremely absurd. A gentleman of high intelligence was reading an account of the Prussian campaign of 1866, and chanced upon this sentence: "The Prussians were misled by a pretended guide, and suffered severe losses in consequence." After reading this phrase through several times, he laid down the paper and pondered a while: nothing coming of this meditation, he called out to his wife in the next room, "Mary, did you ever hear such a word as misled?" pronouncing it as though it rhymed with "drizzled." "No," she replied: "why do you ask?" "Because here is an account in the paper which says, 'The Prussians were misled by a pretended guide, and suffered severe losses in consequence,' and I cannot imagine what it means." "Nor I: how is it spelt?" "Why, *m-i-s-l-e-d*, of course."

"*Mis-led*, John—*mis-LED*: where are your senses?"

I was playing whist one evening with some visitors, when the door opened and my aunt made her appearance, holding aloft a newspaper. "Young people, *can* you tell me what a bug-ler is?" she demanded in an earnest voice. "You mean bungler, don't you, aunt?" "No," she replied with emphasis. "I have read the same notice in this paper every evening for two weeks, and I cannot imagine what it means. Listen: 'Wanted immediately—Two good Buglers. Apply at Camp Lincoln.'" "Buglers, aunt — buglers," shouted the young people; and Aunt Jane retired into the shades of her apartment with dignity somewhat diminished.

These little lapses in our perceptive faculties are very curious, and give us, as it were, a glimpse into that unknown region of the brain where the soul hovers and the mind gives forth its mandates, sometimes controlling the body with iron hand, and sometimes trembling under the fiery rush of the undisciplined passions as they surge to and fro. When the mind reigns supreme all is calm within: the soul burns with a lambent flame, the reason works steadily, and all the perceptions play along the well-strung nerves with perfect precision. But, although we can understand the entire anarchy which is called insanity, we cannot explain all those strange vagaries, so slight that they merit only the title of peculiarities, and yet in themselves as decided symptoms of the state of the inner mind as the most raving lunacy.

Why is it that some persons will tell lies about the smallest trifles, apparently for no other motive than an inborn love of falsehood? Why is it that in others the mind works so slowly that hours after an amusing story has been related you are startled by a sudden laugh of appreciation, as though the point of the joke had just reached them? Who has not among his acquaintances some who cannot reason, although in other respects they are highly intelligent? Who has not noticed that many persons are

entirely incapable of appreciating the point of an argument, and literally do not know when they are beaten, but, triumphantly bringing up some assertion which has nothing to do with the subject in hand, will proclaim their victory with exultation, and, what is more astounding than all, will really believe in it?

"John is a much braver boy than his cousin Ned, husband."

"Oh no, my dear: I hardly think so. Don't you remember how he ran away from the cows?"

"But he is always very careful not to wet his feet, because he knows I do not like it; and I say he is a very good boy."

"Very likely, my dear, but he is not so brave as Ned, who saved his little sister from the mad dog, and who rides the most fiery horses with perfect fearlessness."

"Oh, husband, how can you say such things against John, when you know he can say the whole Catechism, and is, besides, the best scholar in his class, especially in geography?"

"I know it, my dear, and I am very glad of it. I only said that, as regards bravery, he did not equal his cousin Ned."

"Now, husband, I shall have to argue with you a little, you are always so obstinate. Did not Johnny come in immediately last night when I called him? and did not Ned absolutely refuse to obey his mother? Does not Johnny always put away his playthings before going to bed? and do you ever have to punish him as your brother is obliged to punish Ned? Answer me that, sir."

"Of course, of course, my dear, I acknowledge all that."

"I knew you would when I came to argue it with you, Mr. Smith, but I cannot imagine why you are so slow to see things as they are. Johnny is a far braver boy than Ned, and I hope I have

proved it to you *now*." The husband gives it up, and exit wife, triumphant.

In addition to these phenomena, there is that startling sensation of a prior existence in remote ages, so often brought up to us by some trifling scene or event, when we feel that we are only re-living a duplicate life, with duplicate relations and friends to converse with, and duplicate houses and scenery around us—copies from the preceding originals of another world. Startling is the reality of these impressions, and we gaze about us with strange earnestness: the distant past seems present, and the present seems vaguely remote; and while we search our memories for clearer ideas, the recollection fades away, and no effort of will is able to reproduce it to our bewildered minds. The various theories which have been advanced to explain this mental problem seem wholly inadequate, from the learned doctrine of a double impression on the two lobes of the brain, down to the old wives' tale of the babies who dream over their whole future life during the first few days of their unconscious existence, and then remember portions of the dream as the reality comes along. But this mystery belongs to a vast field which stretches out before us, with its various phenomena of clairvoyance, trance and illumination, and their outward manifestations of magnetism, mesmerism and will-power. That these things are supernatural none but the credulous believe; but the laws which govern them are yet to be investigated, and possibly belong to those secrets of nature which are kept in store for the future man of genius, lest he be discouraged and sigh that there is nothing left to discover.

Are we then so spotted? Yes, brethren, we are. But for that reason we need not sit down and moan: let us be charitable to our neighbors' spots, and make merry over our own, and it will all be the same a hundred years hence.

CONSTANCE F. WOOLSON.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

AMONG the peculiarities of the Celtic race none is more remarkable than its invincible tendency to be its own greatest enemy, and to inflict upon itself a greater amount of injury than its other adversaries have either the power or the desire to inflict upon it. The Paris insurrection and the Scranton riots exemplify this characteristic, but on a more or less extensive scale the process of self-destruction—for it amounts to this—has been going on from the period at which the race, which had once covered the whole of Europe, first appears in history. "For ages and ages," remarks Matthew Arnold, "the world has been constantly slipping, ever more and more, out of the Celt's grasp. 'They went forth to the war,' Ossian says most truly, 'but they always fell.'"

. . . A New York leading journal, which "celebrates itself" for the variety and authenticity of its news, has discovered that *Lippincott's Magazine*, though published in Philadelphia, is "edited in Boston." We are in some doubt whether this statement—which it would be an act of temerity on our part to contradict—was intended by *The World* as a compliment, especially as it is coupled with the remark that ours is an "eminently loyal" Magazine. But Boston, however famed for its loyalty, does not, we venture to think, enjoy the monopoly of this particular "notion." Indeed, no one, we imagine, has better cause than the writer of the article in *The World* to know that in Philadelphia also such old-fashioned sentiments as loyalty and honesty are held in considerable esteem, and that it is convenient for those of her sons whose practice indicates a different view to retire to more shady or more congenial fields of action. We may add, strictly "in this connection," that *The World*, though published in New York, is, according to report, edited in New Jersey.

JUDGE PETERS.

AMONG the "illustrations" of Philadelphia, Richard Peters, for many years judge of the District Court, occupies a prominent place. A Revolutionary patriot, an eminent jurist, a brilliant wit, he made a reputation which Philadelphians will not allow to die. Some records of him which we have been fortunate enough to obtain will, we are sure, be welcomed by our readers. In one of his letters he expresses a delight which must command all sympathy that, "an humble laborer in planting the vineyard, he has lived to see the exuberant vintage it has produced;" whilst, he adds, "I reproach myself, who had the best opportunities, with culpable negligence in not keeping a diary of the transactions in which I had more or less personal agency, or had correct information, during all the active years of the Revolutionary War, at least from the beginning of 1776 to its close." The fact was, however, that he was so constantly engaged in the drudgery of details, or in anxious deliberation on the means of keeping affairs in progress in the difficult department in which he assisted, that he had little leisure for private lucubrations. "Nor did I see, as I now do, the importance of developing the springs of action in public measures, or recording the personal merits of individuals whose examples would stimulate the succeeding generation to virtuous and patriotic deeds. The outline of such a memorial was, nevertheless, left by me in the War Office when I delivered over its duties and documents to General Lincoln, who succeeded me (to whom the duties of the old board had been committed) in the War Department. It could have been supplied by the files and books of that Department in a great degree, but, alas! they exist no more (1821); for in the War Depart-

ment the military events were chiefly portrayed in connection with the papers in the custody of the secretary of Congress; and having had, for the greater proportion of the time, the sole direction, I was careful to arrange and preserve important papers; indeed, very ineffectually, as the catastrophe at Washington most lamentably proved. . . . I have seen, in connection with the capture of Cornwallis, an account of this great event in which Count Rochambeau claimed the merit of planning the enterprise a *year* before it was put in execution, and have taxed my memory in recalling facts with which I was personally acquainted, proving decisively that the plan of the campaign was originally the capture of *New York*, and that the southern enterprise was never contemplated until, unexpectedly and to his surprise, General Washington was compelled, by the French admiral's breaking his engagement to come into New York Bay, and announcing his intention to enter and remain in the Chesapeake for a few weeks, to change the whole plan of operations, which he alone planned and performed in a sudden but successful and masterly manner. I was sent by Congress to confer with the general on the means (the supplies) necessary for the attack on New York, in which Comte de Grasse was, by a preconcerted agreement, to co-operate; but he changed his destination, under a belief (or pretext) that the New York Bay was dangerous for his heavy ships. This excludes all pretensions of Comte Rochambeau being the author of the plan of the brilliant southern expedition. I was present at the concoction of the enterprise, and superintended the provision of everything required by the general for the operation. Seventy to eighty pieces of battering cannon, and one hundred of field artillery, were completely fitted and sent on for service in three or four weeks, progressively; and the whole, together with the expense of provisions for and pay of the army, was accomplished on Robert Morris' *credit*, which he pledged in his notes, which were all paid, to the

amount of one million four hundred thousand dollars: assistance was, 'tis true, furnished by Virginia and other States, from the merit whereof I do not mean to detract. I had no money in the War Office chest, the Treasury was empty, and the expedition would never have been operative had not, most fortunately, Mr. Morris' credit and superior exertions and management supplied the indispensable *sine qua non*. . . . Comte Rochambeau (of whose military character and services I would speak gratefully) did not need a borrowed plume: in his memoir on this subject he avows his having advised Comte de Grasse not to venture into New York Bay. This was never communicated to General Washington, who for the first time received the change of destination of the French fleet from De Barras, then at Rhode Island, when the intended attack on New York was in great forwardness: the comte should have had the candor to have informed General Washington of his advice to De Grasse. General Washington handed to me De Barras' letter a few hours after he had received it, and reproached the French with breach of their engagements. But as Comte Rochambeau's countervailing advice had most happily been attended with successful consequences, he adroitly takes advantage of success to turn an improper interference into a source of personal merit. He acknowledges in his memoir that he advised Comte de Grasse of the danger likely to attend his entering the New York Bay (as had been agreed on); and if so, he should have had the candor to have timeously informed General Washington of the fact; whereas it fell to my lot to know that the French admiral's letter from Newport was the first intimation he received of the fleet of De Grasse going into the Chesapeake. When the general ordered the quartermaster-general (Pickering) to prepare for the march of the first detachment of the army for the southern enterprise, he said, in a tone of displeasure, to him, 'I wish the French would make no engagements to assist us, or, when made, they would faithfully

keep them.' An express arrived at camp, subsequently to the advice from De Barras, from the Marquis de la Fayette, then in Virginia, informing of the arrival of the Comte de Grasse in the Chesapeake: this was the first intelligence made public in the army, for the few of us to whom the letter from Rhode Island was communicated were enjoined and preserved profound secrecy on that subject. The express arrived at camp before any movement in the army took place, and both Mr. Morris and myself were on our way to Philadelphia under an escort commanded by Captain (afterward General) Dayton—I, to procure and direct the preparations, *he* to furnish the money on his credit by his notes: I was supplied promptly and efficiently. I believe the American army were at or near Phillipsburg—the French troops were always encamped separately. I have forgot the place of encampment: Colonel Pickering says it was east of the North River. My notes of my mission were burnt among the War Office papers.

"Carolina and Georgia were scenes in which British excesses were peculiarly atrocious; but their Northern and Eastern depravities were equally flagitious: the conflagration of the War Office papers has destroyed authentic evidence of them, and precluded the effect of the late scandalous repetition of enormities at Washington. I could tales unfold on this subject which would 'make each particular hair stand on end;' but having made peace, and attributing many of these barbarian feats to our own miscreant apostates, I prefer forgiveness and forgetfulness to harrowing up the souls of the present generation. . . . The occurrence which occasioned the removal of Congress from Philadelphia calls up painful recollections: I was then in Congress, and one of a committee of three, with Colonel Hamilton and Mr. Boudinot, authorized to advise Congress during an adjournment whether to meet again at Philadelphia or remove: being the only Pennsylvania delegate on the committee, negotiating with the State Executive was confided

to me. I had gone far in producing a temper in our Executive to afford protection to Congress and seize the mutineers; and I should have succeeded had it not been that I was suddenly taken ill, and some manœuvring defeated all I had done. Even at Princeton I had authority from a majority of the members to say to our Executive that they would return if assurances, practically evidenced, were given of effectual protection; but the removal embittered some influential public men—one particularly, who had the most in his power—and I failed in my endeavors. I never think of this shameful business without mortified feelings, and I will not relate the details, because I will not reflect on the memories of some individuals I very much in other respects esteemed. . . . Baron Steuben was a very dear friend, with whom my acquaintance commenced on his first arrival in our country, owing to official connection and my speaking his vernacular language. His merits have never been duly appreciated: he gave offence to some of our Southern brethren, but his services should raise him above such local prejudices. Our army was little better than a meritorious military but irregular band before his *creation* of discipline: his deportment and his personal conduct were peculiarly under my observation. One fact will go farther to prove his essential usefulness than a thousand words: in our estimates we always allowed five thousand muskets beyond the active numbers on our musters: it was never sufficient to guard against waste and misfeasances. In the last inspection return of the main army before I left the Department only *three muskets* were deficient, and *the loss accounted for*. . . . The illustrious General Greene I loved, admired and valued next to our immortal chief: as to General Lee (I mean General Harry Lee;—as to *Charles Lee*, I knew him well: he exhibited human nature in whimsical, sarcastical and sombre *caricature*), too much cannot be said of his *military* merits: the world, envious of superior merits, views private peccadillo-

loes to gratify invidious consciousness of inferiority. I lamented the shades, but did not forget the sunny sides of his character. General Charles Lee tried experiments with us to accelerate the training and manœuvring of troops by means of regimental standards, grand division colors and signal flags. The bearers of these were as raw as ourselves, and the scheme failed entirely. He threw us into frequent and inextricable confusion, and himself into many violent and often ludicrous passions. We, after he left us, assiduously applied ourselves, and became as perfect in every part of duty as any troops I have since seen: I think our numbers exceeded four thousand, including musketry, horse and artillery: among them was a beautiful company of young Quakers, who had left the discipline of Friends for that of the camp. We were equipped (in uniform) and armed at our own expense: the poorer men were assisted by their wealthier compatriots."

In another letter (1826) is the following most interesting passage, to which the recent memoir of John Adams by his distinguished grandson gives especial pertinency:

"The death of Adams and Jefferson on the day of our birth as a nation, to which they so eminently contributed, is really a most extraordinary coincidence. It would take much time and trouble to set down the thousands of circumstances and sentiments immediately preceding and following that illustrious day. Some of them would prove that Jefferson was the *penman* and not the *sole author* of the celebrated Declaration attributed to him solely. I *know* the materials were collected by a caucus of friends to the measure, and he held the pen, contributing at the same time no small proportion of the materials. I have often wondered that it has been so generally taken for granted that Mr. Jefferson was the *author*, and everybody else the idle witnesses of a measure which cost us many an anxious day and sleepless night, and many an investigation as to the grounds and reasons which we should assign for abandoning our alle-

giance. I was in the confidence of the leaders in the measure, and know that every one of at least a dozen patriotic and eminent men contributed to the Declaration, whereof Mr. Jefferson has the exclusive merit. Adams was the most distinguished promoter of the measure—sometimes spoke as if inspired. Jefferson had no faculty of speaking in public, but was most highly meritorious in his public as well as private character. No men ever lived and died to whom a country is more indebted for the blessings we enjoy. I knew them both intimately, and can attest their claims to disinterested patriotism, unmixed with sordid pursuits, which are much in fashion at this period"—and have not, it is to be feared, become unfashionable as yet. What a pity that the proverbial fickleness of fashion should find its exception precisely where its weakness would rise into virtue!

It was as a punster that Peters was most widely known, great as was his reputation in more important respects. His memory has been better preserved by his amusing nonsense than by his instructive sense, and whilst his judicial opinions are only known to the profession, his jests are almost household words throughout the land. Men love to laugh, and he who induces them to do so is much surer of a kindly place in their recollection than any mover of their other emotions. The jokes of Sheridan have embalmed his name far more than his speeches; and even in regard to the latter he himself used to say that he depended for their success at least as much upon their flashes of merriment as upon those of inspiration. "When I make a happy jest I've the country gentlemen with me to a man," was his boast. There can be no doubt that the sign which Peters hung from his office window on beginning his professional career, "Richard Peters, Attorney-at-law. Business done here at half price: N. B. Half done"—a capital sign, by the way, for all half-price places—had the effect of tickling more fees out of passing pockets than could

have been secured by more serious means. The subsequent position and repute of so distinguished a punster reflected lustre on the art of which he was so fond, raising it far above the pickpocket level to which it had been degraded by the lexicographical bear, who never himself lost a chance of growling out a pun and chuckling hugely at the feat. Peters was collegued on the Bench with Justice Washington of the Supreme Court—a quiet, severe man, of whom he used to say that Brother Washington was the strict judge, while *he* was the district judge. Justice Washington was in the habit of delivering the opinions of the court, and was, moreover, noted for a very vigorous appetite—two facts which caused his associate to call him the mouthpiece of the court. The most memorable decision of Peters was in an action brought by some sailors against a skipper for starving them. Whilst their advocate was pathetically expatiating upon their torments, the judge had some of the testimonial hard-tack handed to him, and began to munch it. Successfully bolting the whole biscuit, he interrupted the eloquent pleader by remarking that he need not go on, as he had quite digested his case. The jury took the hint, and, as what was good for judge was good for Jack, found for the defendant. Another seafaring worthy, however, did not get out of his clutches with such flying colors. This was a superlative spinner of naval yarns, who, on returning from a cruise, assured a festive assemblage, of whom the judge was one, that he had encountered a soap island, which he elaborately described. When he had finished, the judge blandly requested to be informed if the making of that island didn't require a d—d deal of lie. During the sojourn of La Fayette in Philadelphia, Peters was deputed to be his especial guide and friend; and it is said that he was nearly the death of the much-martyred marquis. On one occasion he asked him if he wouldn't like to see a resuscitation of the Continental army, and on receiving an affirmative answer, collected a crowd of the raggedest ras-

cals he could find and paraded them before the astonished hero, exclaiming, "Here they are, general—rag, tag and bobtail, here they are!" When the two were riding together in the great procession, La Fayette complained of the dust, whilst the other laughed, and explained his mirth by saying that, being a judge, he was used to having dust thrown in his eyes; and when the arch across Chestnut street was being carefully taken to pieces a few days later, he remarked that as the arch-destroyer was at work, there would be the devil to pay. There being a question of a national provision for Mrs. General Hamilton, General Erastus Root opposed it, to the disgust of the judge, who said he hoped the devil would take root in New York. Seeing a lawyer in court handing another a piece of tobacco, he asked if that was a *quid pro quo*. At an agricultural dinner he entertained a countryman of more candor than courtesy by telling extraordinary stories; and when he paused, the man shouted, "Tell us some more of your 'tarnal lies." He did not like the low dresses of the ladies at the La Fayette ball, and said it was neck or nothing with them. Being joked about the probability of his nose and chin, which had great approximation, eventually meeting and quarreling, he said he apprehended it himself, as a great many words had passed between them. To a person quite bald he remarked, "George, you are the happiest man on earth: there is not a hair between you and heaven;" and to another, who reminded him of the joke, he said it was a very bald observation. Being asked if the Schuylkill bridge would answer, he informed the inquirer that if he would ask at the gate he would be tolled; adding that, at all events, it would be tried by its piers. He once projected a town called Mantua, and in fixing up an engraved plan of it to a post at the corner of the road for the information of passengers and purchasers, he contrived a glass cover to it, because he said the gunners would pepper it with shot if left unprotected, and everybody would

see through his plan. The project, however, languished, and when one of his neighbors observed that he ought to complete the laying of it out, "Yes, yes, indeed," he sighed: "it's high time to lay it out, for it has been dead these two years." A neighbor who kept a noisy pack of hounds once complained of suffering from ague. "Bless my soul!" he exclaimed: "can't you cure it with all that bark?" At the trial of some pirates in South Carolina the district judge acquitted them for want of a comma in the law: "So, for want of a comma, the doings of the rascals will never be brought to a full stop." A young lady telling a gentleman who was poking at the fire that she never saw any one stand so hot a fire so long with such good temper, "Why, my child," cried the judge, "a hot fire is the very thing that makes a good temper." One of the members of the State Legislature, when the judge was Speaker thereof, in crossing the hall tripped and fell, on which, of course, the legislators burst into a laugh. "Order, order, gentlemen: don't you see that a member is on the floor?" was a rebuke which did not restore them to gravity. At the outbreak of the Revolution the judge was elected captain of a volunteer company of infantry. When he called on the paymaster to settle his first six months' accounts, that officer remarked they were large, and asked how many men he commanded. "Not one," replied the other. "What! such heavy accounts as these, and you don't command one man?" "No, sir, not one, but I'm commanded by ninety"—a reply to which the usual insubordination of the militia gave almost as much truth as wit. Being accused of having called the city of Washington a hell, he denied the charge, on the ground that he was too well aware, from the affair at Bladensburg, that its inhabitants couldn't stand fire. On the western expedition against the Whisky insurgents, Peters, who accompanied General Washington as district judge, happened one day to stop at a log cabin where the interstices of the logs let in a good deal more air

than was pleasant. Complaining of the cold and damp to the landlord, he was told they didn't mind such trifles there. "That may be, sir, and you may add that you are a highly hospitable set, for you keep open house." An ex-deputy attorney-general continued from custom to use the technical phrases of a public prosecutor, and apologised for the same. "Yes, yes," said the judge, "you are like the clapper of a bell, that keeps wagging after it has done sounding." When Peters accompanied the expedition against the insurgents in 1794, as stated above, he and Hamilton, then Secretary of the Treasury, undertook to pitch a tent, and while Hamilton was awkwardly digging the ditch, Peters attempted with a dull axe to point some pins. As he was hacking away, unconscious of observation, he heard a laugh behind him, and on looking round he beheld Colonel Guernsey and some of his officers making merry at his efforts. The colonel commanded a regiment of loafers, whose reputé was such that they were denominated the Babes of Grace. "Why, judge," said the colonel, "you have an axe that wants a new edge." "True," said the other, "and you have a regiment which would willingly *steal* it." To some one whose patriotism was more a matter of interest than principle, and who laughed at him for the rustiness of a coat he was wearing, he explained the cause thereof by saying that his coat looked weather-beaten from his never turning it. Once, when the judge was standing near La Fayette, a young military officer, in addressing the latter, exclaimed, "Sir, although we were not born to partake of your Revolutionary hardships, yet should our country be attacked we will not fail to tread in the shoes of our forefathers." "No, no," interrupted the judge: "that you can't do, for they fought barefooted." An old Colonel Forest, coming up to the general, fell upon his neck and began to blubber. Peters whispered to the unfortunate victim that there were many kinds of trees in our forests, and that this was a weeping willow. "Why don't you buy land

in North Carolina?" asked a friend of the judge. "I'd rather buy it in the moon," was the reply, "for then I might sometimes see my purchase"—a reply not altogether in harmony with Macaulay's dictum, that an acre in Middlesex is worth a principality in Utopia. In the following lines His Honor makes a defence of his unprofessional quibbling, with which this little notice may appropriately conclude:

The Caviler and the Punster.

A DIALOGUE.

- C. I admire you're so given to punning,
Which is but an oxyd of wit—
As different as wisdom from cunning,
Or a card for a ball from a writ.
P. A pun is an innocent plaything,
If it be not too low or absurd:
It bounds like a frisky young stray thing,
Gayly starting at once at the word.
The sophist's a wily deceiver,
Who, in language abstruse and uncouth,
Confounds the unwary believer,
When he puns, not on words, but on truth.
The punster, in phrase analytic,
Dissects, but is sportive and civil:
Whilst *he* is the prey of the critic,
The sophist is mark'd for the devil.

THE TURKISH QUESTION.

DESPITE the decision of the London Conference on the last Russian circular note, Turkey and the so-called Oriental question will henceforth again constitute one of those sore spots whence all the violent spasms which convulse Europe at longer or shorter intervals have thus far emanated. It appears to have become absolutely necessary for the peace of the civilized world that this running political sore should at last be permanently healed. For the past thirty years the statesmen on the Bosphorus have depended entirely on the rivalry of the Western powers, and managed to preserve an equilibrium amidst the conflicting play of the different interests. But now, when some of these interests have lost their wonted influence, the critical moment which must determine whether the Porte is to become a plaything of the storms, or whether it retains within itself sufficient vitality to live, has arrived. All the exertions which have hitherto been made to advance on the road to progress, to develop its

natural resources, have ended in failure and disappointment, and the Nicholaian parable of the "sick man" is still as applicable to-day as it was before the Crimean war. There is, of course, no more beheading and impaling, the silk-en halter and the sack have fallen into disuse, but the administration of justice has undergone no change, and the distrust with which the Rajah races regard the government is probably as well founded as ever. The Osmanli, who should constitute the cement that keeps the heterogeneous elements of the empire together, are dying out, and the sultan cannot venture to put arms into the hands of his disaffected Christian subjects. The finances are on the verge of bankruptcy: Mustapha Tazyl Pasha has resigned his portfolio in despair, not being able to devise means to cure the chronic consumption of the exchequer. The interest and the amortization recently due on the loans contracted in 1863 and 1864 are only paid in part, for the siege of Paris cut off the supplies expected from that source. By another loan, obtained on ruinous terms, the funds required to pay the consolidated interest were raised, but a large portion of the money was wanted by the sultan for the expenses of his own household.

Hand in hand with this disgraceful administration of the finances and the general misgovernment goes the neglect of popular education. The Sublime Porte cares nothing for the mental and moral improvement of its subjects, and takes no active share in this highly important duty. The Mohammedan schools, where reading, writing and a mechanical recitation of the Koran are taught, and which are under the charge of mosque students representing the Old Turkey party, have no connection with the state. The higher institutions, where the native youth receive correct ideas of the outer world, the value of time and the responsibilities of life's various relations, are mainly controlled by the Catholic priesthood. It is from this source that the Turkish government, when at a loss, selects its public servants. These young men are generally

sufficiently clever to avail themselves of the new equality-edicts to rise rapidly in the service of the state, but they know nothing save their own interests. The meaning of a self-sacrificing, disinterested patriotism is so little understood that it cannot even be expressed in any Eastern language save in a roundabout way. And even the few educational advantages above enumerated accrue almost exclusively to the benefit of the Christians and the inhabitants of the cities: the great bulk of the nation, the rural population, is designedly left in the deepest ignorance; and this will go on as long as the pleasure-loving, self-conceited governing Turkish classes continue to regard the toilers and producers as mere beasts of burden. Another deep-felt evil is the want of capable officials and competent schoolmasters, though this want might easily be supplied by inviting the proper material from abroad, and discarding the native favorites and fanatics. Since excellent instructors have been secured for the Turkish army, there should be no difficulty in finding the desired class of civilians; and if the foreign commissioned and non-commissioned officers have mastered the Turkish language, jurists, pedagogues and philologists might safely be expected to do the same. But the difficulties of procuring the services of men of this description are not half so great as the repugnance of the government to the humiliating confession which the step must involve, and to the struggle with the fanatic Old Turkey party, to whom the measure would virtually give the *coup de grace*.

In these evils mainly lies the utter hopelessness of a successful regeneration of the Turkish empire. What means regeneration? Is it not to renovate the entire system, from its foundation up?—to create something newer, better, stronger, healthier and nobler, without at the same time substituting something foreign and unnatural in its place? It means a new structure, reared as nearly as possible from the materials of the old. To regenerate Turkey is therefore to make it a newer and bet-

ter state than the present, and yet not to degrade it into a mere Russian or Greek province, or a colony ruled by the remote West. Such a regeneration of head and members seems, however, almost impossible—at least in the vital juices of a body diseased from its crown to the sole of its foot. It is this rotten old system which greatly increases the difficulty of engrafting upon it the unripe new, and especially when the process must begin at the top. The Augean stable in the sultan's own household should be thoroughly cleansed before the besom of reform can be effectively applied in the lower regions. W. P. M.

SOME GERMAN AUTHORS.

How small is the number of German authors who have a popular reputation in this country! Some of the names which are as much household words in Germany as those of Bushnell and Whittier in America would be hardly recognized here. Take those of Dörner and Julius Müller, for example. Every theological student has heard of them, for they are two of the very first theologians of the age, but it is in theological circles exclusively that they are known. Take Lepsius, the greatest living Egyptologist, Kiepert, the unrivaled cartographer, Barth, the eminent African explorer, Peterman, the distinguished geographer, Ranke, the famous historian, Moscheles, the well-known composer, and you see at once how great and yet how limited is their reputation. Take Carl Ritter as another example of what I mean. He has, in a certain sense, an English and American reputation, for two duodecimos and four octavos of his writings have been translated and published in both countries, and his life has also appeared in both England and the United States; and still his reputation is so limited by the conditions of interest in profound geographical discoveries and ideas that his name would not at once pique curiosity.

But when we come to men of letters, to such authors as Freytag and Auerbach, the case is different. Gustav Freytag, the author of *Debit and Credit* and

of *The Lost Manuscript*, was living just outside of the little village-city of Gotha during the summer which I spent at that place. We were both frequenters of the Ducal Library, and we therefore often met. Freytag was a sensible, learned man, deep in historical studies, and giving little trace in his ordinary conversation of the genius which produced his two masterly novels. I should judge him to have been then a little rising forty years of age, a fluent, pleasant talker and a genial man. He had a man-of-the-world look about him, very unlike the air of most German savants, and a practical, common-sense way of taking hold of everything. Most of those great Germans seem like grown-up children: with all their learning, you cannot repress an inclination to take care of them and keep them from hurting themselves, just as we do with our babies. But Freytag has the bearing of a man who can go alone.

But since the culmination of the star of Freytag another brilliant luminary has arisen and filled the German heavens with its light. Berthold Auerbach has long been known—indeed his *Village Tales* were translated into English and published in London years ago: I think a full quarter of a century ago—and in a certain line of quaint, simple, rustic stories he has long been unexcelled. But the English and American taste for German literature is recently developed, and those charming and idyllic little tales of Black Forest life which Auerbach wrote in his youth did not find a great circle of readers.

I may as well as not, while the feeling is on me, let you into a little bit of literary history, seeing that the book which it involves has now grown famous. When I was in London in '65, *On the Heights* appeared in Stuttgart. I ran through it with eager interest, and could not help seeing that it was one of the most notable books of the age. I saw that it is not only a charming and bewitching story, but that it is a reflection of the highest thought of our age; nay, that it is, on the whole, a most able and satisfactory representation of the doc-

trines of that religion which the human soul is setting up in the place of Christianity; that it is the last and highest word of Pantheism—a winning and powerful popularization of Spinoza's philosophy. So far it was clearly a dangerous book; and as a man wholly believing in Christianity, I could only fear its influence and deplore its production. But I found much more in the book: I saw that under the form of a German novel it is a discussion of the great problem of sin and atonement—that it tracks the course of sin in a human soul through all its grades, from its blinding fascination to its crushing despair. I saw all the efforts which a rationalistic philosophy could make utterly powerless to give peace and a sense of reconciliation; and thus I saw that the book was all the brighter a tribute to Christianity in that its power, its pathos and its beauty were so great. I went at once to the great publishing-house of Sampson Low & Co., and laid before them the extraordinary merits of this German work, telling them that, with the single exception of Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, it must take its place at the head of German novels. They were interested in producing it, and wished me to undertake its translation and to negotiate with Auerbach for its production in England. His letter in answer to mine stated that he would part with the right of translation for three hundred pounds. I carried his answer to the London publishers: they replied that the sum demanded was outrageous—that the book could never possibly pay for itself under those conditions; and so the matter dropped. Not long after I returned to America. Meantime, the book ran through edition after edition in Germany; and after I had made other literary engagements in this country the London house was willing to undertake the book on Auerbach's terms. I hardly need say that it has been a source of great profit to the English publishers, that two rival American houses have reproduced it, and that its sale has entirely justified the estimate which the author put upon

its mercantile value at the outset. These facts, now made public for the first time, may have some interest for the literary public.

Of Auerbach as a man I can say but little. I remember him well, for we often took the London *Times* from one another at the well-known *Conditorei* of Spornoponi in Berlin, but that crowded resort was no place for conversation. In form he is thick-set, muscular and vital, his head firmly set on a pair of sturdy shoulders, his hair short, crisp and dark, and his whole bearing full of power. He read the English journals very much, seeming to prefer them to the German. He had not written *On the Heights* then, and his fame was but moderate, but I remember that some one pointed him out as the author of the *Black Forest Village Tales*, and I then made this note of his personal characteristics.

It was a pleasant sunny morning when I called at the modest house in Leipzig where the world-renowned Professor Tischendorf has his home. It lies in a quiet, pleasant part of the city, away from its narrow streets, with their tall, grim, gray, gaunt buildings, some of them centuries old—away from the quaint churches and the castellated and fantastic Rathhaus—away from the places which Bach and Mendelssohn and Goethe used to frequent, and in the modern cheerful streets of the New Town. For Leipzig grows like an American city: its ancient limits no longer hold it in, but it is shooting away into the country on all sides, and turning the battle-field where Napoleon received his first great shock into densely-built streets and squares. One would almost think that a palæographer like Tischendorf, a man whose life-work is the exhuming of buried manuscripts and the making out of their contents, would choose for his home one of those old houses in the heart of the city; but when I saw the man I perceived at a glance that it was not in his nature to choose anything less free, pleasant and cheery than those suburban streets and their modern, sunny houses.

I did not venture to call upon this eminent man for the mere gratification of a natural curiosity, but for the purpose of ascertaining one or two facts which I needed for a note to Ritter's work on the Holy Land. As Ritter had been a near and valued friend of Tischendorf, it was a matter of great satisfaction to the latter that an American had proposed to give to the people of England and the United States a version of the works of that great and excellent man; and no welcome could be more cordial than Tischendorf extended. He is by no means the old, smoke-dried, bad-mannered, garrulous, ill-dressed person who often answers in Germany to the title of Professor. On the contrary, Tischendorf, who is now in his fifty-seventh year, is young-looking and florid. I have seen many a man of forty whose face is more worn and whose air is older than that of the greatest of German scholars. Nor has he at all that shyness which a life in the study is almost sure to engender: he is free, open, genial, and has the manner of a gentleman who has traveled largely and who is thoroughly familiar with society. And if there is more than a tinge of vanity in his talk, if he does not weary of speaking of his own works, his own exploits, his own hopes and purposes and successes, we only feel that he cannot praise himself more than all the world is glad to praise him, and that all the eulogies which he passes upon himself are not more hearty than those which all the great scholars of the age have lavished upon him.

Tischendorf, like all really great men, is as approachable as a child, and is not obliged to confine his conversation to learned subjects. He does not speak English at all, but will give his English or American visitor the choice of five languages—Greek, Latin, Italian, French and German. In all of these he is at home, speaking the first four not in any stiff, pedantic way, but with grace and fluency. Yet he loves best his mother-tongue, of course. In talking his countenance lights up pleasantly, his style becomes sprightly, his action

vivacious: he jumps up, runs across the room to fetch a book or document, enters into his guest's affairs, speaks warmly of friends, and evidently enjoys with great zest his foreign reputation. Of two Americans he spoke with much warmth—Professor H. B. Smith of New York, and Professor Day of New Haven. His relations with the great English scholars and divines are very intimate, and archbishops and deans and civil dignitaries are proud to enjoy the friendship of this great and genial German scholar.

As I run over those delightful years of German life, how I want to recall dear old scenes and faces, and jot down a word on paper to bring them before the reader's eye! But I fear lest these pages grow tedious. Going to Germany in 1867, to write the life of Carl Ritter and to translate his works, my errand was all the passport I needed, and advantages such as cannot be too highly prized stood at my command. So great is Ritter's fame in Germany, and so beloved his name, that any one who crossed the Atlantic for the purpose of making that name and fame the possession of England and America was sure of a hearty welcome. And so the memory of those days is an imperishable one; and when I think how freely persons like Tischendorf, Peterman, Lange, Hitzig, Mendelssohn, Perthes, Poggendorf, Bethmann-Hollweg, Barth, Kiepert, Madame Arndt, the Lenzes, Moscheles, Frantz—statesmen, geographers, explorers, publishers, theologians, naturalists, musicians, teachers—opened their homes and their hearts to the young American, no wonder I warm toward Germany, and love the dear "Fatherland" with an exceeding love. X.

A CHILD'S GLIMPSE OF THACKERAY.

So many years ago that I do not care to count them I was taken by my guardian to an evening party at the house of a distinguished physician in Philadelphia. Though too much of a boy at the time to appreciate or understand thoroughly what was going on, there were certain little occurrences

which made an impression on me then, and which have dwelt in my memory ever since.

The agreeable occupation of munching sponge-cake in which I spent the first part of the evening did not prevent my noticing a personage, tall, large, spectacled, slightly gray, leaning against one of the folding doors, and engaged in conversation with a number of gentlemen, among whom I recognized Mr. Peter, then British consul. What it was that attracted me I cannot exactly tell, but there certainly must have been something to beguile me out from a "coign of vantage" well adapted both for seeing and eating—a snug ambuscado behind the piano.

"Who is that man?" said I to my guardian with indicating forefinger.

"That gentleman is Mr. Thackeray," was the smiling reply as the forefinger yielded to gentle pressure and fell by my side; "and when your mouth is empty I wish to take you up and present you to him. I will come back for you in a few minutes."

Forthwith I retreated again to my fastness to finish the cake and prepare for the ordeal, curiously eyeing the Transatlantic author all the time.

It seems strange, but even now—and I have visited many scenes and mixed with many people since that night—I can perfectly remember the tenor of my boyish cogitations. They were about as follows: So, that was Mr. Thackeray? What had I heard about him?

I knew that he had written a book called *Vanity Fair*, because a charming lady (that is, she seemed charming to me in those halcyon days) had talked about it in my hearing, and said it was very clever. That was all I knew. How the people pressed round him and looked at him, while those across the room pointed and whispered! Was it, then, so very hard to write a book? How those girls on the sofa were pointing, and my guardian had just told me it was very rude to point!

I wonder if the manner in which fame first breaks upon him who achieves it is the same in which the reputation of an-

other first looms upon the mind of a thinking boy? I had not yet learned that those talents which win power and position for their possessor compel alike admiration from equals and obsequiousness from inferiors. Before many years had passed over me I had learned that lesson by heart; but it is pleasant to recall those independent hours when my little mind indulged in such unbiased speculations, as heedless of the future as the sponge-cake I had just devoured.

My guardian came back, and after due inspection of hands, mouth and clothes, took me up to the chatting group between the folding doors. The group separated, and I stood face to waistcoat with the great novelist, he looking kindly down on me through his glasses; I, after gazing up in his face for a moment, dropping my eyes and beginning a minute inspection of the watch-chain with which his left hand was playing, his right meanwhile holding my little pair tight in its mighty grasp. What he said to me I forget. It was probably more his manner than his words that induced me to stay at his side and listen to what others were talking about.

It struck me, from his languid position, that, without wishing to appear so, he was fatigued and sometimes a little annoyed by the trivial questions so often put to him. At last he took me with him across the room, where he sat down on a sofa, and soon made me feel quite at home beneath his genial sway. Some young ladies were sitting near, with whom he entered into some little talk about music, and flowers, and such things as women love. Anon, a dashing young secretary of legation made his appearance—keen, pert, semi-witty, just from abroad, perfectly satisfied with himself, ready to show the latest fashions to all true believers. He lounged on the other end of the sofa, picked up the thread of conversation immediately, and was soon in the middle of a fluent speech, oratorically instructing everybody. Mr. Thackeray waited patiently till he was through, rather glad, I think, to be relieved from talking himself, and then, in reply to some new and extra-

ordinary doctrine the young diplomat had broached, laughed and said, "*Bravo, jeune homme! à la bonne heure! Vraiment, on fait des progrès dans ce pays-ci!*"

Then, somehow there coming a little lull in the noisy talk, he turned to me and asked how old I was, where I lived, and what I wanted to do in the great world some day—whether I had ever been in England, and where I had learned to speak French: all which I answered, much to his apparent amusement and to the best of my small ability.

Then came supper, when I lost him in the crowd: if I felt any sorrow at losing him, it must have been a boyish sorrow, easily assuaged by the sight of divers comfits and good things on a well-spread table. I suppose there must have been a sense of gratified pride at being noticed by a distinguished man so publicly. Perhaps the sorrow has come with maturer years. At all events, I only saw him again just as he was taking his departure, when he turned and said a few kind words to me, and then was gone.

M. M.

WE have received from an esteemed correspondent at Charleston a note, from which we make the following extracts, commenting on the account given in the article on Charles Francis Adams, in our last Number, of the expulsion of Mr. Hoar from South Carolina:

"That unhappy event was sufficiently discreditable to our State without any exaggeration, and has probably been more misrepresented than any fact of like importance which has occurred in the present century.

"I have no intention of correcting any of these misrepresentations save those contained in the following sentences: 'Mr. Hoar's life was threatened in the streets. A sheriff's officer assaulted him. A mob, headed by one Rose, who had profited so little by the education which he owed to the bounty of the Massachusetts University, conducted him to a steamboat about to depart, and South Carolina once more drew tranquil breath.'

"As I was an eye-witness of Mr. Hoar's departure from the Charleston Hotel, I feel competent to correct some of the errors in this

extract. With regard to Mr. Hoar's life having been threatened in the streets, I can only give negative testimony. I heard nothing of it at the time, but I did hear that a policeman, who met Mr. Hoar in the street, advised him to leave the city as speedily as possible. The 'mob headed by one Rose' was composed of said Rose, Joseph Leland and David Leland (two natives of Massachusetts) and the distinguished James L. Pettigru. These gentlemen called to advise Mr. Hoar's departure, especially as he was accompanied by his daughter. They told him of the angry feeling which his mission had created, and represented that, as he could do no good by remaining, his proper course was to depart before this feeling culminated in violence. From Mr. Rose's lips I heard what was Judge Hoar's reply: 'Gentlemen, I have been appointed by the governor of Massachusetts to attend to a public duty, and I mean to perform it, regardless of consequences.'

"This mob-leader, Mr. Rose, who had previously urged the removal of the daughter to his private residence, then told Mr. Hoar that if he was determined to remain, he and his other friends would remain with him and protect him as far as lay in their power. As soon as the matter was presented to Mr. Hoar in this light, he immediately changed his mind, and said, 'Gentlemen, I will go. I have a right to peril my own life, but I have no right to expose you to any danger in my defence.' His luggage was brought down, and Mr. and Miss Hoar got into Mr. Rose's carriage, which was waiting at the Charleston Hotel, and drove to the steamer, without any escort save Mr. Rose himself.

"The insinuation that Mr. Rose was educated by the 'bounty of the Massachusetts University' is probably about as true as that he 'headed a mob.' Mr. Rose inherited an ample fortune, and doubtless paid for all the education he received at Harvard University.

"As soon as the carriage drove from the Charleston Hotel, Mr. Pettigru walked over to my store, his bearing and manner indicating great excitement. To my remark that our Legislature had made a dreadful blunder in voting to expel Mr. Hoar, he replied, in the most emphatic language, that it was a most unhappy business; and he also stated, with a solemn oath, that before a hair of Mr. Hoar's head was touched, they should have walked over his dead body."

A WORK which promises to be of great importance to merchants, bankers and others whose transactions involve a large amount of telegraphing, is Bolton's *Telegraph Code*, published in America by Francis B. Felt & Co., New York. It aims to secure economy in the cost of telegrams, accuracy in the transmission, and secrecy when desired. It embraces a Word Code, a Letter Code and a Number Code. By the first, single words are substituted for several words, while by the second, groups of letters, and by the third, groups of figures, have a like representative value. The three are placed together in parallel columns, the words and letters in alphabetical, the figures in numerical order, the whole thus constituting a Telegraphic Dictionary. A single example will be sufficient to explain the system and to illustrate its use. A message is received consisting of the four words, *Barry Pebble Pushing Diagonally*. Turning to *Barry*, under the column "Code Word," we find that it represents the phrase, "The arrangements are completed:" while the remaining three words give: "Petroleum in good demand, at about previous rates: no fears entertained of a further decline;" the whole message of nineteen words being thus expressed in four. It might also have been expressed by four groups of four letters each (BXPR, LQZL, MKGV, FQGB), or by four groups of five figures each (07433, 69188, 74896, 28880), and each group would have been found on the same page and in the same line with the "code words" and their interpretation, but in separate columns. Secrecy is to be obtained by an understanding between the sender and receiver that certain letters or figures shall have a different meaning from that given to them in the Code. Full instructions are given in the volume, of which the first edition of one thousand copies was sold in England before the day of publication. It forms a large quarto of over eleven hundred pages, strongly bound in half Roxburgh. The subscription price is forty dollars.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

"WILLIAM SHAKSPERE, GENTLEMAN."
—*Parish Register*.*

When, in April, 1564, the parish clerk of Stratford-on-Avon wrote "Gulielmus filius Johannes Shakspeare," and in April, 1616, "Will' Shakspeare, Gent.," little did he dream that then and there was made the most memorable record known to English-speaking men—a record destined to grow clearer and brighter as the generations passed; a record that was to bring to that same Stratford countless pilgrims from the remotest corners of the earth; a record whose illumination was to demand the labors and exhaust the lives of poets, of theologians, of lawyers, of statesmen, of archaeologists, of philologists, of historians, of physicians, of naturalists; a record around which already cluster, in gathering numbers, more than two thousand printed volumes to illustrate, to explain, to darken, to praise, to condemn; a record that must endure while human emotion and its language stir human hearts and move human lips. That Stratford parish register, with its crabbed penmanship and its false Latin, gives us the name of the Englishman of his own and of all coming ages. This man, whose birth and death are simply recorded, in the fifty-two years of his life on earth wrote for the instruction of men certain plays and poems—nothing higher; and yet upon this player and playwright have been alike exhausted the admirable scholasticism of a Theobald and the pitiable and idiotic folly of a Birch.

From 1593, when unhappy Robert Greene warned his fellow-poets in bitter and mocking words against the ingratitude of players—believed, not without reason, to allude to Shakespeare—down to the last review, no year has passed without the publication of something touching England's bard. A ripe and loving scholar and student in our city has prepared for his *Critical Dictionary of English Literature* a complete Shakespearian bibliography, embracing two hundred and fifty years, which must stand beside the labors

of Lowndes, a wondrous monument of industry and a noble tribute to Shakespeare's fame. What a wonder-world these varied productions of man's brain present, from the deepest insight to the shallowest drivel, can be known only to that student who garners all that is written, lest a single grain be lost in the unwinnowed chaff.

About a hundred years ago the learning and the labors of English scholars began earnestly to elucidate the text of Shakespeare's plays. The student must ever gratefully remember the acuteness, the industry, the wit of the black-letter commentators of the last century. Their labors rendered modern scholarship possible, and from 1773, the date of the earliest "Variorum," to this hour, "Variorum" editions have with Shakespeare's disciples held a deservedly high place. To advance beyond our predecessors we must know how far they have gone and where they have stopped. The labors of the past are the stepping-stones of the present.

When, in 1821, Boswell reproduced Malone's edition of 1790, with the accumulated industry of thirty years of Malone's life, it was supposed that critical wit could suggest and do nothing farther. We have waited fifty years before a like task has been again attempted. Now, by a scholar of our own and in our own city (very fittingly too, for here the first American edition of Shakespeare was printed in 1795), a new "Variorum" is given to the student. This "Variorum" we must briefly examine.

In point of typographical execution, in beauty of paper and in all mechanical details, it is as handsome a volume, perhaps, as any American bookseller has yet published. The distribution of the text and notes in varied type, with heavy face for the catch-words of the notes, cannot be too much commended: every mechanical facility should lend its aid to the wearied eye of the student. The plan of the book is clearly given in the Preface, and the execution develops the plan. The Cambridge editors made an advance upon all preceding collations, and for the first time since the days of Jennens, wellnigh a hundred years ago, placed within the reach

* A New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare. Edited by Horace Howard Furness. Vol. I. ROMEO AND JULIET. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1871.

of the scholar a student's text as carefully considered as the text of an ancient classic. Without this there can be no advancing scholarship. But a collation of texts is not all. The student must be informed who has adopted and who rejected readings and conjectures, and this service Mr. Furness has done, herein supplementing and vastly improving the plan of the Cambridge editors. It should be here stated that Mr. Furness' collation is entirely new, an independent one from the original sources themselves, not adopted from any preceding edition whatever. It is a collation of all known authentic editions and impressions, quartos and folios. The quarto of 1597, printed by John Danter, is here reprinted in facsimile, and itself collated with accurate footnotes of the various readings—a work so slovenly performed by Steevens in 1766 as to be misleading and worthless.

Nor is it enough to have all these readings of quartos and folios: one desires to know how these readings have been interpreted in different ages and in different tongues. And this too is done with an amplitude that leaves nothing to be desired. With Mr. Furness' *Romeo and Juliet* every reader is supplied, within the compass of a single volume, with an entire Shakespearian library, as to that play, arranged chronologically; and not only with what Englishmen have thought and said, but equally with what Germans and Frenchmen have thought and said. Too much praise cannot be bestowed on all this learning and all this labor of love given in English compactly and intelligibly. Perhaps the most attractive and enticing part of this volume is the Appendix, where mainly the foreign criticisms and criticisms are garnered, even down to the Realistic Herr Rümelin of 1870. And with the Appendix regretfully we close the book.

Whatever industry could accomplish, whatever learning could yield, whatever critical judgment could suggest, whatever mechanical skill could supply, has been expended upon this edition of that charming love-story which men will read with moistened eyes until the light of time shall fade. F.

Books Received.

Little Nellie, the Clockmaker's Daughter.
By F. M. C. W. Boston: Henry Hoyt.
16mo. pp. 263.

A Manual of Ancient History, from the Earliest Times to the Fall of the Western Empire. By George Rawlinson, M. A., Camden Professor of Ancient History in the University of Oxford. New York: Harper & Brothers. Crown 8vo. pp. 633.

The Scripture Doctrine of the Person of Christ. Freely Translated from the German of W. F. Gess, with many Additions, by J. A. Reubelt, D. D. Andover: Warren F. Draper. 12mo. pp. 456.

The Conspiracy of Pontiac, and the Indian War after the Conquest of Canada. By Francis Parkman. Sixth edition, revised, with additions. 2 vols. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 8vo.

The Virtues and Faults of Childhood. Translated from the French of Madame Marie-Felicie Tertas, by Miss Susan E. Harris. Illustrated. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co. 16mo. pp. 269.

St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians. A Revised Text, with Introduction, Notes and Dissertations. By J. B. Lightfoot, D. D. Andover: Warren F. Draper. 8vo. pp. viii., 396.

Gold and Name. By Marie Sophie Schwartz. Translated from the Swedish by Selma Borg and Marie A. Brown. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Paper cover. 8vo. pp. 210.

Light at Evening Time: A Book of Support and Comfort for the Aged. Edited by John Stanford Holme, D. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. Small 4to. pp. 352.

The Tone Masters: A Musical Series for Young People. By Charles Barnard. Illustrated. BACH and BEETHOVEN. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 16mo. pp. 243.

Ad Clerum: Advice to a Young Preacher. By Joseph Parker, D. D., author of "Ecce Deus." Boston: Roberts Brothers. 16mo. pp. 266.

Penny Rust's Christmas. By Mrs. C. E. K. Davis, author of "No Cross, no Crown," etc. Boston: Henry Hoyt. 16mo. pp. 267.

Isaac Phelps, the Widow's Son; or, The Rugged Way Made Smooth. By M. M. B. Boston: Henry Hoyt. 16mo. pp. 281.

The Sealed Packet: A Novel. By T. Adolphus Trollope. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 407.

Checkmate. By J. S. Le Fanu. With Illustrations. Philadelphia: Evans, Stoddart & Co. 8vo. pp. 182.

Poems. By George Lewis Henck. Baltimore: Jas. S. Waters. 24mo. pp. 169.

Ester Reid: Asleep and Awake. By Pansy. Boston: Henry Hoyt. 16mo. pp. 346.

